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Victor Artist

Because of the merit of his interpretations and the beauty of his voice, Werrenrath ranks among the great artists of today, and he is a Victor artist because his Victor Records exactly parallel his public performances. Among his twenty-four Victor Red Seal Records are:

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Duna		
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Carissima	897	1.50
Daddy		
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Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks  
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

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# Mary Roberts Rinehart

has seen a *Ghost*

Heard whispering voices—

Watched a table tip and walk—

and had other mystifying experiences

What does this distinguished playwright and novelist think of it all? Read—Next Month

## My Adventures Into The Unknown

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company at 315 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. S. A.

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# Study at Home Made These Men Independent

**W**OULD you be happy to idle thru life, deprived of the joy of accomplishing difficult tasks?

Probably not!

Then in YOUR dictionary independence does NOT mean emancipation from the privilege of WORKING. Men who have really FOUND themselves don't care for that sort of life—and we, for our part, don't care to encourage men in that direction.

But there's ANOTHER kind of independence that means much—everything, in fact—to men of spirit and purpose; and that is, freedom to do the thing one LIKES to do—with all one's might. When one begins to ACCOMPLISH things, then only does one begin to LIVE!

It is with this thought vividly in mind that we have been prompted to set down in barest outline some five or six typical adventures of LaSalle-trained men in winning the kind of independence most worth while.

To the man dwelling in a mansion on the Avenue, these experiences will seem trivial, inconsequential.

But to the men whose experiences we are going to narrate—and to thousands and thousands of other men who have won their business spurs thru LaSalle home-study training—these adventures are counted as the great events of their lives. Let the man who scoffs at them take heed lest he fall!

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of this training. I explained to you that in February I sufficiently exceeded the sales quota given me by my company to permit me to receive \$125 in extra money for that month. Now I have still better news for you. In March I exceeded my quota by more than 500 points, entitling me to draw more than \$500 extra for the month.

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## Spring's at the Morn

**Y**ES, Spring's at the morn. The birds will soon again be flying north. Already farmers south are turning the spring furrow. The robin's chirp will soon be heard. Everywhere the automobilist is overhauling his car for this new season.

To those who look ahead the gypsy trail beckons "over the world and under." The wanderlust is in the blood. Tune your lips for a Romany song, and get ready to make out to the wide and silent spaces where "Those that live much in the open, catch the mighty pulse-beat of God."

Maybe you'll find the way to Lake Waban where once a college crew sang as they bent to their oars "We'll pull, pull together as we never pulled before," or to those lovely hills which gird the Meadow City round where laughing girls shouldering their frying pans were sallying forth on joyous "bacon bats." Perhaps, if you're a man, you will turn back to the wondrous days when history began to be taught laboratory fashion out of doors in Baltimore, or you will steal west in your imagination to those lakes where the black bass rises to every fly, and you simply can not stay indoors.

Wherever you go you'll find the Wellesley girls pulling together in many a social and civic race, the Smith girls lighting bright fires of achievement in far corners of the earth, Johns Hopkins men still seeking the Holy Grail of understanding of the past, and the great West schooled in sports practising in actuality the fair play learned on many a lake, by woodland paths, and pine-clad slopes.

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*Sylvan P. Powell*

Director, Cosmopolitan Educational Department  
119 West Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.



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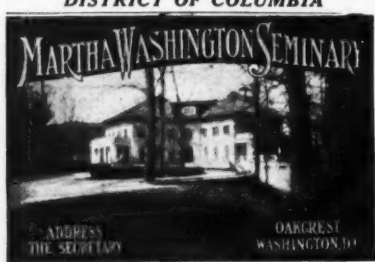
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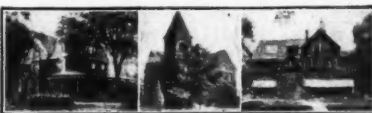
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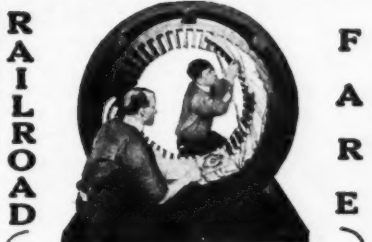
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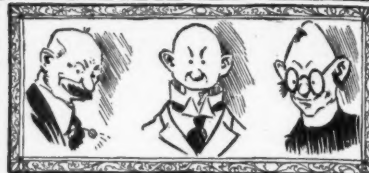
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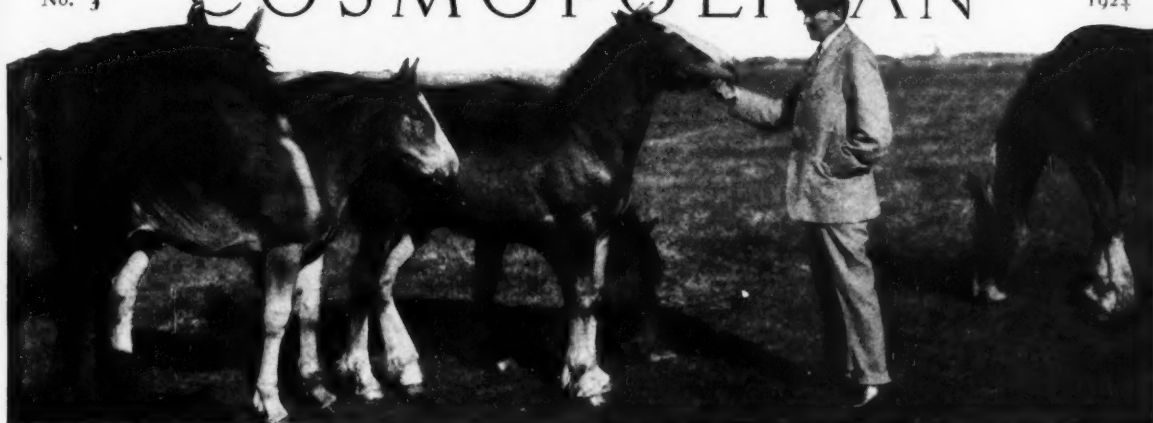
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## WEATHER—Discussed by George Ade

For Rural Readers; *City Folk Please Turn to the Next Page*

**T**HE most throbbing topic in the world is the weather. It is the reliable standby of the universe, running well ahead of politics, relatives and baseball.

If we could get a shorthand report on any selected day of all the conversation of all the people everywhere, we would learn that the civilized nations are not talking about the incredible decrease in the value of marks, or Lloyd George training for a return bout, or Mussolini, or Stinnes, or King Tut. Our neighbors do not take their cues from the editorial writers. They are excited over nothing much except the weather.

From crystal dawn to limpid eve they look concerned and tell one another that it is a fine day or it isn't, that it looks like rain or it doesn't, and that the wind may shift to the south or it may not.

The cliff-dwellers who move from apartment to subway to skyscraper, and then from skyscraper to subway to apartment, seldom come face to face with Mother Nature in her teasing moods. They fool away their spare time talking about divorce trials and murder mysteries.

But we who live out where the welfare of everyone is dependent upon the yield per acre put in most of our waking hours in scanning the heavens, and prognosticating and pulling.

**W**E open the glad New Year by sitting close to the heater and wondering if the snowfall is protecting the wheat. After that we begin discussing the well-known signs of an early spring.

If the fields do not dry out so that oats may be in by the end of March, the most agonized sufferers, declaiming in public, are not the farmers themselves, but the small-town merchants and country doctors who are hoping to collect their automobile money from the oats crop.

After each oat has been safely inserted, we come to those nerve-racking days when every resident as far as you can see in any direction is pulling for a week or ten days of settled weather, so that corn-planting may be over by May tenth.

After which the annual gloom-dispenser announces that if the cold wet weather holds on the seed will rot in the ground.

If June is hot, the corn thrives but the oats head out too soon and do not fill. If June is cold, the oats look good but the corn is pale and puny. Either terrible situation calls for about three hours of palaver each day.

July must bring dry weather for the haymakers and grain-harvesters, but there must be showers in order to "make" the corn.

**I**F the local experts cannot agree upon a schedule of rain and sunshine, being right there on the ground, what chance has an all-wise Providence?

August must be warm and dry, so that grain in the shock will be right for "thrashing" and corn will mature, but it mustn't be dry enough to burn up the pastures.

Then arrives September and the dread of an early frost. Hours and hours spent in conference and consultation. Dark allusions to the killing visitation of September seventh, 1917.

October and a frost! How much of the corn did it hurt? A never-ending debate involving the whole length of Main Street.

Now we must moisten the fields for fall plowing but keep the corn dry for the "shuckers." Everyone deeply concerned. No one absolutely satisfied.

Then the prophets report various omens of a hard winter and at the first hog-killing everyone is once more shaken by doubts and fears regarding wheat.

Such is the perennial routine. In addition to the regular schedule of discourse and diagnosis, there will be precious days devoted to incidental developments involving heat, cold, air currents and precipitation.

If it rains all night will the crick go on a rampage?

Had we better put up the top before starting for the band concert?

How deep is the snow? Can we go rabbit hunting?

If it goes below zero tonight can we begin cutting ice tomorrow?

How much damage did the high wind do to your shade trees?

That last clap was mighty loud! It must have struck near here.

Weather! It is our nearest and dearest and most feared companion.

They say a wise newspaper editor is one who finds out what people are interested in and talking about and then devotes much space to the favorite topics. Well, out our way every first-class daily should devote two full pages to the weather.

*The Sort of Humor That Amuses*  
ENGLAND



"I ain't spoke to my missus for months now."  
"How's that?"  
"Well, I don't want to interrupt."

By **GEORGE BELCHER**  
*The Famous British Humorist*



"Nurse! She ain't no nurse, Mrs. Green.  
The only nursing she ever done is nursing  
'er grievances."

# Rex Beach's

## *A Drama Enacted on a Wall*

# Birds

*Illustrations by*



*Mildred Holland,*  
who suggested  
the dewy fresh-  
ness of the dawn.

CUSTOMERS of Ballard and Harman often wondered how two men so utterly unlike had ever become partners and how in the world they managed to remain partners. Wall Street breeds its own peculiar types, all more or less similar in essentials of thought and character, and there, as elsewhere, like usually cleaves to like. But these two men were as dissimilar in habits, in sympathies, in training and in professional methods as they were unlike in appearance.

Harman, the younger, was a homely man. He had come out of the West as a poor boy, but after a faithful, diligent apprenticeship to one of the big bond houses he had developed into a cool, energetic, alert operator, with all the poise, all the reticence, all the self-control customary among men who risk their money and pit their judgment against the hazards of an uncertain game. He was as clean as a cat in his person; he was temperate, he was a demon for work and on the Street he was considered a comer.

Stuyvesant Ballard, on the other hand, was a man of abundant good looks, of considerable charm and of no little good nature, but his character was weak. He was generally regarded as "unsafe," which is not a good recommendation in the brokerage business. Born to money, he had made and squandered several moderate fortunes, for he was both brilliant and reckless. He was intemperate in all things and he had abused a really remarkable physique until his hands were unsteady, his eyes were pouched and his nerves were raw. He had made his college track team and crew without training and he had loafed through his studies; the later years brought little change in him. He had continued to work at pleasure and to play at work.

Why, then, was he in partnership with a man like David Harman? For one thing he was an astonishing business getter when he chose to exert himself and he possessed a rare personal magnetism that made friends of the very men who most distrusted him. For another thing, his generosity was magnificent and he was as sentimental as a girl. Added to this, he was whimsical, careless, revengeful; he loved fine books; minor chords of music affected him deeply; he could be as cruel as an Indian; women adored him.

Such was Stuyvesant Ballard. He and his partner were alike in only one particular—each had a quick and murderous temper.

Regardless of the precise nature of that indefinable bond which united the pair in business, one would not have expected it to survive a rivalry for the favor of a woman; nevertheless it did survive even that strain. When



# New Novel

Street Operator's Country Estate

# of Prey

John La Gatta



Mildred Holland, by far the most ornamental adjunct of the firm's office force, gave up her position and went to live at Ballard's big country house, assuming the title of "social secretary" to her employer, those who knew both men intimately whispered a bit between themselves and listened for the rumblings of a storm. When no storm came they ventured to discuss the matter openly.

What fools women made of themselves! Dave Harman had wanted to marry the girl. But if a fellow had a handsome face and a big laugh, and a sentimental way with him, women would ignore even a pair of cruel eyes and a vicious character. Marriage, a home, the devotion of a decent man weighed light when balanced against that unstable and imponderable emotional quality dignified by the name of "sex attraction." Queer thing, that sex call, but nothing new; with Ballard and Miss Holland it was merely the nymph and satyr over again. So ran the comments of some of the firm's customers one day at luncheon. "The idea of a 'social secretary' for Stuyvie!" one of them laughed cynically. "I'll bet about all she does is to keep his telephone numbers."

There were half a dozen men at the table, among them a prominent life insurance agent; also the Westchester County District Attorney, who happened to be in town for the day.

"I took her to be a mighty fine girl," another member of the party declared, "and just as clever as she is good-looking. She practically ran the shop, you know. That's the odd part of it; she was independent. She could have drawn a whacking salary from any house on the Street. Why she ever—"

"Oh, you've got to hand it to Ballard!" still another asserted. "He has a way with women. What mystifies me is why Dave stood for it. He was crazy about her; you'd think it would have busted up the firm, at least."

"Perhaps it has—or will."

The insurance man shook his head positively. "Not a chance! They're the best of friends. Why, I placed a million dollar policy on Ballard's life last month, in favor of Harman. That doesn't look much as if they had quarreled."

"Why a policy of that size?"

"Well, Stuyvie has practically retired and he's keeping up the partnership in order to care for his outside investments and give himself an excuse for an office. Naturally he wants to protect the firm and indirectly his estate in the event of his death. There's nothing unusual in that."

"Bosh! How can Stuyvie Ballard retire?" inquired the first cynic. "He and Harman are equal partners and I happen to know that Dave isn't rich."

"Stuyvie had money left to him."

"Sure! But he lost it—all that he didn't spend. I'm in a position to know what that firm has been doing and two years ago I'll bet Ballard couldn't raise a hundred thousand dollars."

Allison, the District Attorney, who had been listening with some interest, now spoke up. "He has it today. Up our way he is

Roger Allison,  
District Attorney, a rare type  
of rich man.



"You are a wonderful man," the Countess confided to Allison. "Other

considered a very rich man. He's my next door neighbor, by the way. He bought the Templeton place, one of the finest in Westchester, and while I don't know what he paid for it I happen to know that the former owner spent at least half a million on it. He has joined all of our best clubs and he is entertaining lavishly."

"It is generally agreed that he must have cleaned up big somewhere, somehow," the former speaker admitted, "and he's our latest Man of Mystery. Perhaps this social thing is on the square with him, after all."

"Quite likely. A good many people in our neighborhood take their social standing pretty seriously—it's about all some of the women have to think about. But Mr. Ballard's associates are a queer lot. Most of his guests are strangers to us."

20

The insurance man agreed with this. "I was out at his place several times closing that policy, and take it from me, 'queer' isn't the word. Ever hear of a fellow named Dunn? Not Bradstreet's little playmate—Jack Dunn?" Nobody present had heard of the gentleman. "Well, if ever I saw a yeggman in white flannels he's it. Then there's a nifty little countess——"

"I've heard of *her*," Allison averred. "Very unusual, isn't she?"

"Oh boy! The last word in imported sport models; a snappy stream-line body with two twin-six motors! Speed, flexibility, quick getaway, short wheel-base and—a wonderful painting job! I had to shut my eyes and think hard about my wife. Queer bunch, all around. The only real person I met up there was the Holland girl."



men amuse me. of you I — I am afraid."

"It's an odd situation," said the man who had started the discussion, "especially in view of that million dollar policy. I can't understand Miss Holland, nor Dave Harman either. Why, that fellow was born on a ranch and raised with a gun in his hand. I'll bet we haven't heard the last of this affair."

No doubt Roger Allison would have quickly forgotten this luncheon gossip, even though it concerned his nearest neighbor, for he was a busy man, but it so happened that he met the Holland girl soon thereafter and the vivid impression she made upon him brought it all back. Roger was a bachelor of independent means and a rare type of rich man in that he was one of the few—the very few—who now and again are prevailed upon to accept political office purely out of a sense of public duty. Other Allison's had been honored much more highly than he;

one of them, for instance, had been Lieutenant-Governor of the State, another had served in the Senate, but that was in the days when politics were more highly thought of by nice people than is now the case; all of which is merely by way of saying that Roger took his particular job quite seriously and worked at it so conscientiously that about the only exercise he found time for was horseback riding—early morning riding along the roads and paths of the back country adjoining his and Ballard's estates.

When a wealthy bachelor of marriageable age meets a beautiful girl on a bridge path, romance decrees that there shall be a runaway and perhaps a still, limp, fragrant figure drooping in the man's arms. If not that, at least a scream, a broken bridle-rein, thundering hoofs and a few breathless "Thank Gods!"

But there was nothing of the sort this morning. Miss Holland's saddle had turned and she was having a rather hopeless time with the cinch owing to the fact that her horse had not been fed and was greedily devouring a patch of clover, prolonging the ecstatic moment, meanwhile, by distending its stomach outrageously whenever she heaved against the strap. Nor did Roger dash upon the scene. He came at a trot, that being the gait best calculated to shake up a business man's liver. Of course he helped her and they introduced themselves.

They talked for a few moments, laughed at the horse, which had submitted with a loud sigh to Roger's masterful attention, and in a neighborly manner discussed the riding paths which Miss Holland had not yet thoroughly explored. When Allison rode on it was with an unexpected warmth in his breast and a pucker between his brows. So, that was Stuyvesant Ballard's "social secretary"! Whether that glow in his bosom was occasioned by admiration for

the girl or by resentment at Ballard the District Attorney did not bother to argue. Perhaps it was due to both.

He asked himself what kind of brute his neighbor could be to humiliate such a gorgeous young creature. And she was nothing less than gorgeous. The severity of her riding costume emphasized her many charms, from the dainty contour of her pigskin puttees to the slim, rounded grace of her neck and throat—Roger detested riding boots for women. Her hair was somehow like the sunrise, the fading glory of which still lingered in the sky; her whole personality, in fact, suggested the dewy freshness of this lovely dawn. By what artifice had Ballard led a girl of her intelligence and her accomplishments to sacrifice her good name?

That was but the first of a good many meetings between the two, for Miss Holland preferred to ride at about the same hour



that necessity compelled Allison to take the road, and as a consequence they frequently encountered each other. Allison showed her several trails of which she knew nothing and soon their casual acquaintance developed into something like friendship. Occasionally they waited for each other.

The girl's beauty was always fresh and surprising; it had a heady effect upon Roger and the time came when he began to look forward to his brief morning ride with more eagerness than to any single event in his busy day, and when Mildred failed to appear he suffered actual ill-humor. He awoke finally to a realization of whither he was drifting. Being a bachelor he owed explanations to nobody. Nevertheless he was of good family and careful breeding; he gave up riding.

Meanwhile he learned a lot about Stuyvesant Ballard. Information, it seemed, flowed to him in a steady stream—or else his ears had quickened—and what he heard brought him no pleasure. Ballard's attempt to win social recognition in the neighborhood had met with small success and he allowed his efforts to languish so rapidly as to awaken serious doubts as to whether he had really been in earnest about it.

Certainly he manifested no resentment at his failure and he continued to entertain his queer, miscellaneous guests as usual and to have the time of his life. Parties of his friends came out from the city every week-end, and he made it gay for them. Tales of the bacchanalian revels that went on at his house began to be whispered about and the big Templeton estate became if not actually a place of evil repute, at least a discredit to the community.

Much of the gossip concerned a titled Viennese woman—that countess of whom Allison had heard while at luncheon down-town—and her attachment to the millionaire. From all accounts it was a flagrant affair and by reason of the openness with which it was pursued it did credit to neither of them.

How Mildred Holland could reconcile her own status in the household to that relationship was a mystery. But for that matter it was even more of a mystery how she could reconcile herself to her own position.

It seemed impossible that she could be anything except what people considered her and yet Allison doggedly told himself that she was not that sort of girl. Roger, be it said, was a fool where women are concerned in that he maintained an old-fashioned reverence for the sex. His mother's portrait, for instance, occupied the place of honor in his living room and every day with his own hands he placed fresh flowers beneath it. No, there was some mistake here, he assured himself, and a great injustice was being done the Holland girl. Even though he clung stubbornly to this conviction, he nevertheless put in many an uncomfortable hour thinking about her.

Ballard frequently patronized the country clubs to which he had early gained admittance, but always in company with his house guests, and there too he was prodigal with his money. His companions were well enough behaved but they excited no little comment by reason of the fact that the women were too smart, too good-looking to escape notice and yet nobody seemed to know who they were. As for the men, nobody cared to make their acquaintance.

None of the latter, by the way, played even a passable game of golf; nevertheless they bet astonishing sums upon themselves and in open defiance of rules tipped the caddies outrageously. As a result, the coolness which Ballard and his friends experienced in club-house and locker room was a decided contrast to the seething excitement their appearance created around the caddy houses. Complaints were lodged but it did no good; the boys continued to fight for the privilege of carrying their bags and many a black eye and bloody nose testified to the fact that corruption continued to stalk upon the links. Had these lads been able to vote, Stuyvesant Ballard would have been president of every golf club in Westchester County.

Of all his associates the most intimate was Jack Dunn, described to Allison on one occasion as a yeggman in white flannels—a description not so exaggerated as it sounded.

Roger met the fellow one day under circumstances that recalled those words. Arriving at Sleepy Hollow on a Sunday afternoon after most of the players had gone out, he called to the locker room attendant to get him a game if possible. He was embarrassed when Stuyvesant Ballard stepped into view from the next passageway and invited him to make a fourth. Ballard and two companions were just making ready.

Allison could not well decline without giving offense, so he introduced himself and was presented to Dunn and to a Mr. Cruickshank; nevertheless by the time he had teed up he was

ready to kick himself for having accepted the invitation. He was paired with Ballard against the other two, but from the nature of their talk and from the awkwardness of their practise swings it was evident that all three were divot-hounds of the worst sort, novices who would be tempted to open wine if by any chance they broke one hundred.

With beginners of their class a five dollar wager on the match would have been a heavy bet; Allison's astonishment, therefore, may be imagined when his partner casually announced that he and his friends had arranged a thousand dollar Nassau between themselves and wanted to know if the District Attorney cared to make it four-cornered. The offer constituted nothing less than a gift of three thousand dollars to Roger, for he played a good game; but he declined it.

The size of the stakes promised a nerve-racking round; oddly enough, however, it turned out to be nothing of the sort. The three duellers played mostly in the rough, to be sure; they dug sod and the sparks flew from their club heads now and then; they cursed the game and bemoaned their lack of skill, but the amounts of their wagers gave them no concern whatever.

Allison studied Ballard curiously as they went around and he was surprised to feel a reluctant liking for the man. This was strange, inasmuch as he had such good reason for detesting him. Or was that reason good? he asked himself.

After all, why should he be concerned with the fellow's philanderings? Women nowadays were wise; a girl of Miss Holland's age and intelligence must know what she was doing. He was an idiot to think about her. All the same, it was an outrage. Allison swung his clubs viciously and found himself taking divots as large as Dunn's.

This latter individual, by the way, was an enigma. He had a hard, almost brutal face, his wit was coarse, but his eyes were bold and he possessed a tremendous mental energy. It was plain to be seen that back of the mask he wore was a keen and active mind. Cruickshank, the other member of the party, was a blurry little man with a receding chin and cheeks as round as a chipmunk's. There was very little to be made out of him.

As the four of them came in off the course, Ballard said: "I've often admired your place, Mr. Allison. It is one of the loveliest in this part of the country. Rochambeau's headquarters, wasn't it?"

"Yes. One of several."

"Rochambeau?" Dunn looked up quickly. "I know him. He had a store on Sixth Avenue before Prohibition."

Ballard's eyes twinkled as he said: "I referred to General Rochambeau, a Revolutionary commander. This is historical country, Jack; Washington, Hamilton, Burr, Rip Van Winkle, the headless horseman and a lot of other famous characters trod this ground."

"I thought you meant the wine importer." Mr. Dunn was unimpressed.

"Jack is a modern man of affairs," the former speaker explained, still with that good-humored grin. "He agrees with Mr. Ford, our colossus of commerce, that a knowledge of history and literature and the like are useless adornments of the mind. By the way, Mr. Allison, won't you run in some day and look my place over? I've made a lot of changes and I want you to see them."

"Thank you. I should be delighted," Allison said noncommittally as he waved adieu to the three men.

"Good! Let's be neighborly."

Roger had no faintest intention of acting upon this casual invitation but one day a few weeks later he suddenly changed his mind. It was midsummer, the courts had closed and he had considerable time on his hands. This afternoon he was going over his grounds, planning with his gardener some new fall plantings, when one of the Ballard cars passed. It was a splendid new machine; in it was Ballard himself and a stunning woman with ash-blond hair. Allison was staring after the car when his man said:

"A scandal to the countryside, I call it, and I bet old man Templeton is turnin' over in his grave this day."

"What do you call a scandal, Pat?"

"Him and his goin's on." Pat pointed at the receding automobile. "That's the new woman that's took the place of the dago countess."

"Isn't that the Countess herself?"

"Indeed it is not. You'd know her anywhere, with her white face and her black hair. Mister Ballard is easy tired of women; the other one's nose is out of joint entirely over this one. Monahan heard her and him quarrelin' in the greenhouse, and



Altogether he was a figure to challenge Allison's attention. "Prince Adhikari!" exclaimed Mildred.

her cursin' him in Rooshian, or something, about makin' a monkey of her over this big blonde."

"Um-m! I infer that Monahan speaks Russian."

"He does not. You don't have to speak Rooshian, Misther Allison, to take a pair of clippin' shears out of a woman's hands that she's tryin' to stab a man with."

"So? Did he have to do that?"

Pat nodded. "So he says. And Monahan's no liar. But the strangest thing—there she was, cursin' and spittin' and showin' her claws like a cat and Misther Ballard laughin' fit to kill himself! He ends up by kissin' her—right in front of Monahan

and his new fancy cantaloupes! Then if he don't walk off with his arm around her—Misther Ballard, of course—not Monahan, him bein' already married. Foine doin's in a greenhouse, now, ain't it?"

"Right. People who live in glass houses shouldn't stab each other."

"It's a quare man he is and a quare gang around him. Not one of 'em Monahan would trust, he says, as far as he could heave an anvil, except the seccatary."

"Miss Holland?"

"That's her. A lady, he says, and (Continued on page 151)

# The Story of A Sensitive Boy



Mr. HUGHES today



## Where Are You,

Illustrations by

**I**T WAS in the most earnest years of a man's life that I met you and I have never seen you since. But among so many other forgotten souls, I keep remembering what you may long since have forgotten, if indeed you are more than a memory yourself.

We were boys, just coming into fourteen—at the age when the big child is revolutionized into a little man and confronts the world, bewildered, more solemn than ever before or again. And a solemn boy is the solemnest thing there is.

Because people have as brief memories for yesterday's anguishes as for other people's, grown-ups incline to believe that puppy loves and puppy tragedies are laughable. But first sorrows and horrors are hideous, and these youngsters we patronize are dwelling in a world of romances and feuds as terrible as any of our own. So thick a hedge has grown about this time of life that it is almost never spoken of or written about except now and then when some child commits a murder or a suicide. The author who delved too deep into this field which everybody knows and nobody mentions would doubtless be lynched by acclamation.

And it may be well that this No Man's Land, which is All Children's Land, should be left unexplored and unchronicled. But I cannot forbear sending this one message out into the fog of the multitudes.

Surely, Tod Allerton, you cannot have forgotten the curious school where we met—the private boarding school in the small Missouri town on the Missouri River. They called it a military school and we all wore uniforms. I was the drum-major—with a band of three drums and two fifes. I was a very peacock. You were only a private soldier. But we were friends.

You must recall the three fates who ran that school: the president; his wife, the matron; and their niece, the singing teacher. Each with one eye. Three eyes among the three. The women's eyes were kindly but the president glowered like a Cyclops. He saw everything by day or night and caught us copying answers in the big study room; caught us in the dark when we sneaked through a window from some party or church sociable where we had lingered after half past nine.

Such parties as they were!—such ardent love affairs flourishing rankly while the parents smirked or winked in imbecile

condescension and never dreamed how desperate, how perilous were our concerns with one another.

When I arrived at the school a freckle-faced lass had been already chosen for my mate. We met at church and sat near enough to grow very well acquainted during the long, long prayer. We plighted a tacit troth that lasted out the year; and because I was so timid or she so noble, our courtship was as pure of reproach as anything in the pages of chivalry. I never dared to thrust my arm about her unimportant waist until the last evening of school after the final exercises. And then she frightened my arm away by the gentlest of rebukes. And I never saw her again till she had children as big as we were then. She had been to Paris to study singing and had given up her career for a family.

But you, Tod—you met a girl of another type, a little, slithy Cleopatra, tall for a little girl of twelve, and sinuous, sinister, voluptuous.

She was just the wrong girl for you, Tod; and you the wrong boy for her; for you were smaller even than she, and fiercely jealous, quick-tempered and hasty, while she was lazy, of a smoldering fire, luxurious.

She went to a girls' boarding school in the same town. She had a sister with her, a gent'e creature whose name I still recall but will not publish. Your girl's first name has vanished from my recollection, but not her eyes. So I will call her Caroline and not attempt to describe her great, slow, sloe-irised eyes as somber as circles of truffle in little porcelain dishes.

You met her at one of the Sunday morning services. Attendance was compulsory, but persuasion was not needed after the boys and girls paired off and learned to conduct their surreptitious intrigues during the drowsy everlasting sermon and prayer.

You met her again at prayer meetings and at revival meetings and at school exercises, sociables and picnics. And none of the elders ever dreamed how fervently the young bees courted the buds.

But you were more jealous than you were tall—a runt in size, a fiend in passion. And she was a fickle thing, already a siren and a flirt, mutable, variable.

I often wonder what other tragedies have lined her path and where she is if she is at all. For I have never heard of her again



# By RUPERT HUGHES



## Tod Allerton?

James Montgomery Flagg

as he was Then

since she went back to Alabama. Where are you now, Caroline? How many marriages have you had, how many divorces, children, scandals?

But she tortured you until you were as mad as any Tom o' Bedlam. She wrought you to a killing frenzy, Tod! You could not forget her, even in the classroom where you forgot so many things. Others who saw you muttering to yourself thought you were trying to make ready for the teacher's next question. But I knew you well enough to see the difference between the academic frenzy of being about to flunk again and the personal frenzy of an intimate grief.

I whispered to you, "What's bitin' you, Tod?"

And you whispered, "I'll tell you outside—after school."

And then the president's sole eye alighted on you like a wasp and he snarled: "Allerton, if you know the lesson so well that you don't have to listen, suppose you stay after school and write it out a hundred times."

The eye was already roving for other victims or it would have seen the lust for assassination gleam in your two little orbs.

It was not till long after dark that you were free and I could get away too. We met outside the big dorm, stealing out on tip-toe to confer in whispers. I can still feel the dignity of that rendezvous. We were met in a council of heavy import. We were very grave men.

During the day we were boys, shouting, cavorting, risking our bones in foolish games, playing baseball with fury, mumble-t-e-peg, marbles and even tag.

No wonder our elders, seeing our antics, supposed us no more than noisy infants. How could they know that we were Othellos, lags, Romeos, Juliets, Liliths and Calpurnias in little—abridged, condensed, undeveloped, but all the more intense.

Somehow that conference always recurs to me as if I were not a participant but a spectator on a star or some other remote foot-hold. I always see the old gray dormitory with vines like vast blots of ink under the high, far, disdainful moon. And we were two little dwarfs in the shadow. The trees sighed and wagged their heads. The windows were dimly lighted or black. Nobody stirred outside but the two whipper-snappers, and we hardly moved.

"Now tell me what's the matter of you, Tod." I whispered. "Naw, I don't wanta. What's the uset of tawkin'?" you mumbled.

"But you got somepum on your mind and I'm your friend and I got a right to help you, I guess. Have I or haven't I? That's what I want to know. Have I or haven't I?"

"Have you or haven't you what?"

"A right to know what's on your mind. You're a pal and you're in a peck of trouble and I got a right to help."

"Aw, I'm all right. They's nothin' the matter of me!"

"Nothin' the matter? Huh! Why, you looked today like you were just about ready to kill somebody."

"Well, what if I am?"

This answer chilled me with a sudden dread that found no stronger word than "Gosh!" Then I seized you by your squirming shoulders and demanded huskily: "Say, Tod, Tod! For he'm's sake, you don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do mean it. I'm goin' to get even with a certain person. I'm namin' no names but she better look out, that's all!"

"Geeminetly, Tod, you don't mean Caroline?"

"Well, what if I did? Somebody ought to kill that woman. Good riddance of bad rubbish. That's what it would be, good riddance of bad rubbish!"

"Aw, say, Tod. She may be no good. I never cottoned to her myself. I never saw what you saw in the old dub——"

"Don't you make fun of her, or I'll kill you. I hate her but you can't say she's a dub. No, she's the pirtiest thing that ever lived, and I'd give my right arm for—aw——"

And there you were, sobbing like a babe in arms—a babe in my arms!—and me patting your back awkwardly and trying to be old and motherly and soothe you.

Suddenly you wrenched loose from me and from your grief and fairly leaped into a storm of maniac wrath. "I'll kill her! I'll kill her tomorr'. If I could find her tonight I'd shoot her dead! Oh, she will promise me a dance, will she? and leave me lookin' everywhere for her! and find her out under the honeysuckle spoonin' with another feller! If I'd 'a' had my gun with me I'd 'a' shot em both."

Having failed with tenderness, I tried ridicule.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAKE

"I'm goin' to get even with a certain person. I'm namin' no names but she better look out," said Tod.

"Aw, say, quit talkin' all this talk about killin'. You wouldn't kill a flea. You couldn't hit a flock of balloons."

"Oh, I couldn't, couldn't I? You'll soon see. You can hold a pistol pretty close to a girl. You don't have to aim so careful."

"Maybe. But where would you get a pistol?"

"Where would I get one? I got one!"

"You have not!"

"I have so!"

"You have not!"

"Well, what d'you call this?" And you brought from your dark pocket a dark weapon, loaded, alive with death.

I shrank back less from the firearm than from the vision I beheld of you launching bullets from that smoking muzzle into the little white bosom of that girl.

The scene and all its aftermath glowed before me on the dark shrubbery and I flung myself on you to wrest the pistol from you. We fought for it a moment or two and might have dragged death down upon us if you had not wriggled from my clutch and backed away. Slowly I followed you as you dodged, I pleaded in whispers with all the devotion of a guardian angel. I described your own future remorse to you. I pictured you on the gallows with the rope about your slender throat. I pictured for you Hell and the eternal coals of fire. I promised that if you would give up the gun I would go myself and beg Caroline to be good to you. I would make her realize how much you loved her. I would frighten her into loving you.

Which of these appeals melted you I cannot tell, but suddenly you stood stock-still and let me come close enough to seize the hand that held the pistol. You made no further resistance but let me disarm you. I put the pistol in my pocket and felt as safe as if I juggled dynamite.

Then I began a majestic exhortation which was cut short by the president's voice. We looked up and there he hung out of a window like a gargoyle in a nightgown and hissed down at us: "Get inside, you imps, before I come down there and flay you alive."

We were gone before he finished. Our dignities fell from us and we scampered away like mice, like actors dispersed by a sheriff and dropping as they ran their tragic masks and robes, tripping over their own stilts.

We went in by a cellar window and sidled up the stairs, hoping to reach our rooms before he caught us. But out of the dark he called our names and reminded us that we could work off the demerits by beginning extra study hours at four in the morning.

The next day was a Saturday and we were free at noon. I ignored your signals, Tod, escaped from the school alone and made my way to an old pond on the outskirts of town. It was a scummy pool in a barren field but it promised an ideal hiding-place for that pistol.

So great was my fear of it that I was not content to hurl it into the middle of the pond and trust to the knee-deep mud to conceal it. I sat down and with a screw-driver dissected the thing and threw each of its parts into a different patch of water. So thorough was my work that I believe the Angel Gabriel himself would have found it difficult to reassemble that weapon.

No one apparently observed me, or if anyone did I must have seemed but another urchin idly casting pebbles into a pond. The earnest moods of children are as little understood as the thoughts of babbling foreigners.

Immensely disburdened of anxiety, I turned back toward the school to take part in a drilling competition before visitors who would think of us as little wooden soldiers.

On the way, whom should I encounter but Caroline, floating along as sumptuously as Delilah. She was all washed and frizzed and dressed up in her starchiest and best. I swallowed hard and asked her for a private word. Her girl companion moved on down the street and waited while I tried to appeal to the better nature of the young snake before me.

"Looky here, Caroline, you oughtn't to be so mean to Tod Allerton. He's crazy about you. You don't know how crazy he is. You can't ummage. He's simply wild about you. But you're breakin' his heart. You've drivin' him to somepum desprut. Please don't be mean to him, Caroline. Please!"

To my amazement I found myself at school in the lore of womankind. I realized that Caroline was getting nothing from my beseeching eloquence but the flattery of power. I was telling her that she had the gift of driving men mad. She reveled in it, inhaled it like catnip fragrance, and purred. Then even as I



Caroline—  
already a siren

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAKE

stared aghast she rolled her great eyes down upon me, fairly caressed me with her glance and sought to entice and ensnare me in the web where my chum already writhed.

In describing the sufferings of her victim I had but whetted her appetite.

Never has any other selfishness of an unscrupulous coquette so filled me with dismay and repugnance. It needed a Shakespeare to express my epic abhorrence, but all I probably said was, "Well I'll be darned!" Perhaps I went so far as "gosh darned." The big words come when the little emotions arrive. The big emotions make us dumb or stammering.

I turned from her in loathing and fled. And there a mist sweeps over my recollection. I cannot reclaim from forgetfulness one detail of what followed.

Can you remember, Tod Allerton? Can you, Caroline, remember what happened next? One thing only is clear—soon after I thwarted the murder of this insatiable young witch you left the school, Tod Allerton.

The pangs of disprized love it must have been that unseated your reason; for in the classroom, when the one-eyed president asked you some unimportant question in some unimportant matter of history, physics or mathematics or geography, you could not answer. The president berated you as usual, but you did not cower into your seat as usual or slink to the foot of the class.

You drew a knife and leaped at the throat of the president. But he was so tall and burly and you so slight and short that he brushed you off and knocked you down as one might beat away and trample a hornet.

The president suffered three or four dagger slashes but his fat saved him. To avoid the advertisement of his school as a place where students wielded stilettos in the classroom, he contented himself with expelling you from school—and also from my life.

All this was long ago, and countless things have happened to you, Tod; and to you, Caroline. Your souls may have been altered beyond recognition by some luck of environment and you may be living now in high integrity. One or both of you may have died in sanctity. One or both may now be irretrievably lost in evil. But, thanks to you both, I never look upon children as merely children. Passing a knot of little girls whispering together I often catch a fierce phrase beginning, "And he says to me" or "And I says to him." And I feel that I am skirting tragedy. Seeing two striplings in solemn council I am never satisfied that their talk is only of athletic sports or some mischief of stolen apples or misplaced gates. For all I know they may be discussing, as I once discussed, the wisdom of murdering some Aphrodite just emerged into her teens or of putting out of the way some pubescent Lothario whose first long trousers are still far down the years.

And always the query recurs in my soul like a melody that will not let itself be quite forgotten or quite remembered:

Where are you, Tod Allerton?

When other temptations to slash the fabric of some life have come to you, has some friend stood by to persuade away your weapon? or have you been so cruelly used by fate that you cannot care as much as once your young soul cared? or have you found peace in the warmth of some faithful love, or in the untroubled haven of the tomb?

Where are you, Tod Allerton? And how goes it there?



Tod—  
jealous and quick-tempered.



The pangs of disprized-love it must have been that unseated your reason, Tod Allerton.





# Bravo! *The BULL*

I JOURNEYED down to old Mexico for a brief respite from the Manhattan razzle-dazzle—cafés, bright lights, theaters, jostling throngs and the false glitter of an artificial age.

I saw a magnificent country unchanged by men and politics. I saw vivid market scenes, floating gardens, tiled fountains, volcanoes capped by eternal snows, curious convents, pale-faced Indians gliding by in canoes, picturesque peons, sunlit corners of a world in crises of loveliness, stately domes and battered walls against a background of an old civilization.

And then in Mexico City I saw a bull-fight. It was Sunday afternoon. The avenues and cross streets leading to the big El Toreo circle were filled with laughing merrymakers—peons and plutocrats. A carnival spirit at high pitch.

Acres of fine limousines and jitneys were parked near El Toreo. Sandaled peons had dog-trotted across mountains to be in at the kill. Armies of ragged beggars drooped outside the gates whining for *centavos*. It was the most colorful scene I ever beheld.

Inside the first gates surrounding the big amphitheater was a medley of noise—here a matador and there a picador surrounded by fawning men and women. Sprinkled about were tiny stands of vendors of hot peppers, tortillas, frijoles, tamales.

My seat was at the arena rail on the shady side—a privileged place. The sunny side is two-thirds cheaper. The arena is an amazingly small circle compared to our American baseball and football fields. Five tiers of shrieking humanity awaited the first bugle note. There were dark-eyed señoritas with their sleek beaux, young men, old men, mothers with babes at their breasts. It was a restless throng, taut with expectancy.

Across the arena floated the bugle notes. A hush for the grand opening parade. A sort of major-general on a prancing stallion led, followed by cape men with their cruel spikes or banderillas. Then the picadors with long lances riding their pathetic mounts—faithful old cab horses unconscious of the torture awaiting them. Behind them the two matadors, and drawing up the rear the three-mule team to drag the tortured bulls and horses away.

Bands played. A deafening roar of shouts. The march up to the stand where the major-general asks official permission for the

fight. The arena clears. Picadors, with the eyes of their mounts toward the bull blindfolded, took their places.

The matadors were Gaona and Montes. Gaona, the pride of Mexico, wearing a striking costume of black jet over vivid green silk, gold braided vest and pink stockings. Gaona, a millionaire! Montes, who came across from Spain, an alert and emotional fellow, clad in the style of the Hispanic peninsular—heavy golden braid and royal purple. They tossed their gorgeous capes to favored señoritas and smiled behind ashen masks.

Another sharp bugle-call. Another hush. Gates to the bull-pen opened with a lightning flash. A breathless pause. Out charged the bull—a big, black and magnificent animal with a single banderilla, carrying the colors of his breeding farm, pinioned in his shoulder. A tiny rivulet of red trickled down.

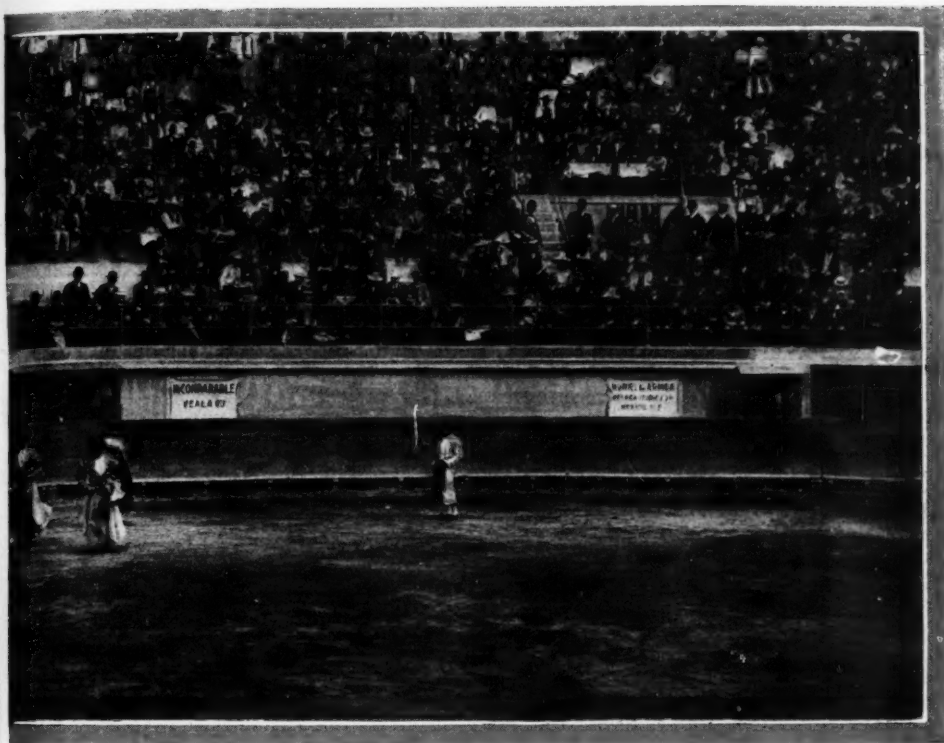
He drew up short in the middle of the arena. Hated red capes were flaunting all about. The sharp pain in his shoulder increased. Picadors were ready on their blinded horses with long lances poised. Ready, too, were the cape men with banderillas and paper darts and the matadors with razor-edged swords.

Foaming with pain and man-incited rage, the big bull shook his head in bewilderment. He had just come that day from peaceful pasturage to a roaring pit of torture.

Then began that soft, pathetic pawing to warn his adversary of a charge—the bull does not rush without warning. He charged. A banderillero or cape man with his darts decorated with colors awaited, jumped to one side by an eyelash and deftly placed the darts in the bull's shoulder—making a bouquet of torture. The darts must pierce at the same instant and at a certain distance apart to win applause.

The bull turned in increasing amazement. His big bloodshot eyes seemed filled with wonder. What had he done to man?

Against the arena rail stood a blindfolded horse carrying a picador. The horse was gently swishing his tail—too old and too work-worn to be even mindful of the din. The bull charged the old work horse, lifted him on his horns and with a ripping side-wise movement let him fall to the ground disemboweled. Thus had the bull received the "blood smell" at the most cruel sacrifice imaginable. Up went the shouts of approval.



## By O. O. McIntyre

More spikes were sunk into the bull's raw and bleeding shoulders. He swayed dizzily with pain. Then gently he pawed and charged, each time receiving more darts and spikes—made top-heavy to gore him deeper at every move. Blood spurted. Pain in the most sensitive part of the body became unbearable.

This was not enough. A fire dart was used—a dart to pierce the flesh and explode. The pungent smell of searing flesh assailed nostrils of an audience now changed to a howling mob.

There were cries for more picador mounts for slaughter. Four ancient nags are allotted each bull to give the "blood smell" and whip up courage. Only one had died. Another received a deep gash. He would be stuffed with sawdust to stanch the blood, sewed up and brought back for another bull to gash.

The bull fought on, all the while receiving more spikes. He was bleeding now at the mouth and nostrils and was ready for the matador's keen thrust.

There is little of the vaunted valor about the matador to me. He must merely time his leap to one side in the same fashion as the acrobat does who jumps from one trapeze to the other. Bull-fighting is largely acrobatics. When the bull charges he does not make oblique turns. He goes as straight as the arrow, eyes closed.

Gaona knelt before his foaming and bleeding antagonist. The valiant bull was ten feet away, pawing for a charge and ready to die. Gaona turned to look at the audience—a feat that receives the heaviest accolade. At the charge he jumped up and made the sword thrust. The thrust must be made at an exact spot for a perfect kill. The blade must sink to the hilt. Gaona failed once, twice—four times in all.

Hisses and boos. Gaona's mantle of fame was slipping. He displayed no emotion but tried again and failed. The bull carried on. His shoulders now resembled a huge porcupine's back. Blood gushed from his mouth a distance of five feet. He slowly sank to the arena. Gaona rushed up to drive a spike in the brain. The stricken bull made one final effort. He raised half-way to his haunches, gave a melancholy bellow of defiance and fell over dead—a glorious picture in defeat.

A brief intermission and another bull came dashing out. Six in all were killed that sunny afternoon. The blood lust was

on. Gaona, calif of the ring, had failed. There were ominous mutterings. Gaona came coolly to the arena rail to swig a copious draught of tequila.

More torture, blood and the smell of burning flesh. Montes, the newcomer and free-lance who had the nimbleness of a dancing teacher, tried the thrust and failed. Eight times his bull jumped the arena fence, once causing an attendant to make a clownish catapult into the arena and streak across it like a breeze amid gales of laughter. Montes tries again. Fails. Then weeps. A picador urges his consumptive steed in front of the enraged bull. Another rip of the horns. Gored, the nag tried to gallop about the ring. Then he stumbled and died. Montes had lost a breeches leg—the only casualty to man of the afternoon.

Another bull. More torture and failure with the thrust until the fifth. Gaona was pitted against him. This was the finest beast of the lot. He swept along like a tornado. Cape men ducked behind their shields—man-sized partitions against the arena fence behind which those in danger may hide.

Gaona awaited the charge. The sword sank to the hilt at the first try and the bull dropped like a shot. Then the delirium of frenzy. Gaona had redeemed himself and was again the idol.

Screaming men and women went suddenly wild. Men threw their hats, shoes, vests, coats, canes and watches into the arena. Women tossed their shawls, fans, jewels and millinery. They wanted the matador's "touch." To have any article they possess touched by a winning matador is a mark of distinction. Gaona strutted about, picked up the articles and gallantly hurled them back.

From time to time as the torture progressed I turned to watch the audience. Eyes were fever-bright, cheeks flushed. Children struck their hands with joy. Old men shouted with glee. Once as a bull charged at a defenseless blindfolded horse I turned my head and clapped my hands to my eyes to shut off the view. "El bravo gringo!" shouted a group of jeering Mexicans.

I walked from the arena in the throes of a nervous chill, overwhelmed by deep shame at my own degradation in being an eyewitness. Two American women were being revived from fainting fits in an anteroom. I left El Toreo with a rousing respect for the bull. He was the best sport there.

B y E D N A F E R B E R

# OUR VERY

Illustrations by



Tune

**I**F RUTGER G. TUNE had waited two weeks longer to die he would have had to do a lot of explaining. And he had always hated explanations. They bored him. He died as he had lived, soldier of fortune that he was, with his spats on. Not only that, they were fawn spats, setting off a gray morning suit further enhanced by a flower in the buttonhole. There were few other—if any—fawn spats, gray morning suits or beflowered buttonholes in Kansas City, Missouri, twenty years ago.

A plump, high-colored, well dressed figure of a middle-aged man, he had just passed debonairly through the gates of the Kansas City Union Station on his way to take the eastbound train, a deferential dusky porter ahead of him, when suddenly he crumpled, sank and became a mere heap of haberdashery on the station platform. Confusion, crowds, telegrams. And the Tune twins, already motherless, were summoned home from their commencement exercises at Vassar to find themselves pretty much in the position of the two orphans of drama fame, so far as finances and future were concerned.

One week after the funeral: "But what did he do with it?" demanded Hilda Tune, the beauty. Her tone was perhaps excusably querulous considering that she and her sister Hannah now found themselves possessed of exactly nine hundred and twenty dollars each, the lawyers having just finished explaining. "He didn't have it," replied Hannah, the plain twin, composedly.

"Didn't have it! What nonsense, Hannah. What did we live on all these years? Our education and clothes, and this huge house, and father's wine and food and horses, and——" Her voice trailed off. Then again, in helpless wrath: "What did we live on?"

"Bluff," said Hannah.

Even then, stricken though she was, Hilda had the good taste to be offended. "I wish you wouldn't use words like that, Hannah.

And I do wish you wouldn't be any more vulgar than you can help."

Hannah was good-humored enough about it, as always. "I'm not being a bit more vulgar than I can help. Besides, it's in the dictionary. Let's not quarrel now, Hilda. I don't think father has had much money, really, in the last few years. I think he must have been worrying for quite a while about how he was going to explain things. He'd have had to explain in another week or two. And he knew it couldn't be done."

"But mother left heaps. And there was all that stock in the packing company."

"Yes, but father squandered heaps. The stock must have gone years ago."

"But it was ours! Lots of it was ours! Yours and mine."

Hannah smiled grimly. "You must have understood something of what Mr. Patterson and that other lawyer meant when they said that father had been unwise in his handling of the money. He gambled, among other things. So the money went, and the stocks went, and this house is mortgaged right up to the shingles. Father died owing practically everybody in Kansas City, from the First National Bank to the boy who delivers the evening paper. We haven't any real right to this precious nine hundred and twenty dollars they've bestowed on us . . . Well, if we've learned anything practical at school, Hilda my gal, now's a grand chance to prove it."

An Eastern finishing school, followed by Vassar, had rarely turned out a more unfinished product than Hannah Tune, who was, she would explain to you, the elder of the Tune twins. Hannah resembled her simple, straightforward, plain-featured mother, who had been the Kansas City heiress of the stock yards stock. Hilda was undeniably her father's daughter—authentic offspring of Rutger G. Tune, of the Massachusetts Tunes, who were born to be ancestors as some people are born singers, writers, drunkards. A true Tune could pose for a casual snapshot and

emerge looking like a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Rutger G. Tune, having bestowed upon the plain Kansas City heiress his name, the charm of his occasional company and the twin daughters, had considered his obligations obliterated and had set about enjoying what there was to enjoy in this mid-western town to which he had come.

Kansas City, though it sniggered at his lemon-colored spider phaeton with its two smart trotters and the flunky seated up behind, really felt a thrill of pride in the picture it all made as Tune, perched high on the fawn-cushioned box in his cream covert coat, his whip held at an angle of ninety, his hat just a little on one side, clipped briskly down Gilham Boulevard and whirled into the Paseo at an hour when the rest of Kansas City's adult male population was turning nickels into mickles as fast as it could. He practically represented the city's masculine leisure class.

From his lofty vantage he would greet the townspeople with that specious air of democracy peculiar to the born snob. "Hi are you, Lindsey! . . . Morning, Mrs. Horner!" His fine color high, his full lips smiling.

"Get on to the hat!" giggled Kansas City, nudging its neighbor. "He's fixed up like one of those dining room



# R A Story of Twin Sisters BEST PEOPLE

by John Richard Flanagan

pictures—you know. English prints, they call 'em." Nevertheless, the town felt a vicarious thrill when a Tune horse won an Eastern race. The racing sheet would read, "Twin Girls. Rutger G. Tune, Owner." His favorite racing horse, bought at about the time of their birth, had been named in compliment to Hilda and Hannah.

It had been part of his snobbishness that he had sent the girls to Eastern schools in their early teens. Also, when the Tunes traveled it was always in the East or in Europe. They knew practically nothing of the vast country that stretched for thousands of miles west of Missouri to the Pacific. Mrs. Tune had loved her Middle West; had refused to live in the East, though her husband had urged it throughout her lifetime; and she had, during that lifetime and even after, shrewdly made it financially difficult for her handsome husband to remain long away from the city whence her income had its source. The twins had once been taken to see the Colorado Rockies briefly, and somewhat remotely, at Colorado Springs. Western railroad society was largely represented at the Antlers Hotel. Rutger G. Tune had not liked it.

"A lot of brakemen," he said, "who have worked their way up through promotion to superintendencies, and their wives who have been waitresses, probably, in the Harvey station eating-houses."

Mrs. Tune, though plain, had been a woman of spirit. She had spoken up at this. "My father used to say that those Western railroad brakemen and Harvey lunch-room waitresses were the future aristocracy of the West. Fine stock, he used to say, for foundation material. 'Pick out,' he said, 'almost any well-dressed, intelligent, prosperous looking woman who was the wife of a successful ranch owner, Santa

Fé railroad official, mining or oil man living within one thousand miles of the Mojave Desert, and ask her if she was born in the West. She'd answer: "Oh, no! I'm from Iowa"—or maybe Wisconsin, or Michigan, or Kansas, or even Ohio—"I used to be a Harvey girl." Pa always said they were a fine lot, those Harvey waitresses. Smart, independent. Had come West because they wanted to see the country probably, and were tired of some kind of tyranny in the East. Pioneer stuff, pa said. I used to like to hear him when he said that New England had its Lowells and Cabots and Lodges, and the South its Van Revels and Colonel Carters and its F. F. V.'s; but that out in Arizona and Texas and Colorado and New Mexico it was the children of the ranchers and railroad men and the ex-Harvey girls who would form the future backbone of—"

"Well," interrupted Rutger G. Tune, his mustache coming up under his nose, "I prefer my hired girls in the kitchen, not the parlor."

The Harvey system, with its chain of lunch rooms and dining rooms stretching across a continent from Chicago through the very desert itself, and beyond to California, was the boast of any



Cartoon

true Westerner. Mrs. Tune's pride in it was incomprehensible to her Eastern-born husband. "Beastly idea, anyway," he said. "Having to get off a train for your meals like that. And those cow towns!"

"We like it," said Mrs. Tune spiritedly.

"We?"

"We Westerners. And I noticed that you liked the quail pretty well that they served you at the station of that cow town called Newton. You'd have paid ten dollars a portion for it in New York—and then it wouldn't have been fresh."

Still, they did not travel West again. But she loved it to the day she died.

At school the twins, Hilda and Hannah, had been known respectively as Tune and Cartoon. For nature, in her most prankish mood, having fashioned these two in like mold, yet had so slightly, so deftly, so fiendishly over-emphasized in Hannah that which was perfection in Hilda, that perfection became grotesquery—or almost that. It was only when they were together that the difference was strongly marked. People—strangers—seeing the two for the first time had a way of turning from the flawless purity of Hilda's contour to the exaggerated line that was Hannah's and then blinking a little as though to rid themselves of an absurd optical illusion. It was as though nature, having wrought this perfect thing, had said pettishly: "What! You expect me to achieve this miracle a second time! No! . . . Here, I'll make a rough copy of it. But a masterpiece is a masterpiece. One doesn't repeat."

Hence Tune and Cartoon. Where Hilda's nose was the most exquisite example of that ordinarily vulgar feature, straight, fine-pored, delicately fluted at the nostrils, Hannah's, being the minutest fraction of an inch longer, was just too long; and the fluting, being a trifle wider, gave her countenance that rather combative look so trying to the beholder. Where Hilda's cheek-bones were just high enough to give her face its delicately

heart-shaped outline and her eyes that little shadowed look of fatigue which men find so fascinating, Hannah's cheek-bones were broader, flatter, so that she had a somewhat Slavic cast. Still, if it had not been for Hilda's flawless beauty always there to mock her, Hannah might have been considered an average looking girl, which she really was—healthy, high-spirited, wholesome. For that matter, there were those who might have thought Hilda's lips a shade too thin, just as others thought Hannah's mouth too large.

That generous mouth of Hannah Tune's was the index to her character. It explained why she could be honestly proud and pleased when people exclaimed about her sister's loveliness. It made it possible for Hannah to say, as she watched the exquisite Hilda march across the greensward at the head of the historic Daisy Chain—the very day of the tragic telegram—that if the college had instituted a Poison Ivy Chain she, Hannah, would have been a prominent entrant.

People who knew them well were aware that the difference between the twins was more than a surface one. It went deep, deep into their characters. It cropped out in all sorts of ways. You saw it in the accumulated dust of days in the seeming dainty Hilda's hair-brush; in the condition of her bureau drawers; in the frequency with which she forgot to return money she had borrowed from Hannah; in her unflinching emphasis on the Tune side of her ancestry, ignoring quite the distaff or packing-house side; in her refusal to mingle with any but those whom she considered the most desirable type of girl at college. Her tone, in speaking of the undesirables, was startlingly like that of Rutger G. Tune when he had discussed the brakemen and Harvey waitresses years before. Hannah's familiar at college, on the other hand, had been a girl from Galena, Illinois, who had got a scholarship and was working her way through. Hannah's old red sweater and her careless tam were likely to give you no hint of the fastidious freshness of the garments worn beneath—the ribbed corsetcover, the white embroidery petticoats, the lace-trimmed umbrella drawers of the period. Finally, this difference in face and character, less pronounced when they were children, became daily more noticeable as they grew older.

It had been June when Rutger G. Tune had caused the little flurry in the Union Station and the great upheaval in the lives of his motherless twin daughters. In July the twins were to leave the big Tune house perched high on the hill that commanded such a sweeping and unobstructed Missouri view of nothing in particular.

"Father had it built up here," Hannah observed, a little grimly perhaps, but without bitterness, "not because anything could be seen here from the top of the hill, but because everybody could see the house from the bottom of it. That's what our life has been, really, in the last ten years. A magnificent view of nothing at all."

The two had soberly been discussing that baffling problem known as ways and means. Of ways they had few. Of means they had practically nothing.

"There's only one thing to do, of course," Hilda said; "that is, to get away from here. And there's only one place to go, and that's East. Our friends there know father's dead, but they don't know how completely smashed we are. I shan't tell them until I have to. We both have enough invitations to last us through the summer if we manage properly. The Allisters at Bar Harbor in July, and Isabel Kane's the first two weeks in August in the Adirondacks; and we might even manage Newport if we went about it properly and used a little—"

"And then what?" interrupted Hannah bluntly.

"I don't know. But at any rate we'd have made a move in the right direction. Our friends in the East are numbered among our very best people. Those are the contacts we'll have to keep up."

"On nine hundred and twenty dollars per lifetime?"

"Yes. Why not? Until something turns up. And it will, with those people back of us. There's something picturesque about being twins. It's considered chic. And orphan twins, too."

"And penniless orphan twins makes it quite perfect, I suppose."

"All right, then. Suppose you suggest something better."

Hannah, for the moment, looked as nearly helpless as Hannah could, being handicapped by her height, her serenity of brow and her aura of superb health. "I honestly haven't anything better to suggest, Hilda. I only know I can't go East with you and live on our very best people and be a chic twin."

"What are you going to do, then? What are you going to do? Stay here in Kansas City? Patronized by these people? What'll you live on? Really, Hannah, sometimes I think you're utterly—"

"I could teach school."

"Teach school!" Hilda echoed weakly. "You mean a girls' school somewhere in the East? But what? Your French isn't very good and you know your English is—well, it's pure Kansas City. Your music is just passable. You hate history."

"Oh, I mean a school here somewhere in Kansas or Missouri, maybe. A country school. It doesn't pay much, but it's a living, for the present at least. Besides, I like the West. You know that. I always have. A country school—and a horse to ride, perhaps, Saturdays and Sundays. I'd like it."

"Hannah Tune, you must be crazy! A country school! A horse on Saturday!"

"And Sunday," put in Hannah, a trifle maliciously—for Hannah. Suddenly she became tremendously serious. Her fine brow bore down upon Hilda, silencing her. "Look here, Hilda Tune. There's no use pretending we're not in a mess. We are. But we always have been. We simply didn't know it, that's all. But father knew it and shut his eyes to it and pretended that something would turn up. Well, it didn't. Mercifully, he died before he had to do any explaining. Now, I'm not going on where he left off. I'm sick of pretending. I'm the plain Tune twin, with nine hundred and twenty dollars between me and whatever happens to you when your money's all gone. It's no use my trying to play the beautiful adventuress. I'm not equipped for it in face or temperament. It's July, and pretty late, but I'm going to try to get a school job by September somewhere."

A sort of glaze crept over Hilda's beautiful face, hardening it. "All right, then. Be a schoolma'am. But don't expect me to stay here with you. Sometimes, Hannah, I think there isn't a drop of Tune blood in you."

Hannah seemed to consider this a compliment. "I know it. After all these years of pruning and snipping here I am, just bristling all over with Kansas. I guess there's no help for it."

Hilda, looking lovely and fragile in black, went to the Allisters, at Bar Harbor. Hannah had not yet secured a school, but there were rumors of one to be had in Eldorado, Kansas. "Oh, my goodness!" Hilda had said when she heard of it. At the last minute Hannah had stuffed five hundred of her own nine hundred twenty into Hilda's bag. "I won't need it," she said, above Hilda's faint protests. "I'll be earning money soon. And you'll want it pretty badly if you're going to make any kind of showing in the among-those-present column in the Newport society news. Linsey-woolsey, whatever that is, will be all I'll need in Eldorado."

By the first of August Hannah was told the Eldorado school was hers. She wrote Hilda the news, jubilantly. Hilda was in the Adirondacks, according to schedule. Hannah got ready her linsey-woolseys, including the old red sweater of college skating days. In the middle of August Hannah was notified that Eldorado's last year's teacher was returning after all, and that here was one month's salary, and it was hoped Miss Tune had been put to no inconvenience.

Miss Tune was not only inconvenienced but indignant and a little frightened. Her first impulse was to telegraph Hilda; so she didn't. The Tune twins had been brought up on telegrams. Rutger G. Tune had hated letter-writing. At this critical moment a telegram from Hilda—her father's daughter—said that she had a chance to go abroad in October with Mrs. Courtney Paige as a sort of pet, pampered companion. And what did Hannah think about it? Hannah, feeling suddenly alone in the world and terribly twinless, answered: "It sounds heavenly. You must go." Then she began to read the want ad columns of the Kansas City Star.

M-m-m—clerks wanted. Experienced . . . Binders wanted. What was a binder? Hannah wondered. And what did they bind? . . . Ladies to solicit orders for marvelous new patent contrivance warranted to revolutionize housework. On commission only . . . Waitresses wanted—oh, my goodness!—what was there for her to do? Wait a minute! . . . Waitresses wanted for Harvey hotel dining rooms and lunch rooms in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Apply Employment Department, Union Station, Room 15.

Something came creeping back into Hannah's consciousness like the fragments of a tune once heard and long forgotten . . . "Fine stock . . . pioneer stuff . . . Harvey waitresses . . . future aristocracy . . ."

Hannah had been a very little girl when her mother, with that look of high pride and honest indignation, had delivered herself of that speech. But it came back to her now, as did the sneer on her father's face. Colorado—New Mexico—Arizona—California! Hannah took a long breath, exhaled it, and applied Employment Department, Union Station, Room 15.



Kansas City, though it sniggered at Rutger G. Tune's lemon phaeton, really felt a thrill of pride.

She had a little sick feeling at the pit of her stomach and her knees seemed strangely fluid; but there was a picture of the Grand Canyon on the wall of the little waiting-room and a map whose black lines went bounding across mountains and deserts and plains and mesas in a way to take your breath away. Hannah regarded these and they gave her courage and even a feeling of exaltation which always came to her, strangely enough, when she caught a remote hint of that which lay Pacificward from Missouri. A little soaring sensation. A feeling of freedom. If she had had wings she would have flapped them now.

There were five other girls in the anteroom. One of them had a foreign look—Polish or Bohemian, Hannah thought. Two, evidently friends, had entered together in flashy clothes and exhaling a veritable stench of strong, cheap perfume. Hannah thought they didn't look exactly pioneer material or future aristocrats. A fourth was a pale, quiet girl who appeared listless and limp. "She's going out for her health," Hannah decided. "Arizona, probably, if they'll take her." The fifth girl resembled Hannah's Vassar chum from Galena, Illinois. Hannah found herself smiling at this girl companionably. The girl smiled



## Our Very Best People

back at her. Encouraged thus, Hannah moved to a chair next to her.

"Are you—have you ever been—are you going out West as a Harvey girl?"

"Yes—to stay this time, I hope."

"Oh, you've been before?"

"Two years ago. But only for the summer. I'm a school-teacher. I took a Harvey job two summers ago because I thought it would be fun, kind of; and a cheap way to see something of the West. I'm from Albia, Iowa. You ought to have heard my folks when I said I was going as a waitress. They didn't know."

"And now you're going to stay?"

"Long as I want to, anyway. I'm lucky. They're sending me to the Canyon." Then, as Hannah looked blank: "Oh, I guess you don't know about the different stations. You see, all the girls are crazy to go to the hotels at the Grand Canyon, or Albuquerque, or big places like that. We call them Heaven. Now Needles, California, and Rincon, New Mexico, are purgatory. We say that's where bad girls go for punishment. Needles is two hundred miles from the Mojave Desert, in a sort of pocket. And hot! Phew! When it's a hundred and twenty-five there they think it's getting on toward summer."

Hannah looked a little worried. "Do you think a new girl—"

The other shook her head emphatically. "Some. But not you." Her glance encompassed Hannah's face, her clothes, her manner. "Gracious, no! You look like a Canyon girl, or Albuquerque, except that perhaps you'll lose out because you're too pretty."

Hannah stared, smiled. "Me!"

waiting applicants. "See you later. Wish me luck!"—over her shoulder.

Hannah never saw her again. Two days later Hannah Tune, daughter of the late Rutger G. Tune of the Massachusetts Tunes, to whom the signers of the Declaration of Independence were mere upstarts, was on her way to San Querto, New Mexico, with a Harvey Santa Fé railroad pass in her handbag. She was enjoying herself immensely, though the ride was hot, dusty, and seemingly endless. Every now and then she went into the wash-room and scraped prairie dust off her clothes and face, and railroad cinders out of her hair. Then she washed for the sake of the relief the cool wet towel gave against her hot cheeks, and went back to her seat to resume her staring out of the window. Prairie,



Dan Yard found himself staring at Hannah. Her gaze met his. *Ting!* went something like a little bell inside her.

"You know, don't you, that Harvey's never hire girls that are awfully pretty. They found they couldn't keep them out West. They just melted away into marriage with some rancher or railroad man or mining—"

"Then it's true!"

But the other girl misunderstood. "Oh, my yes! They like to hire them neat, plain and sensible. They're very strict, you know. You've got to behave just so during hours—and after hours, for that matter. In before twelve—" She broke off suddenly as the door to the inner office opened. She was next in the list of

plain, corn, corn, corn, corn—hundreds of miles of it, an un-marine ocean, billowing away and away to the horizon. And, like the ocean, it makes the beholder content or restless. Hannah felt soothed, relaxed, satisfied.

With her Santa Fé pass was an identification card entitling her to meals free of charge at all stops where meals were regularly scheduled. At these stations along the way passengers were notified that they would have half an hour for what was called "refreshments." They swarmed out of the coaches like ants scurrying in alarm from a disturbed ant-hill. The sound of a



deep-throated brass gong greeted them as they flocked toward the dining and lunch rooms. Hannah soon discovered that she preferred the rush and scramble of the lunch rooms to the more dignified and orderly ceremony of the dining room.

Her first meal in the dining room at Hutchinson, Kansas, had been of immense interest to her, flavored with almost hysterical amusement. She had never imagined anything like it. A hundred or even two hundred passengers were fed here in half an hour. The meal marched as inevitably, as irresistibly as death itself. Each table seated eight. The first course lay smoking before you as you seated yourself. With that scant half-hour snapping at their heels the passengers settled grimly, determinedly to this business of consuming their dollar's worth. It was a huge meal, hot, savory, appetizing. But the dining hundreds made a ghastly ceremony of it. Not a murmur of conversation; eyes on their plates. They were grimly merciless, thorough. No sounds but the clink of cutlery against china, the

low voices of the white starched waitresses murmuring a chant of "Teacoffeemilk? Teacoffeemilk? Teacoffeemilk?"

Controlling, soothing this strange company, as unconivivial as the elfin bowlers in Rip Van Winkle's mountain retreat, walked the Harvey hotel manager, bland, watchful, weaving in and out among the tables, hands behind his back. And as he walked he intoned: "Pas-sen-gers on number nine have *thirty minutes* for dinner. Take—your—time!" Fifteen minutes later, again as before: "Pas-sen-gers on number nine still have *fifteen minutes* for dinner. Take—your—time!" Gobble, gobble. Clink, clink. Munch, munch. Gulp, gulp. Soup, meat, vegetables, salad, olives, iced tea, dessert. "Pas-sen-gers on number nine still have *five minutes*—!" They swept out like a horde of locusts, leaving a devastated dining room.

No, Hannah decided, the dining room was not for her. She would eat in the lunch room, where ham and eggs ordered one minute appeared miraculously before you the next; where hung the scent of coffee; where blood-red half-moons of watermelon glowed at you from behind glass; where you sat perched on a revolving stool before a white slab of counter, with infinitesimal cream pitchers and little butter chips and glasses of ice-water spinning and sliding all about you. Hannah became less and less a Tune; more and more the daughter of her plain, democratic, high-spirited mother.

(Continued on page 162)

# Drink

## *A Very Human Document*

By Mary Heaton Vorse

I HAVE just returned from that strange and visionary land where for hours my field of consciousness was limited by the question of where my next drink was coming from. I now no longer wish to drink.

I say this at once so no one can accuse me of being the Devil's advocate, or of writing a brief on drink. I am trying to sort out the impressions left on me after a lifetime spent in the companionship of drinkers.

Why mankind ought to abhor drink any schoolboy will tell you. Everyone, from the reformed drunkard to the pure woman whose lips have never been touched by those which have touched liquor, could explain all the reasons against drink.

What gift of the gods besides the great gift of oblivion does it hold, since for its unrealities men forever have been ready to barter the realities of earth?

My sobriety has been come by through a pathway of anguish and shame. The desire for drink did not leave me gracefully as this passion left a friend of mine. This happy soul quaffed his fill, secure in his not altogether justified belief that no amount of alcohol could ruffle his tranquility.

Then one fine day his desire for drink left. It arose and walked out of the house as definitely as a departing guest.

"Good-by, sir," it remarked on leaving. "I can remain with you no longer." So saying, it closed the door. It left painlessly and tranquilly. Alcohol to this man from one day to another became an impossibility. For him the anguish of parting with this most exacting of all habits didn't exist. Somewhere below the floor of consciousness the inevitable struggle took place, somewhere out of sight occurred that awful battle between the ego of everyday life and the shadowy but puissant ego of drink, the ego that fights bloodily like a conscious, sentient thing for survival; that ego which, if it wins, turns a human being into the sick soul we call by the name of drunkard.

He was spared this conflict—and he is the only one I have known who eluded the bridge of torment which joins the wild, free country of drink to the lovely, shining country of sobriety.

My sobriety was achieved by no such easy road, but at the cost of anguish and humiliation. Humiliation because of promises broken by my inner self. Days spent in saying, "No more," and then a painful, unwilling yielding to the drink ego. I had seen him grow from a wine-wreathed, harmless young Bacchus to Dionysos. I had seen him grow great and menacing, and then I said lightly, "I'll stop." But I didn't. According to ordinary definitions, I had not been drunk. That is to say, my speech and my legs had remained sober. I got up in the morning without a headache, but within the house of myself there were strange visitors. I knew the definite moment when I took the lower left-hand road which led to the beautiful haunted morass of real drunkenness.

No one but myself knew or guessed how far from normal I was, or how strange and intricate the workings of my mind. The ordinary preoccupations of my life were as nothing to me. My sense of money had also gone—to my joy and relief. I lived in a world of phantoms.

Finally a moment came when what was happening in my mind made me afraid. I wanted to stop, but my drink ego didn't. Spiritually I was through with drink, but still I drank. So conflict and shame tore me apart.

Then one day I waked up free, knowing that the door of drink was shut. Somehow or other I knew I should live through the days of torment before me.

Each separate nerve jumped in torture, and the torture was the more that I knew that from one moment to another a high

tranquility might be mine. A few drinks and I would be once more sane; yet the anodyne of drink was for me only a tormenting mirage, for I knew that one drink calls two and two call four, so there was nothing for it but endure that longing for tranquility and peace which we call a "raging thirst." I wore through those days; gradually I gained calm; and once more go on with life.

I remember when I first realized the limitations of the sanity of sobriety. I had always had a good head and prided myself on drinking in seemly fashion. At that remote time I was unacquainted with the nervous reaction caused by the high altitudes of drinking.

Through one afternoon of serene fellowship, full of mellow laughter, I drank. We did not move from our places but ordered dinner where we were. Some high and golden spirit was slowly evolving itself from the finer strains of our four souls. We were enveloped in the magical golden web of our own weaving. We were creating the essence of another personality, the sum of our four personalities. There flowered among us a harmony that lifted this evening high above other undistinguishable evenings of fellowship. So when you, temperate reader, pass by those who are sitting drinking together, you may be the unconscious witness of a miracle.

We were not getting drunk; the fierce desire for swift oblivion which is bred by the liquor we drink today was far from our gentle, philosophical spirits. We perceived a thousand overtones; subtle harmonies were revealed to me which the noise of the shuttle of life usually denied me. Life came to us only from afar off like the distant humming of bees.

All this while I did not know I was drinking much. I knew that between noon and midnight from time to time more drinks were ordered.

When we left I was surprised to see that the legs of one of my companions were drunk. I say legs, for his tongue and his brain were not drunk.

Why this was so I realized the next morning. I awakened to a nervous system in maniacal disorder. I sat at the edge of my bed thinking with horror that I must presently dress. A fatigue vaster than space oppressed me. The various necessary acts of life, bathing, dressing, eating, all seemed the tasks beyond human power. I did not understand how anyone ever accomplished them. My condition had nothing to do with the simple hangover. It was torment. It was own cousin to dissolution.

A limitless depression encompassed me like a fog. Then suddenly I saw from my window a wall painted green. The color pierced my heart. I had never beheld color, it seemed, before, and I was too frail to stand the sudden shock of a new sense. My pleasure—more than pleasure—my inner understanding of that color was so keen that it became anguish.

"I cannot bear it," I said aloud, and collapsed in a chair, my head in my hands. I could feel my hands quiver over my forehead, which was moist with sweat.

My nerves jumped as if each one was a tortured, sentient thing. I suffered. I understood why in the Tombs they ladle out bromides from pails to yelling dope fiends and maniacal dipsoniacs; yet for me there burned a lamp in the far distance by which I could see visions. I could see stars in the far abysses. Some useless but enthralling vision was mine.

I had changed my rhythm from the clump-clump of everyday life. I had gazed on a magnificent green wall and even now dreams beat their dark wings about me.

"You're badly shot up," tactful sanity now asserted. "You've got some hangover!" I was shot up. I surrendered myself to





PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

## MARY HEATON VORSE, *Novelist,*

*Author of "The Heart's Country," "The Ninth Man,"  
"The Prestons," "Men and Steel."*

my hangover. I did not fight it. I did not attempt the anguished combat which leads to normality.

With relief I realized I didn't have to; I rested on the bosom of life like a gull on the face of the waters; my soul triumphed over my body.

I had often drunk more but I was at that moment further within the penetralia of drunkenness than ever before.

I knew now more definitely than before the why of drink.

My own experience up to this moment had been barren compared with that golden yesterday and the spiritual state in which I found myself. I contemplated life and myself with the inner understanding which I cannot express.

And here you have the bitter limitations of drunkenness. This is why drunkenness is rated as a low vice instead of a perilous virtue. You cannot bring back to earth your vision. It is for you alone; for drunkenness is of (Continued on page 147)



# Cynthia

*New Novel of  
and the Girl  
Man's*

# Dalla

*Illustrations by*

*Dalla—  
dangerous in love or war.*

## *The Story So Far:*

**E**VEN the daughter of a poor Boer farmer may dream romantic dreams; an occupation to which bold young Dalla Brand of the gold-green eyes was much given. Had not Sequana the witch-doctor prophesied that she would have a husband soon—rich, powerful; great love and great sorrow and the crossing of big waters; a violent death for one near her; more wealth, and great losses; and at last wild joy?

So, when she went to her first grand ball as the guest of Bloemhof's mayor, fat old Barend de Beer, she was prepared for romance. It came to her; she seemed to hold a special lure for all the men; and particularly for wiry, sun-tanned Colonel Valentia, Africa's most famous lion-hunter. He danced with her. Then, as they sat out a dance, Dalla at his request related the incident that had given her her name, Lion-cub; how as a baby she had been stolen by lions, played unscathed with the cubs, and had come away with something of wildness thenceforth in her nature; and as she told the story she spoke of her girlhood hero, the famous lion-hunter, whom she called *Valentina*—"I would like to spend my life with him." But Valentia too she thought very wonderful.

Dalla's naive happiness was soon dashed. She had come dressed in outlandish Boer fashion and her manners were not of the

drawing room. Suddenly while Valentia was away getting her some refreshment, she overheard a group of the English, mostly women, talking about her, laughing at her *gaucheries*, saying that Valentia had danced with her only out of pity. Dalla was cut to the soul. She descended on the group like a fury and gave them a fearful verbal flaying; the innocent Valentia also, when he appeared; and then she rushed off in a flood of tears to Barend de Beer.

So the old Boer took her home. Dalla's burning desire at that moment was to get even with the English on their own cultured ground. Sly old Barend saw his chance here; he had long loved Dalla; she could have riches for her purpose, he said, if she would marry him.

Little Dalla traded her dreams for her fury. She agreed. But she made a pact that she would not live with Barend for five years. Travel, meantime, education, fine clothes and social polish like the English had.

Shortly afterward Lady Clodah Kerrison, who was reputed more than a little in love with Valentia, and Mrs. Portal called on Dalla to apologize for the ball incident. Colonel Valentia himself had made them come. Dalla went into a rage at the mention of that name.

Then Dalla was married—and Valentia's image was with her in the church. As Mrs. de Beer she went to Cape Town, whence she would leave for England with Laura Acutt, a friend of the de Beers, to begin the social hardening process.

But not before she had met Valentia again. She saw him at the hotel; learned too that he himself was Valentia the lion-hunter of her girlhood dreams. He sought her out now, in the garden, alone. There were tender words; very simply he told her he loved her. Dalla's world came tumbling about her ears. Then she forgot the world in his kiss.

The world came back too soon, in the form of Laura Acutt. Dalla fled lest her face reveal her heart.

"I did not know you knew Mrs. de Beer," said Laura to Valentia. "Why has she left us like that?"

Stockley's  
South Africa  
that is Every  
Dream

# the Lion-Cub

Walt Louderback

Not Dalla Brand—Mrs. de Beer! Valentia suddenly felt as if someone had placed an iron nail against his left breast and was driving it home with a hammer.

IN THE shady solitude of the boat deck young Mrs. de Beer yawned, stretched silk-clad ankles at luxurious length and under her wide-brimmed hat gently closed her eyes. After dancing till twelve the night before, she had been on deck at five that morning for an hour's fencing, played quoits and cricket from breakfast till luncheon, and a small siesta was clearly indicated. This secluded corner was an ideal spot for the purpose, having become exclusively hers, like everything else for which she showed any preference.

Here she could pursue her meditations in peace. For of course she never slept in the daytime. Siesta was only another name for one of those vivid mental masks with which she still occupied leisure. Behind closed lids she acted the secret drama of her life upon a secret stage. Only, by a strange inversion of things, it was the real woman who moved there while the actress went about the world, laughing, dancing, jesting, disputing and fascinating everyone.

Dalla had developed into a woman with a flame in her that scorched all men who came too near—but ever they came! As for women—her flair for clothes, her recklessness, her passion for life at high pressure hypnotized them. Perpetually they hung about her trying to discover her secret. They knew she had a secret. If they could have read her mind at that moment a clue might have been obtained.

"Three more days . . . then, my Africa! . . . *ons land!* Table Mountain rising out of the sea—an old woman with a white shawl on her shoulders—and a stern face—like she had that night! . . . *Oh God, will my heart burst when I see it again?* And the white moon of Africa—with a Cape cart in it, bowling along, the ribs of the tent showing, the dust rising under the wheels! . . . not like the honey-colored moon of Europe, which has only a man in it!

Lady Diana Ferrers—  
who tried to cross  
swords with Dalla.

"And Oompie waiting at the Mount Nelson! . . . There are other hotels, why should he have chosen that one? . . . *Can I stand it?* Yes, I will. I must walk in that garden again—down that path. Murderers go back to the scene, they say . . . *Will my heart burst?* . . .

"Where is he now? Clodah Kerrison hears from him . . . up north last time—Kafuë—near the Congo borders that is—opening up more country—laying railways—always roaming—hasn't visited England for years . . . Africa holds him! . . . her, too, she says—must have some excuse for going back, of course! 'Mysterious lure' Clon calls it. Not so mysterious, perhaps—the quest of a widow! Wonder if she will take Kafuë in her itinerary . . . Would if he asked her, I know—and she is free now—widows can do as they like—no one to interfere! . . .

"Wives too—I can, anyway—for five years . . . My five years is not up yet. Another three months! That is the first thing I shall make clear to Oompie. But he knows already—to the very date! . . . *And mamma and papa both dead!* Not that I could have told them—I can never tell anybody . . . *It must stay there always—locked up in my heart—beating its fists on the door to get out to the sun and dance and laugh . . . Dalla's love!* Dalla's baby that will never be born!

"No other child shall ever be—Barend must understand that . . . Yet I will play fair. He has been decent, old Oompie, and I must keep the bond . . . but if I could only die first. *If God would strike me down dead. Oh, if only!* . . . *But I must see his eyes once more—first!* If Clon Biron only knew how much it means to me to hear about 'my sister's pal' . . . She would never tell me. How secret she is, with those long eyes—always watching . . . 'Darling Dallie' and 'darling Clodah!' . . . The tomahawk is buried between us, but it will come leaping



out some day *if ever we three* . . . But how could that happen? He is up-north always—and my fate lies in the south . . . What is that verse?

I long to toil where the Seven Clear Stars  
Shine brightly overhead,  
But the Master said, 'My Child, thy task  
Lies 'neath the Cross instead.'

"The Southern Cross that means, and Africa! And 'Seven Clear Stars' is the Great Bear. Some woman in Africa, hungry for England, wrote it, Clem said . . . Do all women hunger secretly? Is every heart famished like mine for forbidden bread? 'Always the leopard of sorrow lying in wait,' Sequana said—"

"Madam, I am sorry to disturb you but Lady Ferrers—" The drop-curtain of the secret stage crashed down and Dalla opened her eyes resentfully to the presence of a deck steward.

"Lady Ferrers?" she queried coldly.

"Sent me to say you must please come and play off your ties with her."

A gleam of green in gold eyes called for a hasty amendment to the message.

"She would be much obliged—"

Dalla regarded the messenger gravely.

"Do not disturb me again," she said with gentle reproof. When he had gone, treading delicately, she reclosed her eyes and resumed her communings, but on a different note.

"I can just hear the tone of her voice when she said that—trying to cross swords with me since the beginning of the voyage—because I took Felton from her clutches . . . Talking about 'vulgar primitive colonials' last night at dinner—and to Clon, that no daughter of hers should be brought up in Africa! She must be careful. We are primitive and vulgar, perhaps—Nature is too—but dangerous people to stick knives into! Why she should think I am at her beck and call at this hour! Must imagine herself already governing Eastern Nigeria! But this is not Nigeria, my dear Diana Ferrers—and I was on deck all morning ready to play off with you—but you did not really want that—only to pick a quarrel with me so as to avoid being licked and leaving me with the prize . . . As if I cared! . . . 'Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death!' Lancelot said that . . . Oh God, what am I to do with my life? . . ."

Two scorching tears forced themselves from under her lids and her throat gave a convulsive movement as of one swallowing bitterness. But under the shady hat her face remained composed and still. Only, when a few minutes later two more tears stung their way through and started a downward course she fiercely dashed them away and sprang from her chair. Tears were not in her program. Time to change her gown for tea and with it the flavor of dead-sea fruit in her mouth!

As her foot reached the top of the companionway she heard a voice below, sneering, on a note of triumph.

"With a colonial's usual bad breeding—but I have taught her a lesson in manners."

Dalla came down the steps, gave Lady Ferrers a cool, incurious stare and passed on towards her stateroom. But on the way she glanced leisurely at the notice board to see the tie results; also because something told her that here might be found the lesson in manners one lady felt such anxiety to impart to another. Inspiration proved true. In both instances where she was bracketed with Lady Ferrers to play off finals for deck and bucket quoits the latter's name had been heavily scored out.

After a second's pleasant musing upon this alteration, which, while leaving her the championship, would yet rob her of the sweets of open victory, Dalla sauntered back to where Diana Ferrers sat surrounded by friends.

"I am sorry, Lady Ferrers," she began with a dangerously sweet smile, "that you did not care to play off our finals when I was at your disposal this morning. And that I should have been otherwise engaged when you sent me an invitation—or was it a command—to play this afternoon. But is that really the reason you have scratched your engagements with me?"

The other flushed, furious at being bearded in such fashion, but since it seemed necessary to give an example of really good manners as compared to those of colonials, she answered with cold hauteur.

"I have scratched—that is all there is to be said." It would have been safer to leave it there; but under the stare of lion eyes she lost her head and floundered into a fatal error. "My husband does not care for me to play with you."

"Oh!" Dalla's eyes darkened until they seemed to be all pupil, then she said gravely: "That is rather a serious thing to say, Lady Ferrers—and one for which my husband if he were here

would require an explanation. In his absence perhaps some other man . . ."

She turned towards the men scattered about thoroughly enjoying this little feminine breeze, but who instantly wished themselves a hundred miles away, for in her lovely gaze they read that there was work to be done at the crossroads and one of them would have to do it. Naturally Clon Biron had to bestir himself and try to look pleased. But she used judgment in selecting Felton of the Diplomatic Service for her purpose.

"Eustace—perhaps you would kindly find out from Sir Guy Ferrers why he objects to his wife playing quoits with me?"

Eustace did not care for the job a bit, but being in Dalla's service as well as the Foreign Office's he departed like a lamb, while Lady Ferrers, scarlet of cheek, moved down deck. The rest of the audience lighted cigarettes, trying to disguise behind smoke a breathless and unholy glee.

Dalla in full possession of herself and the situation waited like an Empress, and after a moment or two Felton and Sir Guy emerged from the smoke-room, the latter highly colored and obviously furious at being "dragged into a woman's row." For a moment he stopped to speak in an undertone to his wife, then coming forward addressed Dalla with dignified politeness.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. de Beer. There has been quite a mistake of course—"

"Quite!" agreed Dalla icily. "An insolent statement has been made before a number of people and must be withdrawn before the whole ship."

"Oh! come, really, Mrs. de Beer," he began protestingly, but an inflexible stare fixed itself upon his.

"I require an apology from your wife, Sir Guy—a public apology, you understand?"

Upon which she laid a light hand on Clon Biron's arm and sailed away. The audience being over, nothing remained for Sir Guy but to hurry angrily in the direction of his wife's cabin; while the rest of the world, unable to hold its breath any longer, exploded into giggles of delight. Hostilities seemed there to pause awhile—but only seemed. For at tea time it was to be observed that Mrs. de Beer had the Captain of the ship at her table and that he arose therefrom with the preoccupied air of a man realizing that the most charming and "unprotected" lady on his vessel had been gravely insulted. Plain enough for a watching world to see who was to be the next gambit dragged into the game if the desired apology were not forthcoming!

After tea Dalla brilliantly dominated the deck and all the concluding ties in the sports competitions were played off except the two in dispute. Lady Ferrers, however, did not reappear, and by the time the first dressing bugle sounded there began to be felt in the social atmosphere that exciting phenomenon known as the lull before the storm.

But the storm did not break—perhaps because it is the duty of master mariners to evade perils at sea. Certainly it was surmised that a long interview between Sir Guy Ferrers and the Captain had something to do with the changed weather conditions. At any rate while Mrs. de Beer sat at her dressing-table, her hair in the hands of her French maid Lucile, a knock on the door heralded a note containing the following sufficiently succinct lines, penned by a hand that had palpably trembled with rage:

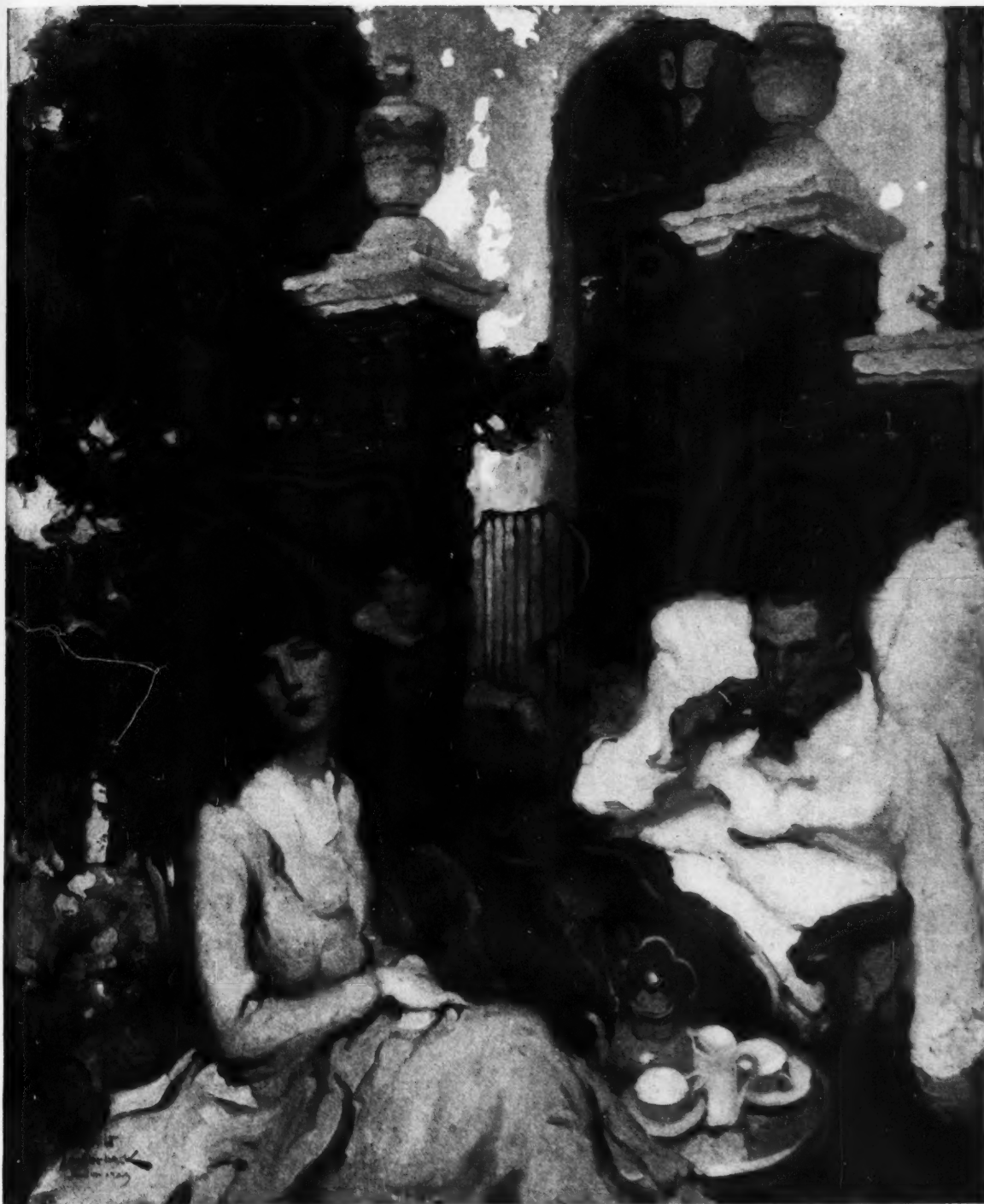
Lady Ferrers regrets that the doctor has advised her not to join in any further games or sports, and that she will therefore be unable to play off the ties for which she has been cast.

"Duck's egg to Diana Ferrers!" mused Dalla sweetly. And after dinner, in the presence of a large assembly, she pasted the document on the public notice board, just as a little illustration of what was liable to happen to people who essayed a tourney with Mrs. de Beer.

From all of which may be gathered that whatever else civilization had done for the Lion-cub it had not despoiled her nature of its fighting quality.

She had indeed achieved what she set out to do four and a half years ago. Somewhere and at some time in Europe an ignorant, illiterate, unsophisticated little Boer girl had been replaced by an accomplished woman capable of intimidating and overwhelming those who sought to humiliate her; of showing herself dangerous in love or war, of playing the games of the world more skilfully than her models and with a delicate brutality that made them wince in turn.

Here let it be interpolated that the South African colonial is the most assimilative of creatures, a perfect chameleon for acquiring the color of surroundings and such manners and customs as seem necessary to self-preservation. Chiefly it is the women



Dalla couldn't bear it. She who had ached and hungered all her life to go on safari.

who have this distinguishing flexibility of character. Seldom does a boy get rid of his Cape accent, the habit of clipping the ends of words; of saying 'Hey? Och what! Man! I tell you!' and interspersing his talk with words of the Taal. At Oxford or Cambridge you can instantly spot a South African, but not so his sister who is "casting her skin" at Newnham or Girton. And when you find them in society it is the man who is stamped with Africa's stamp, while the woman's pride is that you cannot identify her nationality.

Not that she is ashamed of it. Every veldt woman feels herself immensely the gainer for being born in the open, but she knows that if she stays there she is missing a lot that English

women get for nothing. And because the English have been their chief models, it is for England they start as soon as there is enough money to warrant it.

Going "home" they call it, though if they had a "home" in Europe at all it would probably be Holland, possibly France on account of the Huguenot strain in many Boer families. Certainly Paris has its allure for them, and they may be found there acquiring knowledge wherewith to stagger the world; such as how to pitch a hat at the right angle, wear a skirt at the right level, order the correct things for dinner—including wines and *hors d'œuvres*—pick up the cults and catchwords of the day, speak enough French to salt conversation and gain enough outer

polish to conceal an often primitive, not to say savage, interior.

And before you can wink they are back again in Cape Town, Kimberley, Bloemfontein or Johannesburg with frocks from the rue de la Paix; lace-encrusted table-cloths from Bruges and Brussels; little sketches by good artists garnered in the Latin Quarter, Florence or Capri; collections of quite good antique furniture, embroidered linen and rose-satin bed quilts to outvie the taste of a Du Barry.

Who can blame them? The men they belong to—or intend to marry—are grapplers for fortune, to whom life represents just what money can buy; the bright gaudy things, the things that taste and look and smell well; the things that make a big show. Deeply cultivated women with the simplicity of taste which cultivation brings would be wasted on such men. They want women who can spend their money with a flourish; decorate a limousine and make it look twice as expensive; entertain with aplomb and audacity; push with the Push, shove the Shovers, and slap, bang and kick everyone else out of the way.

This was the world into which Dalla had been fitting herself to plunge with a displacement of the waters that should resound from the Rand to the Zambezi—even up to the Congo borders, perhaps! For during her absence Barend too had not been idle. Courting opportunity and oiling the palm of chance, he had become pretty much of a millionaire himself and could take his place with the best of them in Johannesburg. Not in obscure Bloemhof did he now invite his wife to shine, but in Park Town, that gilded suburb of a Golden City.

The home that awaited her there had been planned by a very famous architect; a home in noble and simple likeness to those white-walled residences built in the seventeenth century by the early Dutch settlers. Furthermore, Barend had caused it to be surrounded by exquisite gardens and filled with every modern device and luxury. And now in Cape Town he tarried to take home the bride he had not seen for nearly five years, but whose progress he had watched with pride from afar and been closely informed upon in almost every detail.

Almost—it would have been impossible, of course, for Dalla to describe in a weekly letter the dazzling fullness of her meteoric career. But sufficient for her husband to know that she had made a success of herself according to plan, and that the princeliness of his allowance had been contributory to this satisfactory end. Incidentally he considered that his perspicacity in establishing her with the Vanderpools had laid the foundations of triumph, and in a way this belief was justified. The Vanderpools had served their purpose, for even as great writers have at some time stumbled through the alphabet and great musicians been

obliged to finger scales, so Dalla had taken her first lessons in dress and comportment from Laura Acutt and suffered her first uncertain steps in the paths of convention to be guided by the widow of a knight. But it did not take her long to overpass these modest exercises and commence to grow wings wherewith



Dalla had left worldly poise behind; the unexplored.





"something hidden come and find it" look, fatal to men, was back upon her.

to fly in higher, wider circles than were dreamed of by her original sponsors.

The first two years were quiet enough, being occupied by education, the acquisition of necessary equipment, and attendance at the usual round of "brilliant functions" given by South

African magnates, and which many colonials fondly mistake for the real doings of society.

Then she began to travel, taking Paris, Brussels, Germany by the way and always learning, learning. A couple of winters in Switzerland; a summer in Norway; Easter at Rome, two

seasons in the South of France, then back to London and a purposefully delayed presentation at Court. To most girls that ceremony would have constituted at once the crowning glory and the goal of effort. But to Dalla it meant only the beginning. And a propitious beginning. For her vivid, uncommon beauty elicited royal remark and such special graciousness that she woke up the morning after her first "drawing room" to find herself famous as the South African beauty, and the talk of London.

Something to be proud of in all this, perhaps! Yet on that secret stage of hers, where she acted with only herself for audience, Dalla was not proud. When the great motive of life is missing, when there is a hole in your heart which lets in hunger and lets out content; when you see before you a long vista of years with nothing in them but the companionship of the wrong man—you are not proud! You only laugh always, and are witty and merry, and conceal your secret from women.

One woman at least guessed something of the nature of that secret and felt little sympathy for it, as might have been gathered from her remarks to her brother that same night.

"She is detestable with her airs and insolence. I intend to drop her when we get to the Cape."

"Nonsense, Clo—I am in love with her."

"For goodness sake, Clon! Don't make a fool of yourself!"

"She's done it for me already," Clon Biron retorted ruefully. "They were leaning over the rail just outside Lady Kerrison's cabin, staring down into the phosphorescent water."

"What is there in it for you?" asked Clodah vexedly. She loved this handsome, dissolute brother and would gladly have served him Dalla's head on a charger had that lovely object been in her disposal. But shrewdly suspecting the fate reserved for those who adored Dalla too ardently, she did not want him hurt. "Even if she were not cold as a stone—" she began.

"Which she isn't, believe you me," Clon dryly interjected.

"She's married to a rich old Dutchman who's not likely to allow any triangular games."

"That would be no embargo if she wanted to play," returned Clon. "I never look upon riches as a real barrier to happiness."

"Perhaps you think he will endow her for unfaithfulness?" Lady Kerrison was exasperated. "What you see in her! What anyone sees!"

"My dear, she could set an iceberg ablaze. But women never recognize that in each other!" Clodah, recognizing more than she chose to admit, kept an angry silence. "She's got me anyway, and you must help."

"No."

"Please, darling." He put an arm round her waist and lightly kissed her ear. "When I want anything I want it so very badly."

"You will get nothing from her."

"*Quién sabe?*" His fine bad eyes smiling down into hers contained that boyish charm behind which many an Irishman conceals a rake's soul. "I have been lucky all my life—though not at cards."

She knew it was true. Many a woman's scalp hung at his belt, and where he had passed many a man's honor lay in the mud. Personally she understood and only wondered at any woman's being able to hold out when he laid siege. Yet though far from feeling tenderness for Dalla, the hunter's look in her brother's eyes moved her to a faint protest.

"Let her alone, Clon. In many ways she is only a child."

"I like them best like that," said Clon with his tender, rakish smile. "You must help me, darling."

It was at Clem Portal's home that Dalla had run into Lady Kerrison again and met Clonmell Biron, that debonair ex-Hussar who on the strength of a few hundreds a year and a tumble-down castle in Ireland always wore the best clothes, drank the best wine, rode the best horses, possessed that gay-melancholy temperament so attractive in bachelors and so impossible in husbands, knew women inside out and had not a single principle with which to discommode life. Exactly the combination of male attributes to captivate the imagination of a girl, and Dalla had of course taken to him at once. She found

him amusing as only an Irish rotter can be, subtle as a Greek and understanding as the Devil. They became fast friends and went about everywhere together.

Clem Portal did not particularly approve of the friendship, but soon realized that Dalla hid something within that would keep her from an ordinary clandestine intrigue, though like any natural girl she enjoyed flirtation and admiration. Besides, the only slow thing about Clon Biron was his method of laying siege to a woman—he did his deadliest work *à son grand loisir*—and at the time he and Dalla first met she had already begun shopping for her return to Africa, so there should scarcely have been time for the friendship to develop on serious lines.

But it suddenly transpired that Biron had booked to sail to the Cape by the same boat as Dalla! Lady Kerrison too, having just completed a year's decorous widowhood, declared that she also heard the siren voice of Africa a-calling and must hasten out to answer it. She did not think it necessary to tell even her brother that the "siren call" had a sinewy, swiftish body, a lean brown face with gray eyes, and answered to the name of Valentia; that almost she had laughed in her dying husband's face at the thought of freedom at last, and a sufficient income to seek heart's desire.

Valentia's friendship had indeed been an oasis in the desert of Clodah Kerrison's married life. But though society when describing the affair as "purely platonic, of course," smiled with cynical disbelief, she was rather bitterly aware that Valentia had retained his liberty as far as she was concerned. True, he freely acknowledged "the blessing" of a friendship that had cheered his years of exile by constant correspondence, and was ready to offer graceful allegiance in return. But Clodah hungered for more, and now that she was a widow she intended to get it.

After all, it is great luck to find yourself free in the "early roaring thirties."

And when you happen to know that the chosen one is sitting at the port for which your ship is bound; that he is just recovering from a bout of fever and therefore likely to be in a plastic frame of mind; and that incidentally you are looking your youngest and best as a result of nineteen days at sea . . . Well! you really have no great cause for worry, and Lady Kerrison did not worry. She only, like Dalla, kept her secrets to herself.

The dawn of arrival found both of them on deck. No one who has ever visited Africa would miss the magic hour of drawing near to that half Eastern, half English town lying curved before blue waters, with the stern rock of Table Mountain brooding above it. The Table of the Mass, with her glorious challenging eyes and her terrible smile.

"Let only such as greatly dare come knocking on my gate and seeking my gifts," she seems to whisper (Continued on page 179)



ELSIE ROBINSON

THIS is a photograph of one of the most interesting women I've ever met. She is vigorous, alert, with a mind that throws off sparks of interest like an emery wheel. And how she does know life!

Miss Robinson knows life because she's lived. She has known luxury and she has earned her livelihood by sorting ore on a mine dump under a 114° sun.

She knows the active life of the newspaper woman—and there's nothing more real than that in all the world. And she has had other folks pour out their hearts to her as they would to a mother since she began conducting a department on a San Francisco paper.

Miss Robinson is to write short stories for *Cosmopolitan*. Stories that deal with life as she knows it. Stories that discuss life from angles that may shock other women. But stories that every woman will know to be true, though some may refuse to admit it.

Read the first one next month. "Heat," it's called; "Heat," a story of a furnace that tests women's souls. [R. L.]

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

*A Story of a Marriage Made in Hollywood*

# Kitty Shinn's HUSBAND

Illustrations by

Charles D.

Mitchell

THE gay little coupé skidded on the gravel and danced sidewise into the narrow driveway between the big red gasoline pumps. It was a flimsy little coupé but it had nevertheless a gallant air.

The girl at the wheel leaned out just in time to meet the boy face to face.

"Hello," she said brightly. "Got any gas this morning?"

"Some," he said, a slow smile beginning to dawn radiantly. "How much do you want?"

"I guess five is all the old bank roll will stand today," she said, with a lovely bright laugh that was like a child's.

Nobody was watching. So Kitty Shinn paid for five gallons but the indicator on her ten gallon tank showed full. And when the boy put her two silver pieces in the drawer he added some from his own pocket. It often amazed even the agency where she had bought the little coupé to hear Kitty Shinn brag about her mileage.

The boy, tall and amazingly graceful, came around to the window. His hair was thick and brown and grew in a proud crest above his forehead. The immaculate white duck uniform, with a scarlet sash tied about the waist, was vastly becoming. It brought out the sun-browned smoothness of his skin and the wide open gray of his eyes, under straight heavy black brows.

"Need any oil or water or air?" he asked, looking down at her. Everyone looked down at Kitty Shinn. She was a vest-pocket edition. Even the coupé, which was the smallest size known to man, had the air of a limousine as it surrounded Kitty.

"I guess I need air," said Kitty Shinn, with a giggle. There was no other giggle in Hollywood like Kitty Shinn's. Three notes in a minor key—a bird-call, a measure of melodious jazz are the only things that might be compared to it.

She drove the coupé—Kitty always called it a coup and sometimes she even called it the Kitty-coup and giggled—out into the sunshine. "My gracious," she said, "it certainly does seem a little ridiculous to have a gas station that looks like a



"What difference does it make," said Kitty, "which one is in the limelight? We're—one."

Moorish castle, doesn't it? The grandest places I ever get into in Hollywood are the gas stations." And she laughed, but there was a wistful sigh just on the edge of her red, firm little mouth.

While the boy filled her tires Kitty sat gazing before her. The splendor of the October day, like no other days in the whole California year, the real beauty and vivid color of the Moorish domes, and behind them the dark green of the olive trees on the round breast of the hill, filled her with sudden emotion. Her eyes grew wet. When the boy came and stood beside her again she was trembling a little and her breast was rising quickly under the plain blue dress. Beauty always did things like that to Kitty Shinn.

And so they found themselves gazing into each other's eyes, breathless and radiant and gloriously unashamed.

It was a gold and white moment. The first for either of them.

Of course it had been coming for days, for weeks, ever since Kitty Shinn started to buy her gasoline at the most elegant of the many ornamental gas stations on Hollywood Boulevard. He had waited on her that first day and Kitty Shinn was not the first woman to bring her patronage back for a repetition of that pleasure. He was very good to look upon. Ben Johnson, who ran the station, had remarked to his wife: "I tell you, Sadie, that Dole kid's a great business getter. The dames all fall for him. But—

he's a funny kid. Kind of proud—and yet he ain't stuck on himself. He never takes a tumble."

Wally Dole was nice to them, of course, but then he was nice to everybody. Kitty Shinn, who was only an extra girl, in a tight and saucy black hat with a perky feather and a fox neckpiece that wouldn't have stood close inspection, had the power to make him stand there, gazing down—down—into her eyes as though he would never find the bottom of them.

Kitty Shinn broke away first. Her eyes had a wistful new question in them and even her dimples were grave. "Th-thank



## Kitty Shinn's Husband

you," she said softly. "I—I'm much obliged, really. I must go home now. It's—it's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Yes. You aren't going to stay home this lovely Saturday afternoon?"

Two tears caught on Kitty Shinn's black lashes. "Oh yes! I—I haven't been here so very long and it's kind of hard to get acquainted."

The boy hesitated less than a second. "I—I say, would you care to go to a football game with me? I'm through work in half an hour. It ought to be a pretty swell scrap—Stanford and U. S. C."

Instantly the smile broke through. He saw it and his hand reached out and covered hers. She liked the feel of it there, warm and protecting and friendly.

"I'd—like to go very much," said Kitty Shinn soberly.

The day was made for football and it was a great football crowd. The big concrete coliseum, graceful and stately as some miracle of antiquity, rose about them, touching the royal blue of the sky.

To Kitty Shinn, dancing along on the very tips of her little black satin slippers, it seemed the very breath of Heaven. Her heart was beating time to it as though some of the noise and laughter and sunshine and youth and color of it had crept into her breast and vibrated there.

"There's Wally Dole," somebody said, and down the line farther, "Look, there goes Dole." Instantly many eyes were focused upon them. Some woman said, "Who's the girl with Wally Dole?"

Kitty Shinn tipped her little head to one side. Why was Wally Dole pointed out? She clung to his arm a little closer and once as they went along she could not keep back a laugh of sheer delight.

"Hi, Wally!" sang out a voice, and the tall, easy-moving youth at her side looked up into the packed stands and called back, "Hello, Tub. How's Anderson's leg?"

"All right," said Tub. "Guess he'll get in the last half."

To the man beside him Tub said in deep disgust: "Who's the skirt with Wally? Gosh, I never thought he'd bring a Jane to a football game."

He peered down almost angrily at the little figure laughing and dancing in the sunshine. She certainly wasn't pretty—not to Tub's way of thinking. Nothing to compare to that blonde that was so cuckoo about Wally in his senior year.

"I bet she's a movie," said Tub bitterly. "That's what Wally gets for working in Hollywood. He ought to be out there on the field helping instead of mashing a Jane. Canefax is no good. I told him he'd get into trouble if he went to Hollywood."

Kitty Shinn knew just as much about football as she did about international politics. But it was characteristic of Kitty that even Wally Dole didn't suspect it was her first game. Her quick bright eyes under their short curly lashes were all over the field. Her ears were open and her mouth shut. In some ways Kitty Shinn was an exceptional woman.

Her first clue to the enthusiasm that had greeted Wally came when a man dropped the ball. Even Kitty knew that was silly. If you had anything and were going anywhere with it the point was to hang on to it.

A man behind them with an enormous mouth that seemed to be always open slapped Wally on the back and said jovially: "If we only had you in there that wouldn't have happened, Dole. Looks pretty sick without you."

Wally flushed hotly and flung up his head. "Oh, I should probably have done that. Miller couldn't get his pass away and it was low. Canefax is a new man but he's developing fast."

In the intermission between halves the yell leader, a lanky youth in spectacles prancing up and down in front of the stands, spotted him. An instant later his name rang across the field. Kitty Shinn liked the—oh, the sort of affectionate way they did it, and that shy, proud look that came over Wally Dole's face.

The large man behind her, who was much given to explaining things, said loudly, "That's Dole. All-American end last year."

"You used to play football?" said Kitty Shinn shyly. She grasped that All-American end was something very excellent to be.

Wally Dole looked down at her with a smile. "Some."

"Some? I guess it was more than some or they wouldn't cheer you like that."

"Oh, they have to cheer something. I wasn't anything to rave about."

"What team did you play on?"

"Stanford."

"Oh!" said Kitty Shinn, screwing up her round little nose. "When did you—start to work in a gas station?"

"Well"—his inarticulateness choked him but he got the best of it with a sudden tightening of those heavy brows. "Well, you see—I took some engineering in college. I—I've got some ideas about automobiles. I'm crazy about 'em, that's the truth. Automobiles aren't perfect yet by a long ways. There are still things you can do to 'em. If I'd had any sense I'd have worked in a garage instead of going to college. But you see the big company that owns that gas station starts most of its men that way and I can fool around cars and they said they'd give me the first opening in the electrical department. And—you have to have a job, don't you?"

"I'll say you do," said Kitty Shinn vehemently.

"You—you're an actress, aren't you?" said Wally Dole.

"Nobody knows," said Kitty Shinn. "I'm trying to be. Now I'm an extra at Palacky's. I work most of the time. I only came here a year ago from Milwaukee. It's—it's awfully hard to get started here but—I've got to."

The boy gave her a surprised look. The light sweet voice had a new note of yearning, of real purpose and desire. Looking down into the round little face he saw that expression he had found on the faces of men opposite him in a football line—of endurance and determination and eagerness strained to the highest pitch. Only she seemed so little to be starting such a battle alone, so absurdly little and helpless. But women, he supposed, had to be humored in their little ambitions.

Two weeks later they were married, in the Little Church of the Flowers. The newspapers, when they recorded that Wally Dole, a former All-American end, had married Kitty Shinn, a movie actress, stated that he was twenty-three and the bride nineteen. It was a simple announcement, printed on the sporting page, and nobody except football fans paid any attention to it. Certainly nobody had ever heard of Kitty Shinn.

Only Tub Taylor, at breakfast in the fraternity house on the Stanford Campus, said with slow, fat bitterness: "The poor idiot. Don't he know marriage is hard enough any place but hardest in Hollywood?"

Tub was right. There are so many unforeseen things that can happen to marriage in Hollywood, so many things that cannot happen anywhere else in the world.

Wally Dole walked the long blocks up the hill to their bungalow with steps that dragged just a little. He was tired and on the nights when he was tired it seemed a long way up that hillside.

It was an impractical darn place to live anyway. Perched on a crag where only an eagle could roost with any degree of comfort.

The house was a flimsy affair, stained inside and out. They were infested with an epidemic of spiders, and Kitty was passionately afraid of spiders. Only the night before he had come home to find her sitting stiff and pale on the front steps because an ordinary black spider had woven a web across the front door and was calmly occupying it. Having exterminated the spider he valiantly took Kitty in his arms and they sat, in one of those enchanted silences, because Kitty in her relief was really exquisitely grateful and loving.

Below them the glorious panorama of hills and plain and ocean stretched, a magic tapestry. The view had made them rent the funny house in the first place, although it had a bathtub so small that Wally was forced to wash the six-foot-two of his slender manhood in sections, until he turned plumber and installed a trick shower. But there had been no possibility of thinking of such mundane things as bathtubs on the day they first looked at it and he saw Kitty there with lifted breast and starry eyes, standing on her tiptoes reaching for the last drop of ecstasy. He would have walked the steep block twice a night to give it to her.

And he was glad. It was only on nights like this that he minded. Anyway, Kitty was there at the end of the climb. In spite of the fact that they'd been married two years the thought actually buoyed his steps.

Kitty was there. He saw the car in the garage but there was no light in the living room. Stumbling over a chair, he swore softly. Then he heard a small stifled sound from the corner of the couch. He found it in the darkness and took the small prostrate figure in his arms.

Kitty Shinn didn't often cry, except with rage. She wasn't the crying kind. Even now he could feel her fight to check the sobs that shook her. Gently he shifted her in his arms until she lay with her head against his shoulder, her little trembling body curled up in his lap with all the helpless yielding that was Kitty.

He didn't say anything. His hands stroked the black satin of her hair and pushed back the pert little curves of it that came out



Wally wondered if he had done right in making Kitty take the part. How little she looked and how tired! Well, any part with Polhemus was bound to do her good! Oh, he was sure he'd done the right thing!

over her cheeks and the long straight bangs that gave her such a pugnacious, impudent, little-girl look. His heart ached over her tears and yet somehow the ache was comforted by the desperate, yearning clutch of her arms about his neck.

"I didn't get the part," she sobbed at last—"darn old sheep! That's all there are in this business, Wally. Lot of darn old sheep. I hate 'em. Oh, I'm just ready to quit! What's the use, anyway?"

Wally Dole cuddled her close. "Course they're a lot of old sheep," he said, "but you've always known that, hon. All we can do is—kick and wait for the breaks."

"I wanted it so," she said pathetically. "Gee, this is a heart-breaking game!"

"Yes, my darling, it is," said her husband softly, shutting her into his arms once more and beginning to kiss the little tear-wet face with soft light kisses. "But you wouldn't be happy out of it. I don't see why, but you know you wouldn't. And—Kittens, you've got a home and a husband back of you, if they don't amount to much. You're young—you can afford to wait. And you've got a roof over your head and three meals a day and a man that'd slave himself to the bone for you, and that adores every single bit of you."

"Oh, Wally, what would I do without you?" she wailed, and flung her arms about his neck with a swift bear-hug.

"Well, you don't have to do without me, ever," he said. "Isn't that swell? And don't worry, sweetheart. If you've got it they can't stop you, no matter how big their line is. And I think you have."

"Oh, I have, haven't I?" She clutched feverishly at the encouragement, the praise he knew she must have. "But I get so discouraged sometimes. I felt tonight—before you came—as though I were dying of discouragement. I did really. My heart—was—bursting."

He leaned down and kissed her over her heart. "That's why you're you, Kittens. Because your silly, foolish, wonderful big heart is closer to tears and laughter than anybody's in the world. That's why I haven't any right to interfere with your work. Maybe you've really got something to give the world—I don't know."

"Oh, Wally, I have! I'm not just silly and ambitious to make myself great, like some of the girls. I feel it—in here—" and she put her hands to her breast. They clung, swept together, desperately, like two children. After a while she sat up and laughed. "Oh, what would I do without you, Wally? Let's go eat. I know you're starving."

In John's, Wally ordered for both of them. Kitty was indifferent to food. But the lights and the people had put a little warmth back into her cheeks.

A slim young man with freckles and a belligerent stare stopped at the table. His finger-nails were dirty and he looked ready to drop with fatigue but he had an authoritative air.

"Hello, Kitty," he said, without glancing at Wally. "The Chief wants to see you. He's got a part for you in the next opera."

Kitty Shinn's face went white. "Mr. Polhemus? Oh, Mac, don't kid me!"

"I'm not kidding you, you poor little egg," said the young man coldly. "He was talking to me today. He ran that thing you did with Worthington and he decided on you."

"W—what kind of a part?"

"Great. Comedy relief."

From wildest delight Kitty Shinn's face sank to despair. "Oh, I won't—I can't—"

She choked and the young man looked at her with disapproving inquiry. He didn't know that she had just received a hefty kick in the shin from a toe that had once been celebrated for dropping a victory from the forty-yard line.

"I've never played comedy," said Kitty, not daring now to add that she didn't want to play comedy, that she hated comedy in any form. "Why—why does he want me?"

"He says you have a funny face," said the great assistant director seriously. "You better come over to my office tomorrow. What's your salary?"

Again Kitty Shinn stammered. The kick had been repeated. She flashed a panic-stricken glance at Wally's moving lips. Then with a gulp she said, "Two-fifty."

The assistant merely nodded—"All right. See you tomorrow"—and went his disdainful way.

Very much later that night, as he sat at the big table with a pile of drawings before him, Wally Dole looked down at the



When, Wally thought, did he and Kitty ever have a moment alone together? There was no privacy in Hollywood, none.

straight black hair pillowed against his knee and wondered if he had done right in making her take the part with Polhemus. She was sound asleep. She nearly always dozed beside him while he read and studied. She wouldn't go to bed without him.

How little she looked and how tired! He picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. Instantly she turned and curled against him, her dimples flashing in a sleepy smile.

Well, any part with Polhemus was bound to do her good. Oh, he was sure he'd done the right thing!

Naturally he couldn't know that he had swung wide the gate of success for Kitty Shinn—that great success that was to be his own Gethsemane.

Why so many things should have happened on that special day three years later Wally Dole didn't know. It was really almost amusing, like a French farce. That is, it might have been amusing if his heart hadn't ached so horribly over it all. There was something strange and fatal about that day.

It began at the breakfast table.

In the first place Wally hated that breakfast room. No man belonged in it. He disliked the bright ruffled curtains of yellow organdy. He disliked the bright yellow walls with their silly, dancing blue figures. Most of all he actively hated the painted yellow and blue chairs that weren't wide enough and that struck him just above the waistline, in the most impossible place.

But Kitty adored her breakfast room.

"Why, Wally," she said when he voiced an objection, "the day begins just right for me in that room. I hate having my breakfast in that great, big dining room. It makes me feel so little."

If it had been his house, of course—but it wasn't. It was Kitty's house—though she never referred to it or even seemed conscious





of the fact. Once he had mentioned to the cook that he would like his breakfast served in the dining room. But the next morning it had been laid on the yellow and blue table as usual. So he let it go at that. It was a silly thing anyhow. A mere straw.

He was reading the detailed report of a tennis match when a picture caught his eye. Wally didn't object to seeing Kitty Shinn's pictures everywhere. He liked it. He liked meeting that bright little head, cocked on one side, the little crooked smile lighting the round face and the famous dimples beguiling. Just the same he had rather enjoyed his undisturbed possession of the sporting page. There was something the movies didn't intrude upon, one place where he felt he was among his own kind. He wasn't always stumbling across his wife's likeness. He could even muse upon his own erstwhile glory.

Now, here it was. And—no, it couldn't be. But it was. And the caption said, "Kitty Shinn and her prize-winning police dog."

So even Pedro was Kitty Shinn's dog! He was Kitty Shinn's husband and Pedro was Kitty Shinn's dog! Oh, it was natural enough. Nobody would be interested in Wally Dole's prize-winning dog. He supposed he ought to be grateful that they hadn't said Kitty Shinn's husband's prize-winning police dog.

But—the veins stood out on his forehead and a dark flush grew along his cheek-bones—Pedro was *his* dog. You couldn't take a man's dog away from him, at least. He needed Pedro, needed him for his own self-respect. Kitty Shinn didn't mean a darn thing to Pedro. He tossed that paper away and picked up the other one, folded neatly beside his plate.

The servants were efficient. His physical comfort was seen to perfectly. He had a sneaking notion that Rapps, the butler, preferred him to Kitty. Rapps knew of course that Miss Shinn—it was natural enough that they should call her Miss Shinn but Wally was beginning to wince under it—Rapps knew that

Miss Shinn was boss. Still, being a man, he resented her bright despotism and her erratic ways. Probably Rapps thought it an amazing state of affairs where a scatter-brained young woman like Kitty Shinn could command such fame and fortune. He often came to Mr. Dole to consult about things.

Still, Kitty's money paid the bills even though Wally signed the checks, and there was something too much like equality in Rapps's manner to suit Wally Dole. He had a horrible, slimy feeling that Rapps would like to criticize Kitty to him, to condole with him. Kitty Shinn's husband and Kitty Shinn's butler! Oh, it was fanatical—but that's the way things were getting with him.

And then he began to laugh a little. For in the theatrical news, quite at the head of the column, was a denial that Kitty Shinn, famous screen comedienne and one of the most beautiful women in America, was to be married to young Dawson Vandervoort.

Of course the writer of that column was notorious all over Hollywood for her blunders. Still, it wasn't every man who had to read denials of his wife's engagement to some other man over his breakfast coffee. He read the story grimly down to the last line, which said simply, "Miss Shinn is already married."

Not even his name. Just "already married" as though he were something unmentionable. Confound them! Oh well, who was he, after all? Probably the old hen who ran that column and who gushed her senseless flatteries into Kitty Shinn's ear thought it a shame that Kitty should be married to—what was it she had called him in her column once?—a mechanic. And in the last analysis he *was* a mechanic. Of course he had progressed in his profession. He was head of the electrical appliance department of a big down-town concern now.

But what was legitimate progress in the face of Kitty Shinn's flight into the sun? How could he expect in the normal movement of living to keep pace with

(Continued on page 102)

*A Dramatic Chapter in the Life of the*  
RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL



*The JOKE That Helped to Settle*  
The Irish Question

FROM the outset of the negotiations leading to the Irish Treaty settlement it became of the utmost importance to convince those who were now accepted as the Irish leaders of the sincerity and good will of the Imperial Government. The issue was too grave for bargaining and haggling. We stated from the very beginning all that we were prepared to give, and that in no circumstances could we go any further. We also made it clear that if our offer were accepted we would without hesitation carry it through without regard to any political misfortune which might in consequence fall upon the Government or upon its leading members. On this basis, therefore, and in this spirit the long and critical negotiations were conducted.

We found ourselves confronted in the early days not only with the fanaticism of the extreme Irish secret societies, but also with those tides of distrust and hatred which had flowed between the two countries for so many centuries. The foundation of dynamite and every other high explosive is some intense acid. These terrible liquids slowly and elaborately prepared unite with perfectly innocent starch compounds to give that pent up, concentrated blasting power which shatters the structures and the lives of men.

Hatred plays the same part in government as acids in chemistry. And here in Ireland were hatreds which in Mr. Kipling's phrase would "eat the live steel from a rifle butt," hatreds such

as, thank God, in Great Britain had not existed for a hundred years. All this we had to overcome.

The personal relationships which were established gradually between the British ministers charged with the negotiations and the Irish representatives were of real importance in achieving the settlement. If I touch lightly upon a few incidents in these long parleys it is only to illustrate how prejudice on both sides was greatly disarmed and how a mutual confidence and understanding grew up to bridge the abyss which had yawned between us.

Mr. Griffiths was a writer who had studied deeply European history and the polity of states. He was a man of great firmness of character and of high integrity. He was that unusual figure—a silent Irishman; he hardly ever said a word. But no word that ever issued from his lips in my presence did he ever unsay. Mr. Lloyd George has described how in the supreme crisis of the negotiations, when rupture and resumption by both sides of whatever hostilities were possible to them seemed about to leap upon us, Mr. Griffiths quietly declared that he for his part, whatever others might do, would accept the offer of the British Government and would return to Ireland to lay it before the Irish people.

Michael Collins had not enjoyed the same advantages in education as his elder colleague. But he had elemental qualities and mother wit which were in many ways remarkable. He stood far nearer to the terrible incidents of the conflicts than his leader.

His prestige and influence with the extreme parties in Ireland for that reason were far higher, his difficulties in his own heart and with his associates were far greater.

"I am sure," I said during one of our meetings, "you would much rather have fought properly in the field."

His eye responded gratefully.

"I have written a paper," he replied, "on the limitation of our power to conform to the status of belligerents. We had not got even a county in which we could organize a uniformed force."

And later: "In the nineteen hundred and sixteen rebellion when you had millions of soldiers in arms our few hundreds in Dublin thought they were going to certain death. That was the nearest we could get to a military operation."

"What will be the position," I asked him, "if after we have withdrawn all the police and most of the troops, the treaty is broken and the republic is proclaimed?"

"Well," he said, "you will still have a great many troops in the most important places, and our country is accessible from every side. Personally I will do my best against such a breach. If it were only the wild men, we should be able to hold them in. But if the great majority of Ireland went to war with the British Empire, I could not fight against them. I would give up all authority and would fight only as a private soldier on their side till I was killed, which would not be long. You would be entitled to do everything against us that may be done in war. And all the world would say we were in the wrong. And anyhow it will not happen. It will not be so bad as that."

To Mr. Griffiths I said one day:

"I would like us to have beaten you beyond all question, and then to have given you freely all that we are giving you now."

"I understand that," he said, "but would your countrymen?"

I wonder. It is extraordinary how rarely in history have victors been capable of turning in a flash to all those absolutely different processes of action, to that utterly different mood which alone can secure them forever by generosity what they have gained by force. In the hour of success policy is blinded by the passion of the struggle. Yet the struggle with the enemy is over. There is only then the struggle with oneself.

That is the hardest of all. So the world moves on only very slowly and fitfully, with innumerable setbacks, and the superior solutions, when from time to time as the result of great exertions they are open, are nearly always squandered. Two opposite sides of human nature have to be simultaneously engaged. Those who can win the victory cannot make the peace; those who make the peace would never have won the victory. Have we not seen this on the most gigantic scale drawing out before our eyes in Europe?

Still, after all, we have the gesture of Grant at Appomattox sending the sorely needed rations of his own army apace into the starving Confederate camp and telling Lee to take his artillery horses home to plow the devastated Southern fields. We have the statescraft of Bismarck driving king, cabinet and generals of Prussia into war with Austria in 1866, and then on the morrow of Sadowa, when Austria was at his mercy, slipping round in an hour and driving them all in the opposite direction. We have the great Castlereagh—so ignorantly traduced—after a generation of struggle with France, threatening in the day of triumph to go to war with his Prussian and Russian allies rather than have France dismembered or oppressed. And we have in our own time South Africa, where decisive victory in arms was swiftly followed by complete concession in policy, with results marvelous to this day. Our settlement with the Boers and my own vivid experiences

in it was my greatest source of comfort and inspiration in this Irish business. Indeed, it was a help to all.

I remember one night Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Collins came to my house to meet the Prime Minister. It was at a crisis, and the negotiations seemed to hang only by a thread. Griffiths went upstairs to parley with Mr. Lloyd George alone. Lord Birkenhead and I were left with Michael Collins meanwhile. He was in his most difficult mood, full of reproaches and defiance, and it was very easy for everyone to lose his temper.

"You hunted me night and day," he exclaimed. "You put a price on my head."

"Wait a minute," I said. "You are not the only one," and I took

from my wall the framed copy of the document here reproduced in facsimile. "At any rate it was a good price—five thousands pounds! Look at me—twenty-five pounds dead or alive. How would you have liked that?" (Actually no such reward had ever been offered by the British Government, but this I did not know at the time.)

He read the paper, and as he took it in he broke into a hearty laugh. All his irritation vanished. We had a really serviceable conversation, and thereafter—though I must admit that deep in my heart there was a certain gulf between us—we never to the best of my belief lost the basis of a common understanding.

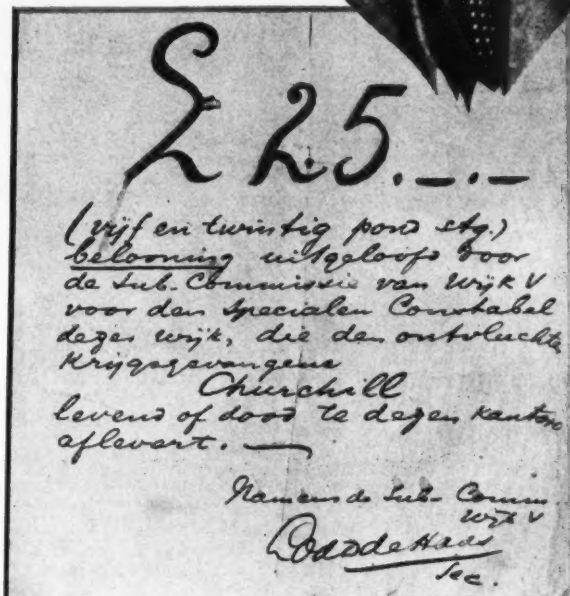
Michael Collins acted up to his word in his relations with the British Government. The strains and stresses upon him at times were unimaginable. Threatened always with death from those whose methods he knew only too well, reproached by darkly sworn confederates with treason and perjury, the object of a dozen murder conspiracies, harassed to the depth of his nature by the poignant choices which thrust themselves upon him, swayed by his own impulsive temperament, nevertheless he held strictly to his engagements with the ministers of a government he had so long hated but at last learned to trust. He was determined that the Irish name should not be dishonored by the breach of a treaty made in all good faith and good will.

"I expect," he said to me towards the end, "that I shall soon be killed. It will be a help. My death will do more to make peace than I could do by living."

He was indeed soon to seal the Treaty of Reconciliation with his life's blood. "Love of Ireland" are the words which

Sir John Lavery has inscribed on the picture of the dead Irish leader. They are deserved, but with them there might at the end have been written also "To England, Honor and Good Will." A great act of faith had been performed on both sides and by that act it may well be that the curse of the centuries has at last been laid.

Michael Collins



Translation: £25 (Twenty-five Pounds stg.) REWARD is offered by the Sub-Commission of the fifth division, on behalf of the Special Constable of the said division, to anyone who brings the escaped prisoner of war CHURCHILL, dead or alive to this office. For the Sub-Commission of the fifth division. (Signed) LODK. de HAAS. Sec.

NOTE: The Original Reward for the arrest of Winston Churchill on his escape from Pretoria, posted on the Government House at Pretoria, brought to England by the Hon. Henry Marsham, and is now the property of W. R. Burton.



# THE YOUNG TREASURERS SEEKERS

By Irvin S. Cobb



*Illustrations by*

HAD these recitals been cast in dramatic form instead of the simpler narrative style which the chronicler perforce must follow, the rise of the curtain on this particular act would reveal the interior of a certain stable loft; and coincidentally our principal hero would be disclosed well down-stage in the company of two lesser characters, to wit: a crony and that crony's younger brother. The time would be in the forenoon of a blowy, fair November day. The background for the scene would be a half lighted space under the sloped gable of the roof; and there would be much hay about and a dove-cote overhead and here and there slanted streaks of yellow sunshine showing through the walls where the ancient planking had warped. The plot—provided there could be any plot in chapters lifted at random out of the fourteenth year of a lively-minded male—would concern itself with a plan for seeking hidden valuables, gold preferably, or possibly a trove of precious stones.

In this case, the outstanding and the concrete facts were three in number. One of those facts was Juney Custer and another was Earwigs Erwin and the third was the eight-year-old brother of Earwigs Erwin, who languished under the given name of Launcelot—his mother, when he was coming, had read English novels and liked them. But destiny had been kinder to this poor sufferer than his parent was; destiny measurably corrected the original grievance inflicted at the baptismal font by providing that among his own sort he should wear another name.

There were three of these brothers and out in the puerile world they respectively were known as Big Cuss, Medium-sized Cuss and Little Cuss. But, except on those occasions when a group

classification seemed desirable, the second Master Erwin usually was called Earwigs, or for short, Wiggy, or for very short, Wigs. Infrequently he also was called Tad. There are boys who go through all their days and never earn so much as a single nickname, which nearly always is their own fault. They are colorless; they lack tang and personality. There are other boys who collect nicknames as a cow's tail collects cockleburrs. Such a boy was this middle Erwin boy, sometimes referred to as the in-between one. This last, though, was not a title, really; adults occasionally employed it for purposes of distinguishing him from the remaining pair of the young sons of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Erwin.

"Well," he said now, in a tone which indicated that a given subject had been threshed out and exhausted, "we might as well be startin', I reckon. Seems like there ain't any way to git rid of him." He cast a glare of enormous disapproval upon his small kinsman. "It's too dag-gone bad we got to have him taggin' along and prob'ly gittin' himself hurt and bawlin' round like a baby."

The object of his embittered complaint spoke up tremulously from his bed in the soft hay. For some minutes past he had figured as the chief topic of a whole series of criticisms carried on between the others in his presence and marked, on both sides, by a complete frankness of exchanged utterance so far as he was concerned.

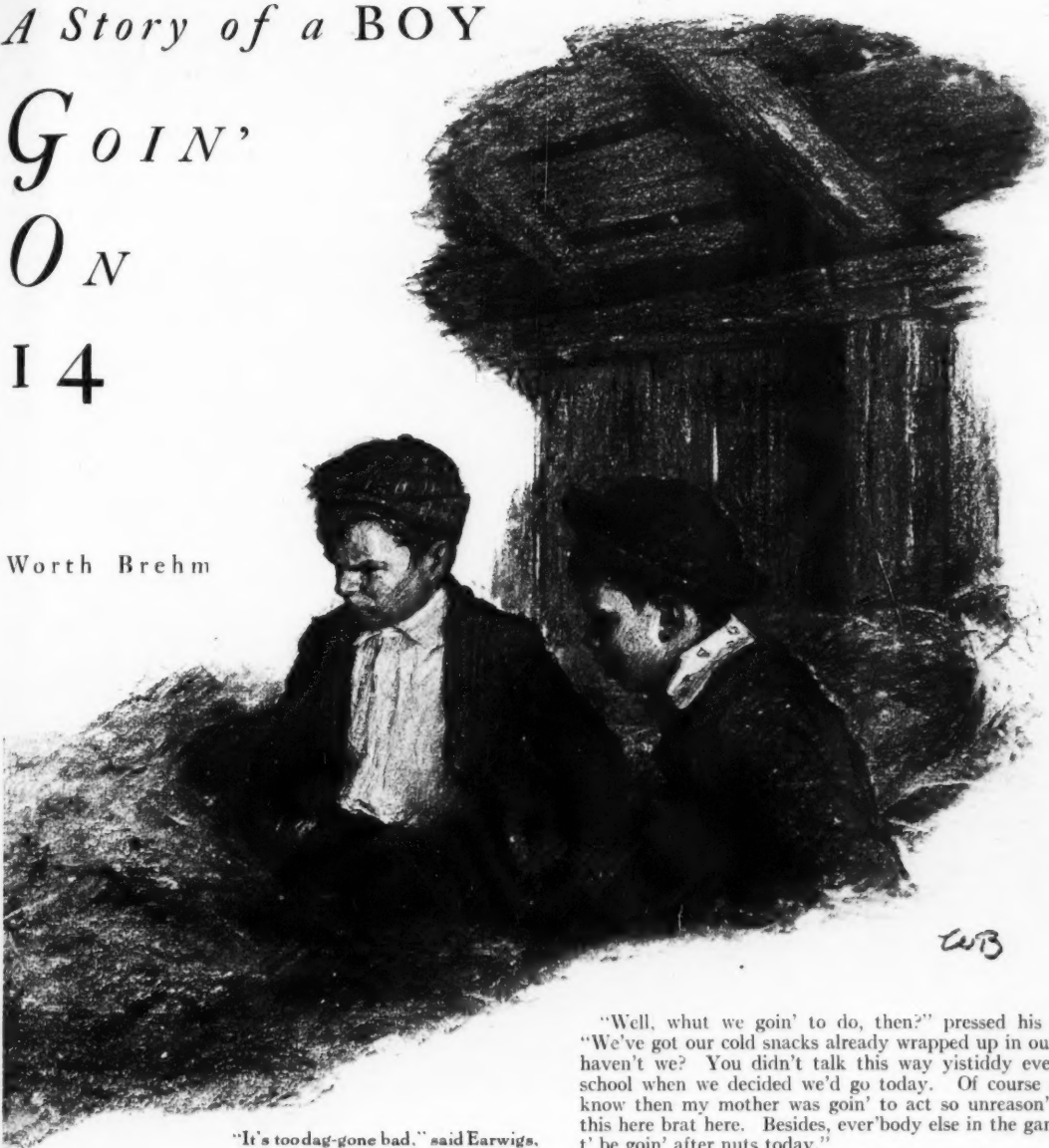
# A Story of a BOY

# Goin',

# ON

# I 4

Worth Brehm



"It's toodag-gone bad," said Earwigs, "we got to have him taggin' along and prob'ly gittin' himself hurt."

"Now, Wiggy, you know whut mommer said——" he began in a tense whine, then choked from wretchedness.

"Well, we're goin' to take you, ain't we? Only, you needn't begin to bust out cryin' before we even git started."

"I sh'd say," stated Juney Custer severely. His manner of speaking was no less hostile than his confrère's had been. "It's liable to spoil ever'thing just by us havin' to let you go, too, without you blubberin' ever' step you take." His admonishing expression changed; a rapt, absorbed look came into his face. You might almost call it a dreamy look. "I don't know as it's much use of our goin', anyway," he added. "Seems like all we been doin' ever' Sat'day this fall is just to go out in the woods gatherin' nuts—scalybark hick'ries or black walnuts or hazel nuts or somethin'."

"Well," asked the surprised Earwigs, "wasn't we 'spectin' to go after pecans today down in Farrell's Bottoms?"

"Oh, shuckins—pecans? We'll throw more'n a million chunks and sticks up in one of those old tall trees and we'll knock down about this many." He illustrated with his cupped hands. "Of course, if we had a nigger man to go 'long with us and chop down a tree—why, then we might git some."

Such was one of the wasteful ways in those prodigal times. For the sake of a few bushels of the wild sweet nuts, men would fell a noble tree which had been a hundred years in the growing.

"Well, whut we goin' to do, then?" pressed his associate. "We've got our cold snacks already wrapped up in our pockets, haven't we? You didn't talk this way yistiddy evenin' after school when we decided we'd go today. Of course we didn't know then my mother was goin' to act so unreason'ble about this here brat here. Besides, ever'body else in the gang is goin' t' be goin' after nuts today."

"Well then, whut's the use of doin' whut ever'body else is doin'? Le's us do somethin' diff'ent—that's whut I been thinkin'." Having subtly paved the way for it, the Custer boy offered his coup. "Le's go off huntin' fur buried treasure somewheres."

"Gee!" burst from Earwigs. The project took claim on his nimble imagination. "S'posin' we went and did and found somethin'!" His enthusiasm ebbed rapidly, though. "But then, look how somebody is always lookin' for the Lost Silver Mine of Clark's River and not never findin' it. There's my Uncle Heck. He went lookin' fur it once't and come mighty near gittin' drowned in the backwater. And besides that, if anybody ever did find any buried treasure it natchelly wouldn't be anybody round this here old pokey town—specially fellers like us!"

Older persons than the in-between Erwin boy often are like that. To most of us romance is a thing that happened yesterday and may happen tomorrow but never by any chance happens today; and whenever it does happen, it chooses far-away spots better suited for adventure than those prosaic surroundings which encompass us. Perhaps, though, Juney Custer was of the stuff out of which poets are molded. Surely he had in him the spirit for high emprise. His counter-argument was prompt and as it turned out both conclusive and convincing.

"That just shows, Mister Smarty, how you don't know anything about it. How about 'The Treasure-Seekers of the Double Cipher,' in Golden Days? They were only just kids, all except one or two. And wasn't it the littlest one of the lot that fin'ly discovered where the money was hid at? Then there was a piece

in the Youse Companion not so very long ago about 'a mere urchin'—that's whut the piece called him—finding the money that paid off the mortgage on the 'simple cottage of his aged parunts.' It was evident that in part he quoted from memory and somehow the quoting gave authority to his brief. "And how about Plucky Jack Fairweather in that there last Old Cap Collier library that we read right up here in this very stable loft of mine?" He sank his voice to a cautious and guarded undertone, for now he dealt with those forbidden forms of literature erroneously characterized by adults under the common heading of dime novels. "Remember, don't you, whut Jack Fairweather did, after even Old Cap couldn't find the 'murdered miser's hoarded wealth'?"

"Oh, them old nickel libraries—"

"I guess Golden Days ain't any nickel library, is it? And I guess the Youse Companion ain't, either. You don't have to read them on the sly, do you? You kin read them right out in front of your fambly, can't you? Well, I guess that settles that, don't it?" He sped his sharpest shaft. "And say, listen here at me—how about Jim Hawkins in 'Treasure Island' goin' clear across the ocean and all by himself foolin' all those old pirates? I reckon if that book wasn't every word of it true my own father wouldn't a-given it to me fur a Christmas present last Christmas, would he? Wasn't Jim—"

"But there ain't any ocean round here, nor any pirates, neither—only just some old rivers and creeks and things."

"Well then, how about 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer'? Whut'd he do that time—him and Huckleberry Finn? Didn't they find Injun Joe's gold, just like it says in the book? And wasn't Tom and Huck both of 'em boys, same as we are? And wasn't Jim Hawkins a boy, too? Seems like, to me, it's always a boy that's findin' treasure where it's hidden in a haunted house or on a desert island or somewheres like that. Well then, ef those other boys could find it whut's the reason we couldn't—"

He broke off, for chance was furnishing power to his eloquence. "Looky, there's a measurin' worm crawlin' down your laig!" As regards the commoner insects there was a fixed code of beliefs. Locusts—the big green kind that left their dried husks clinging to tree bark—were to be avoided at all costs because they were very, very deadly, or at the least they had a deadly aspect. The Devil's race-horse was held in an even more fearsome repute. Had anybody said this creature was known to science as the praying mantis and was regarded as harmless, he would not have been credited. If a fever-worm traversed your path you must make a cross mark in the dust with your toe and spit in it; this warded off illness. And if a thousand-legs crawled into your ear while you slept—a favorite pastime of his, by all reports—either you must die or speedily go crazy. But a green measuring worm marching over your person was on no account to be disturbed, but rather was to be encouraged. For his presence was a portent and a promise, too. So the crafty Juney pressed his advantage:

"Looky there at him. Watch how he's goin' right down your pants onto your stockin'! . . . Now look, he's comin' onto my foot where it's touchin' you. Well, whut's a measurin' worm doin' round here when it's 'most winter time, ef it ain't a special sign? It's against the rules fur him to be out a-tall this time of year; so it has to be a special sign—a sign we're both goin' to git some new clothes somewheres. Our own famblies wouldn't buy us any more clothes, would they, when they've already bought us plenty fur the winter? So ef we got any more clothes we'd have to buy 'em ourselves, wouldn't we? Well then, wherd we git the money without this had somethin' to do with our findin' that there old buried treasure somewheres? I sh'd say." He swore his favorite oath: "Hod Zickerte!"

He had made a proselyte—in fact, two proselytes. As Earwigs quit his couch and got on his feet, Earwig's small brother likewise scrambled up with the air of being entirely committed to a most allureful undertaking. Upon him his elders immediately fixed baleful stares. In this quarter no convert had been looked for, nor one desired. Juney Custer's eloquence had carried him a step too far. The despairing stripling correctly interpreted the attitude of enhanced unpopularity in which he was being held.

"Now, Wiggy," he protested, and there was a deepened pathos in what he said, "you know whut mommer said to you and whut you promised. She said—"

"She said if he went gatherin' nuts he had to take you with him—didn't she?" It was the resourceful Juney who had interrupted the plaint. "Well, you see, we ain't goin' after nuts, so that lets you out, I reckon. Where we're goin' it's very important and we can't be bothered with any small chil'drun. So you just better be runnin' on back home where you belong."

The defendant took the one source of appeal left to him. He dissolved into tears and the sounds of his distress were loud and

very disconcerting. His brother tried shaking him violently, meanwhile hissing dire threats at him. The effect was to break up the continuity of his weeping but also to increase its volume as it came forth from him in jerky, anguished gusts.

In a desire for surface harmony, a compromise was presently reached. He might accompany his overlords if he behaved himself and agreed never afterward to tell anybody where he had been. Whether he should share in the distribution of any treasure which might be found was a matter for their superior minds, in good season, to pass upon. Temporarily he was made speechless through the effort to control the backwashes of his ebbing woe. Nodding, he gave his pledge in a long snuffle, to which a final stifled sob was punctuation and a sleeve drawn across his nose the accent mark.

It was after they had descended from the place of conference and issued forth from the alley gate that a new question arose. They had in their possession no mysterious chart or key to the whereabouts of hidden loot. There might be haunted houses scattered about—undoubtedly, in a town with a thirty-five percent black population there must be some such; and by the gospel of Tom Sawyer, as they recalled it, beneath the rotting floor of a haunted house was where treasure most frequently would be unearthed. But the trouble was that for the moment they couldn't put a mental finger on the location of one.

In this stalemate the chief of staff had a suggestion to offer—however, not a particularly brilliant suggestion and destined for prompt rejection.

"Maybe ef we did like you do when you lose a marble and can't find it—you know, spit in your hand and then hit it with your finger and whichever way the most spit goes why that's where the marble is—why, maybe that might show us whut direction we'd better go in."

"We ain't lookin' fur any ord'nary thing like a plain old simple marble, are we?" countered Juney. "I sh'd say not. Ef we spect to find treasure we got to go huntin' in one of the reg'lar ways or else we might as well not go a-tall."

"All right, then, you think of somethin'."

Juney knitted his brows.

"Well," he said at length, "Clark's River is too far away fur us to walk there. But seems like to me I heard my father say one time that out on Perkins's Creek, just past where the iron bridge is, is where some men uster all the time be huntin' fur the money that a famous desp'rado named John—lemme think—John A. Somethin'-or-other—hid it there way back yonder ever so long ago. Perkins's Creek ain't so far—we might try there. Only it would be a whole lot better ef we knew right where to start in diggin', because I reckon it would take us 'most a month, workin' ever' Sat'day, to dig up all along on both sides of the creek."

"Say, listen!" exclaimed Earwigs. "Listen here: My Uncle Heck was tellin' over home just the other night about an old man out at Maxon's Mills, where Uncle Heck is all the time goin' bird-huntin', that knows how to find water under the ground when people want to dig a well. He takes a branchin' switch and holds it, this way, in both hands, by the two ends where the forked part is, with the other end sort of stickin' out in the air in front of him—Uncle Heck he took the fire-tongs from back behind the parlor stove and showed me how he did it—and then he just walks around and walks around, sort of slow, and after 'while the end of the stick that's the furthest away from him begins to sort of bend down towards the ground without him touchin' it or anything. So he tells 'em to dig right there and sure enough before they go down very far they gen'ly 'most always find water. Maybe if one of those switches kin find water it'd find hidden treasure, too."

"I betcher 'twould," assented Juney. "Only it must a-been some special kind of a charmed switch, wasn't it? I reckon just any plain switch wouldn't do."

"Wait, I'm tryin' to think," bade Earwigs. "Hod-dog—now I got it! He said it was a which-hazel switch."

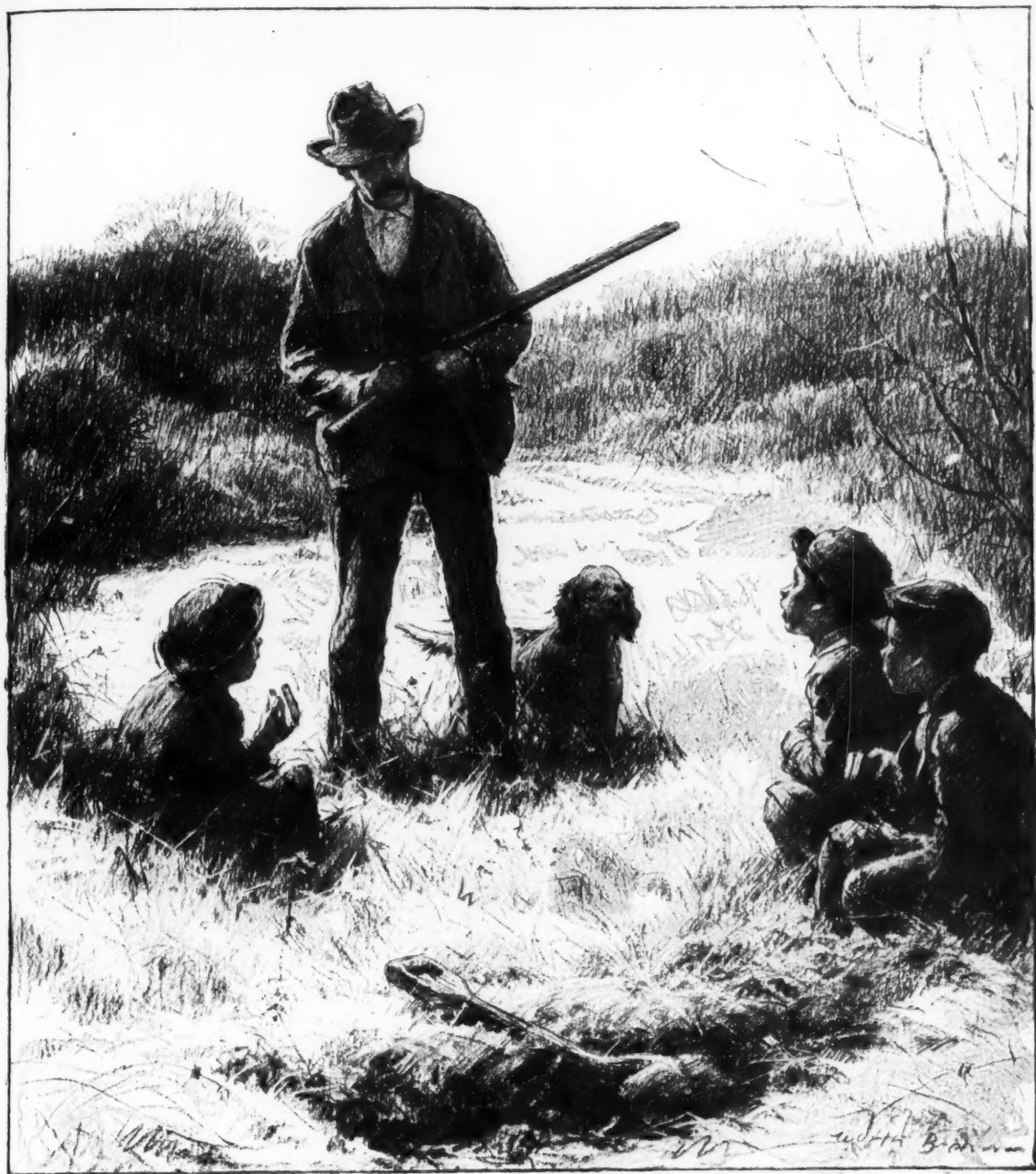
"Come on with me, then," commanded his friend with sudden decision. "I know whut we'll do next. Only we got to hurry."

"Say," expostulated Little Cuss, meanwhile stretching his short legs to keep up with the twain as they hastened out of the alley, "whut-all are we goin' after now?"

"Lay-overs to ketch meddlers," snapped his brother irritably. "And 'we' ain't goin' after anything. Me and Juney are goin' after somethin' and all you're doin' is just taggin' 'long behind like a—like a tag-cat."

"But I thought out yonder to Perkins's Creek was where you just now said you were goin'," insisted the scorned encumbrance. "Whut are you goin' this way fur, Juney, please?"





"I'll make just one guess," said the stranger. "You've been hunting for buried money, haven't you now?"

"Cat's fur to make kittens' breeches," answered Juney shortly. This was an even more dependable retort than the one just used by Earwigs. Indeed, for it there was no known answer; it ended any debate.

Restraining a tendency toward renewed grief, the snubbed Little Cuss in dogged silence stumbled at their heels until they entered Roundtree's drug store, two squares down Locust Street.

Say what elsewhere you might for disparagement of him, this child had in abundance that quality which in ourselves we call determination and in others stubbornness.

In his shirt-sleeves Doctor Roundtree emerged now from the shelter of his walled-in prescription department to serve the three small callers who had just walked in.

"Well, buds," he inquired, "how do your corporosities seem to segashiate this morning?" The Doctor was in one of his humorous moods today.

"Yes, suh," politely answered the spokesman for the trio. "Doctor Roundtree, we want some which-hazel, please, suh."

"Some which?"

"Yes, suh."

"Yes, suh, what?"

"Whut you just said, suh. I saw some in a bottle when I was in here th'other day with my father—right up yonder on that shelf there."

"Oh, you mean wich-hazel!"

"Yes, suh. But we'd rather some pieces of it—you know, switches or sticks—instead of the juice, if you've got it that way, suh?"

"Oh, no you don't—what you want is this here. You wouldn't know how to draw the extract from the wood; probably I wouldn't know myself. The liquid is the stuff you need. You apply it externally—rub it on, understand?"

"Yes, suh, that'll do, then."

"Well, how much do you want?"

"About enough to rub on a—well, on somethin'," stated Juney.

"Uh," grunted Doctor Roundtree. "Then I judge about fifteen cents' worth would be plenty." He filled a vial from the large container, drove in the cork, wrapped and tied the purchase and handed it across the counter to Juney. "That'll be fifteen cents, son."

"Yes, suh, charge it, please, to my father."

"Let's see—you're John C. C. Custer's boy, ain't you?"

"Yes, suh."

"All right—just rub it on slow, son, and if it don't do the trick you come back here and I'll send up a dollar bottle of something stronger."

"Yes, suh." The purchaser marched out, accompanied by his bodyguards. On the sidewalk he halted and, ignoring the smaller of the pair, addressed the larger:

"See there—now us two don't have to bother with huntin' round ever'where fur a which-hazel tree that we prob'ly wouldn't know it when we saw it. Prob'ly all we got to do is just break off any kind of a switch and then rub this stuff on it, like he said. Hod Zickertee!" An afterthought came to him. "And I reckon my father won't mind my chargin' it to him neither if we come home all loaded down with money or jew'lry or somethin'. I sh'd say not!"

It would appear that this forehanded organizer overlooked nothing. He was the one who presently checked a swift gait to mention the need of tools suited to delving. A side detour by way of the rear premises of his home yielded a rusty shovel from the coal shed and a garden spade most highly valued by the Custer family's man-of-all-work, one Acy Gholson, colored. At this point Little Cuss Erwin became openly rebellious. He served notice that he also must be furnished with a proper digging utensil or else he would hasten straightway to his mother and make full disclosure of the entire scheme.

Imaginably, there was no reason grounded on sanity why a fellow might not seek to enrich himself at no living person's expense. Still, you never could tell when parental bigotry would interfere with any cherished plan. Besides, for causes not exactly translatable into words this undertaking, or its earlier phases at least, seemed to demand absolute privacy; the very nature of it somehow called for secret proceedings on the part of all concerned. So the mutineer was appeased. In his hands was placed Mrs. Custer's favorite flower-bed trowel and with it an explicit warning that several exceedingly unpleasant things would happen to him if he lost it or bent it or broke it.

The expedition then got under way, its members moving with an air meant to convey the impression that they were not going anywhere in particular and carried these present encumbrances with no real object but rather for the gratification of a passing hobby or fad.

Beyond doubt persons who found buried treasure earned what they got; at any rate they earned it provided they had to dig. Within an hour this truth impressed itself upon the consciousness of the band. During the next hour thereafter the impression deepened.

The preliminaries were not irksome. About them was a savor of excitement, feverish and throbbing. It required but a slight pressure upon the will to induce belief that a forked wand which had been torn from a willow on the creek bank and then carefully anointed with the colorless contents of the Roundtreeian bottle inclined its limber tip toward a certain spot, after Juney, holding it loosely by its tines and accompanied by his two aides, solemnly had marched once and counter-marched twice over a strip of boggy and brambly meadowland just beyond where the iron bridge spanned the stream.

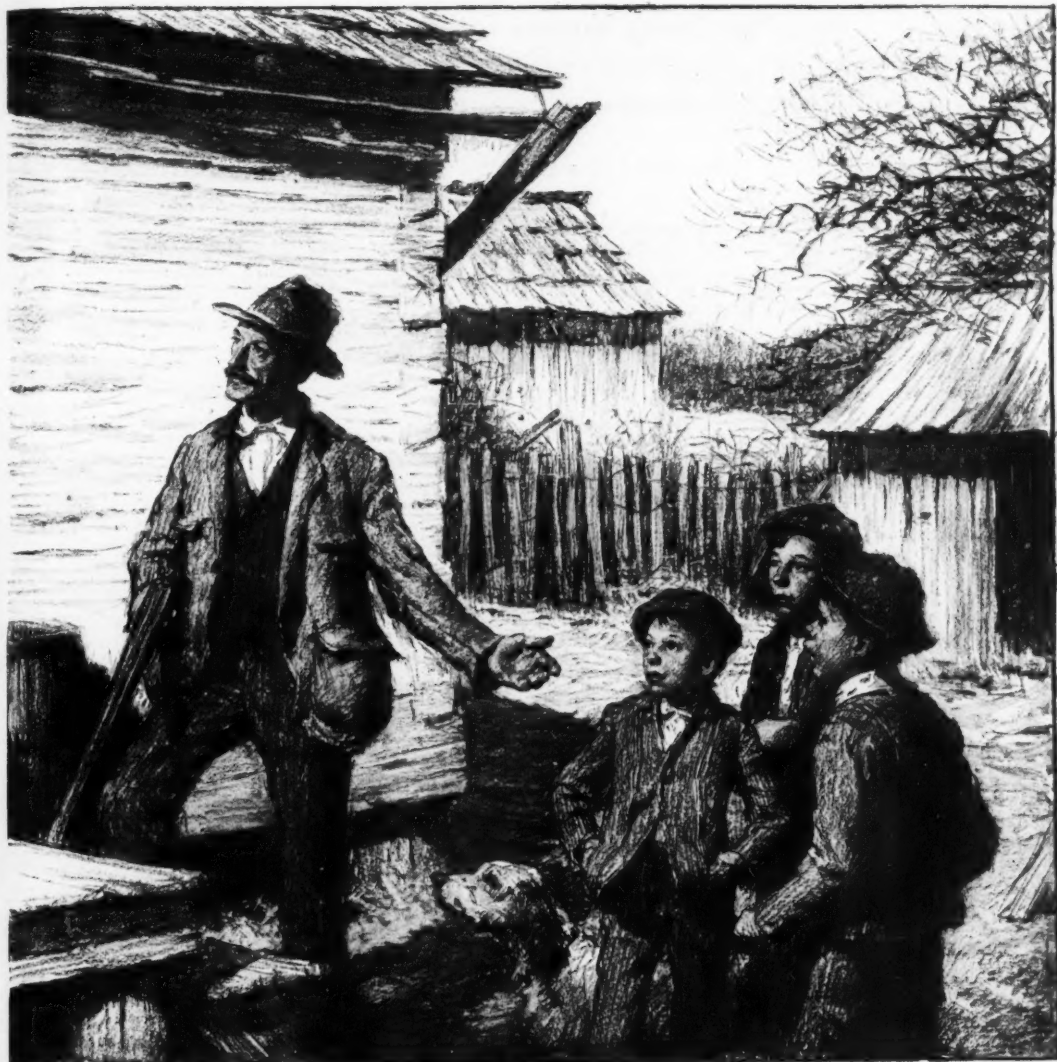


What happened after Uncle Pomp welcomed

This site had been chosen for the opening experiment because it had a wild and thickety look. Also, for the moment it was the only entirely deserted field in sight. Above and below them and across on the opposite side of the gravel road they heard the sound of firing shotguns and caught glimpses of dogs ranging the undergrowth—proof that more than one party of hunters sought to kill those desirable feathered tidbits which visiting Northerners persisted in calling quail. These aliens even went so far as to speak of "a covey of bob-whites" when what they really meant was a bunch of birds or, by the Afric version, a "gang of pa't'iges."

Where the pronged twiglet dipped was where actual toil began. It was toil, too; after the first few feverish minutes they could disguise it under no other name. The turf was bearded with briars and frosted weed stems and matted with tufts and twists of grass roots. Below, the soil revealed itself as damp and clingy, offering a sort of moist resistance against being disturbed. Very soon the feet of the treasure seekers were wet and their legs muddled; sweat ran down their faces; their arms began to tire. The job became routine, then it became monotony—and at eight or at thirteen either, for that matter, a volunteer toiler needs variety to give his occupation zest.

Still, it was of record that Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn had similar vexations to contend with. Indeed, it was set forth how that they probed in several separate places before they had their reward. The director of operations cheered his force on to continued exertions by reference to this historic precedent. Also, from time to time he fretfully begged Little Cuss to



the trio made a splendid interlude in a memorable day.

get out of his way. But the difficulty was that no matter where the perverse underling squatted he got in someone's way.

However, the two ranking officers had no valid objections to offer when abruptly it occurred to Little Cuss that it must be time to eat. They left the tools on the edge of the shallow and sketchy-looking excavation and they withdrew to a convenient dry tussock and stretched their soaked legs on the earth and made equitable division of the food which had been brought, done up in paper wrappings, in their coat pockets.

Having first disposed of its crust and its outer portions, Juney was reserving for a last large noble bite the geometrical center of a slice of baker's bread, buttered and enriched thickly with crab-apple jelly. He seemed reluctant to engulf this ultimate mouthful. Perhaps he was reluctant because, for him, it would mark the conclusion of the meal. Or perhaps it was that since his earlier enthusiasm somewhat had flagged he would parley with himself for a truce of time before resuming a contract growing in anticipation more and more burdensome.

He held the morsel poised, nibbling daintily at loose crumbs and with the tip of his tongue licking up pendant drops of the half molten jelly. He would toy with it for just a minute longer. His aching muscles eased themselves. He spoke aloud, musingly, addressing no one in particular:

"Maybe there was somethin' wrong with us havin' a willow switch instead of a reg'lar which-hazel one. Maybe it might be better if we sort of knocked off after a while and waited till we

could borrow his one from that old man that your-all's Uncle Heck knows about, that lives out at Maxon's Mills, that kin locate water with it. Maybe—"

He did not finish this next sentence. A tall man was bending almost over him, looking down upon the luncheon party. Without being heard, this man must have come quietly out of the fringe of haws and horse weeds on the creek bank behind them. He wore a stained shooting coat and carried a gun in the crook of an elbow. A docile setter was stationary on four spraddled legs just behind him.

"Hello, kids," he said in a cordial drawl. "What brings you here?"

"Nothin' special," answered Juney, overcome and rigid with a sudden great embarrassment.

"Just sort of settin' here, suh," supplemented Earwigs, wriggling slightly. Little Cuss tucked his confused head down, saying nothing at all. But involuntarily the eyes of the older pair turned toward the place of their recent labors.

The stranger looked where they were looking. His lips twitched. "Now, see here," he said; "that won't do." His tone, though, was friendly. "You surely have got some reason for being here. So then the question is—what's the main idea? Go ahead and tell me," he prompted. "I've got a right to ask—I happen to own this piece of ground, you know. But I'm not going to get mad at you—not going to poke fun at you, either. I was a kid once myself, a long time ago."

They relaxed slightly. Like most elemental creatures they were, after a fashion, secretive, and being elemental they



furthermore dreaded above all things the ridicule of adult minds for their personal affairs.

"I tell you what I'll do," pursued the tall man, studying them closely, "I'll make just one guess. You've been hunting for buried money, haven't you now?"

"Yes, suh," blurted Junej, and restified. "But we didn't know that it was your land, suh, and we'll—"

"That part of it'll be all right," said the man. "I reckon you boys are not the only ones by a long shot that have come prowling round here during the last fifty or sixty years trying to find old John A. Murrill's money chest. My father used to say it was in the blood of the people all over this section. But so far as I know you're the first to tackle the job here lately. Go right ahead when you're ready. It's my land but you're welcome to anything valuable you find on it. You see, boys, it's this way—I'm not much of a hand for scratching in the ground—at least, some of my industrious and thrifty neighbors seem to think so. Anyhow, this time of year I'm pretty busy shooting birds.

"I'll tell you what," he went on, with the note of affable sympathy stressed in his tone; "you boys come on with me up to my house just beyond that line of trees yonder. I keep a sort of bachelor's hall there. And I'll make my old nigger man that does the cooking and housekeeping for me give you chaps some nice fresh milk. Or how would a broiled bird apiece strike you?"

"We've just et, much oblige," suh," explained Junej.

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference! I never met the boy yet that couldn't eat again. When I was your age I was hungry all the time, seems to me . . . Oh, I see you brought your tools along with you. Well, you can leave 'em right here—nobody'll bother 'em. And after we've had a bite together we'll all come back and you boys can go on with your digging and I'll look on. That's a favorite trick of mine—sitting by and watching somebody else work. Or at least so they do say. Pick yourselves up now and trot along; and on the way we'll get better acquainted. My name's Ripley. And my nigger man is named Uncle Pomp and this setter dog here is called Seekum."

His lazy manner of speaking was winning; he had a lazy way of walking, too, although his long easy steps somehow carried him forward briskly. The willing trio, already captivated by this gentleman who seemed so interested and so generous, realized that as they skipped in the wake of his broad strides.

What ensued made a splendid interlude in a memorable day. Uncle Pomp welcomed them and Seekum manifested joy in their acquaintance; the cluttered room where they ate was, to their way of thinking, one of the most admirable rooms they had ever visited. It was filled with such fascinating smells—gun oil and leather and the appetizing fumes of frying. The cook stove was right there in the room with them, so that their host could reach back and spear fresh hot corn pones from the pan without rising from the table; and Seekum and another dog which Uncle Pomp vaingloriously praised as "de very smartes 'possum an' coon dawg in sebeten counties" skirmished over the floor, snapping up the odd bits which Mr. Ripley pitched to them. It was altogether delightful. As the captivated Earwigs remarked to Junej: "Seems sort of a pity with a man that un'erstands so well this-a-way whut boys like, that he ain't got any boys of his own. Seems like a kid's parunts never are like this, somehow 'ruther."

He paid this tribute in the temporary absence of their entertainer. The latter had excused himself to go outdoors for a few minutes while Uncle Pomp was plying them with helpings of cold sweet potato pie and saucers of watermelon rind preserves. He was back again by the time they had finished. He seemed in no hurry, though, to head the return march to the creek side; nor were they. It was mighty fine to sit and listen in rapt attention while he told them stories of coon hunts in the bottoms at night and of the string of birds he killed and of that semi-fabulous monster of the early days, Murrill the Murderer, Murrill the Slave Runner, who according to the ancient tradition had made his lair and interred at least one cache of his ill-gotten and blood-stained gains right in this very neighborhood. Under the spell of his friendliness Junej expanded and then, just after, Earwigs did too. Little Cuss tried twice to break in but on each occasion brutally was squelched by one of his seniors. Scarcely realizing it, they made Mr. Ripley their confidant regarding the expedition, mentioning the various authorities.

"It would be mighty funny," finally he said, "if you-all should have hit on the very spot where that old scoundrel of a Murrill buried all those thousands and thousands of dollars, wouldn't it? Still, stranger things have happened. That reminds me"—he took out his watch. "Say, youngsters, time is flying—here it is a quarter past three already; it gets dark mighty early these evenings. We'd better be hustling if you're going to do some

more looking before it's time for you to start back to town." He settled his hat on his head; he had not removed it during their stay under this hospitable roof of his. "Let's move!"

That which followed practically overpassed belief. Hardly had they come to their diggings when Mr. Ripley pointed toward that section of the work where Little Cuss, with his trowel point, had made a ragged sequence of small pecks in the rough sod.

"Don't I see something round sort of shining right over there?" he asked. He stepped nimbly forward, stooped, picked up a small circular object, wiped the encrusted red clay from it and held it up before their entranced and eager eyes. "Why, what's the matter with your eyesight boys?" cried Mr. Ripley. "Here's an old-time four-bit piece and it belongs to you, too—you are the ones who must have dug it up even if you didn't see it, any of you. I'll keep it while you're looking for more like it. Now let's all get busy and search round here everywhere. I've changed my mind—I'll help."

They got busy; their spirits mounting and their fingers itching. Probably every human being is a treasure hunter at heart. But, singularly, their defect of vision continued. It was Mr. Ripley who found the next dingy half-dollar imbedded in a clod twenty feet from where the first piece had betrayed itself to his keen scrutiny; and fifteen minutes later his fingers closed on a third coin of like denomination and brought it forth from under a bamboo brier root at a farther point, heretofore untouched in the quest. That, however, was the last four-bit piece he found.

"Well," he said at length, "you know what it looks like to me? It looks to me like old Murrill's money must have got scattered someway. Probably the main part of it is in one place, but odd pieces seem to be spread around about everywhere." He glanced toward the west. "It's too bad that we'll have to stop pretty soon now; it'll be coming on dusk in a little while and I expect you're all due home before night, eh?"

Gravely and with ceremony he bestowed a salvaged coin upon each of them.

"Now I'll tell you what my idea is," he went on; "my idea is that turning up this whole flat is going to be a pretty big job for three shavers like you to tackle. So next time you come I think you'd better take in some partners and bring them along to help you out. There ought to be enough treasure to go around. Still, I wouldn't tell too many if I were you-all—just a few of your chums that you can trust. Probably you'll be seeing some of your close friends at Sunday school tomorrow; you can pass the good word to them then. But tell them not to tell anybody else, unless it happens to be some other boy that they've got confidence in.

"And then, next Saturday morning, bright and early, fetch your crew back here with you and go at it. I promise you I won't touch pick or spade to this place in the meanwhile—I may have remarked before that I'm not much of a hand for what some people call manual labor. Anyhow, the whole thing is yours by right of discovery, if you know what I mean? Here, you'd better take your spade and shovel and trowel with you. Leaving 'em here all week, they might get lost or stolen."

Standing knee-deep in the withered herbage at the wayside and waving farewells, the free-handed Mr. Ripley saw them started on the home-bound route down the country road, now showing in the slanting sun rays as a broad tawny ribbon that was stippled with maroon patches where the grit had been blown clear of the red gravel metaling. Beneath his breath he chuckled as he saw how lightly their several feet, forgetting now to be tired, were spurning the dust as the owners of those feet alternately scampered and danced and, in an enchanted abandon, kicked up, heel-and-toe.

Still continuing to chuckle, Mr. Ripley went then across the flat and through the guardian strip of woodland to his bachelor's hall. Arriving there, he lighted a lamp in the untidy, book-cluttered living room of the tumble-apart cottage and sat down and in a certain book of fables turned the pages until he came to a certain one of those fables—a fable having to do with a dying father and his two greedy sons and a vineyard; and the father's parting injunction to those sons, and, at the end of the same, the moral of the same.

He read it through, smiling as he did so.

Again, were this the final act of a play instead of being what it is, a plain narration, the curtain at this point would be lowered for one minute to denote the passage of six days.

In the afternoon of the sixth day, it being a Friday, that venerable black man who ministered to the lone bachelor of Perkins's Creek dismounted from a shabby and unwashed side-bar buggy at the front gate of the

(Continued on page 128)

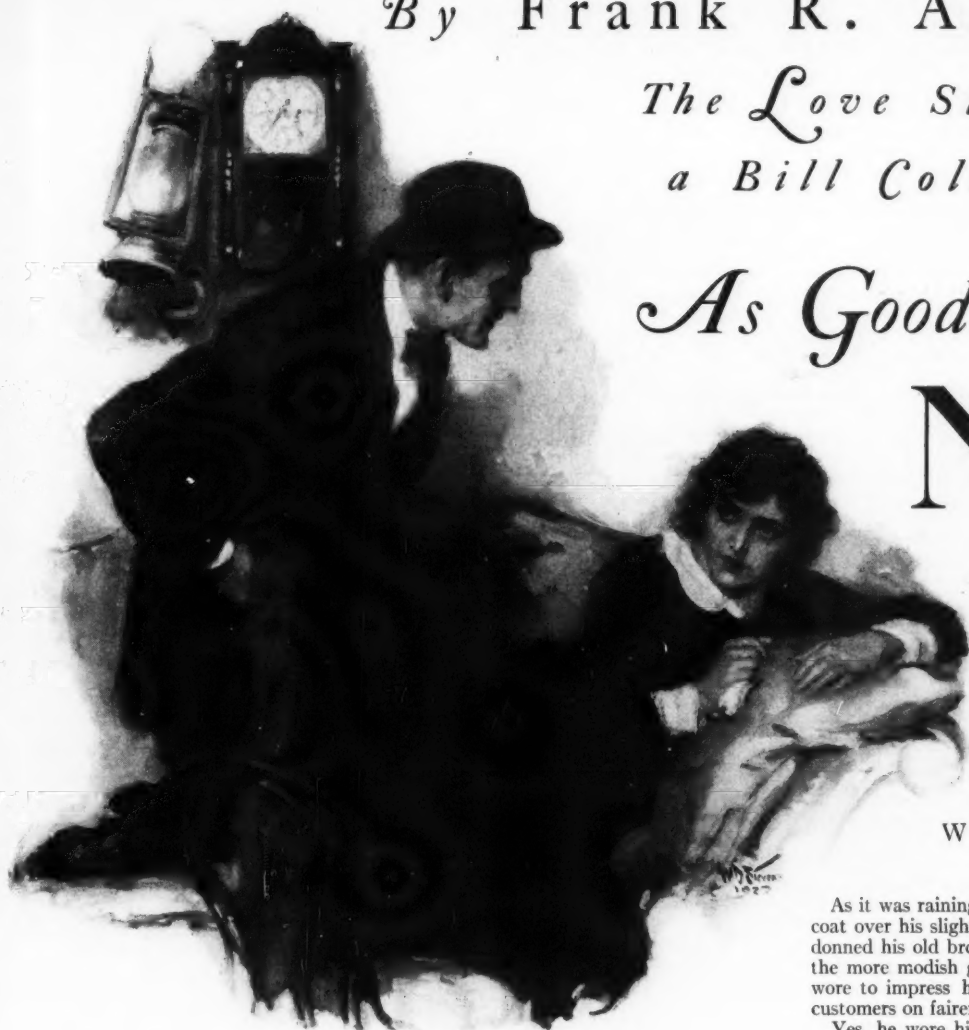
By Frank R. Adams

*The Love Story of  
a Bill Collector*

*As Good As  
New*

*Illustrations  
by*

W. D. Stevens



**R**ICHARD B. PENROSE was as hard as nails. Sentiment had never in the thirty-three years of his life interfered with business. He had saved twenty-five hundred dollars out of his salary which he had intended to keep for his own old age. "No skirt will ever get a nickel of it," was his unromantic expression of the idea.

Mr. Penrose was the star man of the Wardell Collection Agency. Having the flinty kind of a disposition above described made him an ideal dead-beat reviver. When everybody else in the agency had fallen down on a bill it was put into Richard's hands and he usually brought home the money or, if not that, its equivalent in bacon or the hide of the debtor.

One rainy afternoon, which, as everyone knows, is fine for bill collectors because people have to stay at home, Mr. Wardell called him into the private office and handed him all the documents in the case of one Samuel Tuxberry, who, it seemed, owed money to nearly everybody in town.

"This man's credit used to be pretty good," Mr. Wardell explained. "He was connected by marriage with the Holliday-Boyces but that doesn't seem to have done much good for the last few years. He's running a second-hand store on the east side of town. Look the place over to see if it will be worth while to get a judgment against him in case he doesn't come across. Don't let him give you any hard luck tales."

So Mr. Penrose departed blithely on his way. This would be his last assignment for two weeks. It was Saturday and his vacation began as soon as business hours were over for the day. He was contemplating pleasurably an inexpensive sojourn among the fish at a near-by resort not yet popular enough to be either high-priced or fished out.

As it was raining he put on a shower coat over his slightly noisy tweeds and donned his old brown derby instead of the more modish gray felt hat that he wore to impress his (sometimes) cash customers on fairer days.

Yes, he wore his rain-coat, thinking to preserve his clothing from the wear and tear of the elements.

But how, I ask you, could he have protected himself from the water that lay in the ditch which the gas company had obligingly left open just two blocks from the second-hand store of Samuel Tuxberry? Of course Richard Penrose need not have stepped into the ditch but he was thinking high thoughts and did not notice it; did not notice it, that is, until he was in it up to his neck.

Mr. Penrose considered the situation, at first profanely and then from the commercial point of view. If he went home for another suit of clothes he couldn't get back again that same afternoon. On the other hand it would not do to present himself plastered from head to foot with clayey mud.

He was holding this debate with himself when a window in the apartment just over his head opened and a buxom lady hailed him from its frame.

"That's too bad, ain't it?" she said sympathetically. "You'd ought to sue the gas company. Come on in and we'll see if we can't dry you off."

Mr. Penrose accepted the invitation with alacrity and climbed the stairs to the door which stood hospitably open.

"That suit of yours will have to be scraped and sponged off before you can ever wear it again and I might as well do it right now if you will take the time to wait. There's an old suit of my husband's—he's dead, you know—hanging in the closet. It probably won't fit you very good but you can wear it until I dry your own."

She was right in her prediction that the clothing of the late master of the house would not fit very well but at least it covered him and was clean. There were several loving but rather conspicuous patches here and there, especially on the trousers.

Mrs. Gilliam, the widow lady, went about the task of cleaning the tweeds in a business-like fashion but it was evident at the very outset that it was going to be a job of considerable duration. Mr. Penrose fidgeted at the delay.

"While you are doing that," he said finally, "would it be all right if I wore this suit of your husband's for a few minutes while I go and do an errand down the street a little way?"

Mrs. Gilliam agreed and Mr. Penrose sallied forth in the habiliments of a not very prosperous working man and his own brown derby hat. But, he thought, give him a chance to talk and he would make them forget what he was wearing.

He paused a minute outside the address which he was seeking to size up the general appearance of the store. It was not much and over the doorway was a sign reading "Second-Hand Sam," done in what had once been gilt letters against a blue background. The windows were full, nay overflowing, with the most widely assorted collection of junk he had ever set his eyes on, most of it useless and all of it certainly arranged to the greatest disadvantage so far as display was concerned.

Had he been an artist or even a literary man he might have been charmed by the picturesque flavor of the place. Being what he was, Mr. Penrose was impressed chiefly by the fact that as a commercial enterprise Second-Hand Sam's Emporium was a flat tire. Dubiously, therefore, he lifted the latch and entered the door. Here a rather curious scene displaced from his mind, for the moment, the nature of his errand.

The middle of the floor of the shop had been cleared, and the space was now occupied by a dozen or so nondescript chairs arranged in ranks facing one way toward a high table on which were a Bible and a glass of water.

Some survival of finer instinct in the young man from the collection agency told him that the store had been the scene of a recent funeral and he closed the door softly after him and stood slightly abashed, not knowing exactly what to do. Of course, he could not present his claim on a family bereaved by death. Even a collection man sometimes has a heart.

A slight sound from the rear of the shop betrayed the fact that someone was there, someone who was crying.

Mr. Penrose's first impulse, to put it inelegantly, was to beat it. There was no use getting mixed up in somebody else's troubles. If the person back there had been crying violently Mr. Penrose would have departed thence by the quickest route without further ado.

But the noise of mourning which filtered through all the second-hand furniture of his deaf-to-appeal ears was a very tiny, hopeless sort of a disturbance, the weeping of someone who was so exhausted that it was almost impossible to grieve any more.

So Mr. Penrose hesitated and, true to the proverb, was eventually lost. On tiptoe he investigated the rear of the shop and there on a second-hand davenport, patched and shabby, he found a huddled figure, evidently feminine, dressed in black. Aside from the fact that she was thin and had sort of medium colored hair there wasn't much one could tell about her because she lay face downward with her head on her arms.

"Gee, there ain't much use in crying, kid," declared the intruder with all the tact of an elephant which has stepped on a doll's house. "Was the deceased some relative of yours?"

The girl turned her face to look up at him with a gaze of concentrated hatred. "He was my father," she sobbed.

"Well, even fathers have got to die sometime," Mr. Penrose contributed genially. "What was this party's name?"

"My father's name was Tuxberry."

"Samuel Tuxberry?"

"Yes."

There was that. This was one of the first creditors who had ever escaped Mr. Penrose and he naturally felt resentful. Any man who would die to avoid paying his just debts was taking a rather unfair advantage, Mr. Penrose thought.

Getting mad at the intruder had done the girl good. It had for the moment taken her mind off the hopelessness of her own case. She got up now and dried her eyes. "I suppose I've got to go on living somehow," she observed philosophically.

"Atta girl!" Mr. Penrose echoed. Standing up and in a better light he rather approved of Miss Tuxberry. She wasn't so bad, even with her hair mussed and her eyes swollen from weeping. Her type, now, was a little too quiet, to Mr. Penrose's notion—he liked 'em louder and more cheerful—but while she wasn't ravishingly beautiful she would get by most anywhere.

She, too, was sizing him up. "You look as if you might be honest," she decided after a moment's scrutiny. "The mere fact that you are down and out now may be all the more to your

credit. How would you like to earn a quarter helping me set the shop to rights?"

Mr. Penrose gulped for a minute. To be taken for a down-and-outer was almost more than he could stand without protest. If there was any one thing he wasn't it was that. Success was his middle name.

However, something about her helplessness led him to keep silent about his true identity. "Sure, I'll help you," he agreed with alacrity. "I was wondering where I would get the price of a feed tonight."

In order to square his actions with his hard-boiled self he pretended that he was helping the girl handle the stock merely in order to make an appraisal which could later be used in securing a legal judgment against the estate.

"Who owns all this now?" he asked as he lugged furniture from one huddled heap to another.

"I do, I guess," the girl confessed. "My father had no other heirs."

"Did he leave you anything else besides this?"

She looked at him sharply to see if he was being impertinent but decided that the question was inspired by friendly sympathy and answered: "No, I think this is all. Daddy was ill a long time and things have sort of run down. Besides, he spent every cent he made on my education. He sent me to a girls' school and nearly through college before this last illness came on. All I could do to repay him was to quit school and nurse him as long as he lived. He was very kind to me."

Richard Penrose doubted considerably whether Second-Hand Sam's highfalutin plans for his daughter had really been kindness. Considering that she would probably have to run a second-hand store all her life it would have been a lot more sensible to have sent her to a business college for six months and then put her to work in the shop.

This deceased party, Sam Tuxberry, made Richard Penrose mad all around. He must have been an impractical darn fool. To have let a girl grow up to be as helpless as this—

"I want to buy a second-hand door-mat."

The interruption to Mr. Penrose's thoughts was loud and impatient. The disturber was hidden behind the pile of junk which Mr. Penrose had recently moved.

Before he could get around to view the customer Miss Tuxberry had answered the clarion call herself. Mr. Penrose found her talking to the clarion caller. The latter was a little old lady with a bent back and a solitary long whisker, rampant, upon a mole, azure.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Simmons, but we have no door-mats," Miss Tuxberry was saying.

"I didn't think you would have. I don't need one bad nohow." She headed her whisker toward the door.

But Richard Penrose was not the kind of a business man to let opportunity knock and then do a hundred yard dash immediately afterward. He came forward from the obscure jungle of junk.

"Pardon me, madam, did I understand that you wish to order a second-hand door-mat?"

The old lady paused. "Well, I did sort of, at least I wanted to git me one."

"We haven't one in stock today but we'll have one for you Monday. In the meantime we have several interesting articles on special sale today which I'd like to tell you about. For instance, look at this perfectly good wash-board. It's practically as good as new, all but a few of the wrinkles and any child can put a few wrinkles in it. We're going to sacrifice that wash-board today at exactly the same price that you would have paid for a door-mat."

The old lady made a few feeble protests but before she left the store she was the owner of the dilapidated wash-board and one or two other little things that Mr. Penrose's eye had happened to light on during the course of his hypnotic lecture. He was slightly dazed by his success himself when he turned the money over to the proprietor.

"Why," she said in admiration, "you're a wonder at selling things. My father would never have been able to do what you did. Mrs. Simmons didn't really want to buy anything. She just came in here to snoop around and see how I was getting along."

Richard Penrose took the bouquet with becoming modesty. "It's kind of fun to sell people things they don't know they want. Now that old lady didn't realize until I pointed it out to her that what she really needed to complete her happiness for the day was to own that wash-board. She hadn't thought along wash-board lines and what I—"

She interrupted him with what was almost a laugh. "Never mind talking about it any more or in a minute you'll make me





The first seven customers that morning could buy anything in the store for seven cents.

think I need a wash-board, too. But I wish I could enthuse about these things the way you do. You ought to be a salesman instead of a tr—"

"That's all right—go on and say it—a tramp. I ain't really a tramp, lady. I've had jobs. I'm just temporarily out of work."

"Would you, could you go to work for me?" she asked eagerly.

"Why, I'm afraid that—"

"Oh, please!"

No one had ever said that word to Richard Penrose in that tone of voice ever before. The voice had a vibrant feminine quality about it that lassoed you and drew you toward its owner, made you want to serve endlessly, merely to hear it utter words of commendation.

Richard Penrose listened, heard it echo in fact against the rock walls of his outer self, and then, striding over the spirit of

commercial common sense which rose accusing and horrified in his path, he capitulated.

"I'll try the job for two weeks," he told her. Bang went his old vacation.

He left the shop that evening with a bosom full of mixed emotions.

One of them was a sort of a warm glow at having, like a Boy Scout, done his good deed for the day. The other emotion, a lesser one it must be confessed, was one of self-reproach that he should waste his time, especially his vacation time, on something which would give him absolutely no commercial return, would net him not a penny. Perhaps—and this was the way he justified himself for his benevolence—he could put the store on a paying basis so that its owner could liquidate the claims against it which he had not presented.

To make up for his softness he drove a very close bargain with the widow who had cleaned his suit. His bargain included not only the neat and tidy job she had made of his own suit but also a transfer of ownership of her late husband's clothing which he needed when he reported for work on the following Monday.

Between Saturday night and Monday morning he had plenty of time to decide not to make a fool of himself by reporting as per agreement. He did decide that, eighteen or twenty times. But he showed up at the store bright and early, much brighter and much earlier than the owner, in fact.

He was standing on the door-step when the latter arrived about an hour later. Contrary to expectations, Miss Tuxberry was delivered to work in an elegantly appointed motor coupé chauffeured by a middle-aged gentleman who wore, among other things, white spats.

Richard Penrose didn't like white spats anyway.

This gentleman got out of the coupé first and assisted Miss Tuxberry to alight. "I shall be pleased to call and take you home again whenever you are ready to go, Pen," he said unctuously.

"I should rather not have you take the trouble, Arthur. Thank you just as much."

"But I feel quite seriously upon this matter, Pen dear. You ought not to go through these streets alone."

"I have been doing it all my life."

"But you haven't always been so charming. Besides, now as I hope to make you my wife I have a personal interest in your safety."

"I fear, Arthur, that you had better not plan upon the possibility of my becoming Mrs. Brockaw. I don't think I shall ever marry. Just making this store a success is going to require all my attention."

Mr. Arthur Brockaw sniffed, not so very politely. "I am afraid your optimism regarding the white elephant which your father left you as an inheritance is sadly misplaced, Pen. You might much better take me on as a husband now and get it over with."

Miss Tuxberry shook her head.

Mr. Brockaw got into his car. "Well, try out your dream," he said. "When it's over I shall be waiting."

Then he drove away. Miss Tuxberry turned to find that her employee had been an unwilling audience to the little scene in which she had just played.

Richard was not only unwilling but further than that, he was mad. This Brockaw, with the spats, was exactly the sort of a four-flush that he had always hated. The idea of a man of his age offering himself to a tender young bud like his boss, trying to buy her with mere wealth! Pah! It was disgusting. Following in the train of his anger against the elderly beau came a resolution to Richard that he would make a success of the establishment of Second-Hand Sam at no matter what cost to himself.

If anyone had told Mr. Richard Penrose at this point that he was falling in love himself he would have laughed a loud, cynical, hard-boiled laugh.

You see, he had never had the symptoms before.

Pen was standing outside of the door searching in her purse for the key. "What do you think?" she asked, looking up at the sign over the door. "Had I better change the name of this place now that father's dead?"

"What is your own first name?" he asked. "I heard the gentleman you were with call you Pen but I didn't know what that stood for."

"Penitence," she explained with a smile. "It's a family name on my mother's side."

Mr. Penrose considered. "You see, your name wouldn't be so good over the door. Second-Hand Penitence or even Second-Hand Pen sounds like a joke of some sort. I would keep the sign as it is. You can more easily change your name to Sam than build up a new business around your own."

She had found the key by now and unlocked the door. "I shall follow your advice," she said. "Thank you, Dick."

"Don't mention it, Sam."

She paused a moment as if to be angry at his impudence and then, noting by his grin that he didn't mean to be impudent at all, she laughed. Thereafter he nearly always called her that.

There wasn't much business in the store that day but there was lots to do anyway. At Richard's suggestion they made an inventory. Checking over the goods revealed more clearly than ever what a hopelessly unsalable stock was cluttering up the premises.



"Did you want me?" asked Pen.

"What do you say," Dick proposed, "if we take some of this stuff away and trade it for a stock of goods that will sell more easily?"

"Your ideas have been good so far," Pen conceded, "and I'm game to try one more of them. How shall we go about it?"

"Leave that to me. If you will trust the stuff to my tender care—"

Pen laughed merrily, the first real laugh that he had heard from her. "Trust you with it?" she repeated. "Why, I would trust you with the entire establishment, Dick, including me!"

After a speech like that what could a man do? He'd have to make good or die trying.

So Richard Penrose, ex-ten-minute egg and now prize jellyfish of the world, at least in his own estimation, hired an old horse and cart, both about equally broken down, which he loaded to the Plimsoll's mark with the most terrible of their white elephants and drove off in the direction of the city. As soon as he got around the corner, however, he turned and made for the dumping grounds, where he carefully deposited his entire treasure.

Then he drove his little delivery wagon around to another and very prosperous looking second-hand store and filled the wagon body with things which he purchased with his own money.

Mr. Penrose got more than merely a load of salable second-hand articles from the junk emporium which he had patronized. He had learned a lot about sales methods in such establishments and arrived at a fair idea of prices for buying and selling.



"Penitence!" The old man knew her name and stared at her as if she were a ghost.

Pen was very much pleased with the things which Richard brought back with him. That she was not incredulous as to the possibility of his having traded the old stock for this new line of goods only emphasized how little she knew about the business to which she had fallen heir.

The girl did have a practical idea along another line, however. "There isn't much use having all these lovely things," she suggested, "if we have no customers to see them. We've got to do some advertising."

"Right-o!" Dick echoed enthusiastically. "We'll find out immediately how much space in the daily papers will cost."

"No," Pen doubted. "I don't think it would do us much good to advertise in the newspapers. A circular delivered in the neighborhood would be better. But just an ordinary circular won't do. We've got to have something striking. How would this be?"

And with growing interest she went on to outline a scheme over which they spent all the rest of the afternoon and part of the evening, for they went to supper together.

As the result a local printer turned out the next morning a small poster which read:

#### SEVEN-CENT SALE AT SECOND-HAND SAM'S

The first seven customers at Second-Hand Sam's tomorrow morning can buy anything in the store, regardless of price mark, for seven cents. The next seven pay seventeen cents for anything which they may pick out, the next pay twenty-seven, and so on up to seventy-seven, after which the regular prices will prevail.

The local police station had to send a squad over to Second-Hand Sam's before the doors opened that morning. There were several hundred people there and all of them claimed to have arrived first. The police finally got the arguments settled and made the customers form a line.

Then Dick and Pen opened the doors and let in the first seven. The very first lady chose an elegant second-hand cook stove with all but two of the stove lids for her seven cents. The next lady got nearly a complete bed for the same trifling sum. When the first seven customers had been more than satisfied they were let



out and the seventeen-cent buyers admitted. As group after group carried out the tale of their bargains further excitement spread. Even those who did not manage to get in on the joker sale went in to inspect the stock, and the receipts for the day were comparatively enormous.

In accordance with a conclusion arrived at in solemn conclave after the doors were closed for the night, all the cash from the day's sale was entrusted to Richard. The idea was that he should replenish the stock with it. This he did the next morning, although the things that he bought actually cost a good deal more than the cash on hand. But he dug down into his bank balance once more, even though it hurt a good deal.

The matter of Dick's salary had never been adjusted. At the time the bargain had been made Pen had thought, of course, that he was merely a tramp out of work, but he had proven himself to be so much more than that, even to her inexperienced judgment, that it was obvious he ought to get at least a half interest in the profits. She broached that idea to him while they were eating an after-closing supper over at "The Chinaman's"—not a chop-suey parlor but just "The Chinaman's"—around in the next block. Saturday had been a big day and they had kept open until after nine o'clock at night.

"We have a balance of a hundred dollars in the bank," Pen said, "and you have with you nearly sixty-five more that we took in after we made our deposit this noon. My suggestion is that we keep the bank balance intact for stocking up on Monday and that we divide the cash fifty-fifty."

"Listen, Sam, that wouldn't be fair." "Then take two-thirds, Dick. I know you've earned it."

"I didn't mean that, Sam. You give me fifteen dollars and we'll call it square."

Pen laughed. "Look here, Dick, I've learned more about running a second-hand store in a week from working with you than I could have found out in a year watching my dad. I couldn't have handled the place without you. Furthermore I don't intend to try to handle it without you in the future. I want you to take a full partnership in the business."

"But, Sam—" "Either that or I'll sell it out or give it away and marry Mr. Brockaw. I'm no business woman and I know it. Without you I'd be a joke. You have a faculty of making my mind work faster, and together I have an idea that we can make a success of even this run-down business. But I can't let you give your time unless you get at least half of the returns."

"But I was thinking of quitting next week anyhow—after you got nicely started." Dick had to think of that job of his with the collection agency. A man couldn't be a nurse for someone else's run-down business all his life.

Pen didn't say anything. Two tears ran down her cheeks. He hadn't figured on that. "All right, I'll stay," his vocal cords enunciated, while all the time his mind was yelling, "Shut up, you fool!"

"You will?" The tone of the voice was his reward. "As long as I can," he promised. What he meant was as long as his twenty-five hundred dollars held out. "Then we're partners, share and share alike?"

"All right." They shook hands gayly across the little old wooden table. "The name of the firm," Pen decided, "is Sam One and Sam Two. You can be whichever you like and I'll be the other."

That night Dick wrote a letter to Mr. Wardell handing in his resignation from his regular job. Then he kicked himself twice in the lower half of his pajamas. But he did it with a sort of a pleasant smile. This man Brockaw, now—Dick hoped that he would choke to death from wearing his spats too tight.

There were a couple of housekeeping rooms at the rear of the shop where Sam Tuxberry had lived when he was there. Obviously it was no place for his daughter to stay, so Dick moved in.

Before the end of the first month of their association as used-goods merchants they ran into an unforeseen difficulty. Dick couldn't buy goods fast enough to replace the stock that was sold each day in the store. Pen had a lot of publicity ideas that kept getting them more and more customers.

To take care of the shortage in stock they hired a couple of buyers, men who went around from house to house in the well-to-do districts of the city making offers for old household goods. Sam One and Sam Two had to hire a repair man to transform the salvage into articles practically as good as new.

At the end of their first year of association Dick's bank account was \$3,000. And Arthur Brockaw hadn't been around to pray for failure for about six months. Maybe the last time he was there he had noticed something which the two partners had been too busy to discover themselves, namely and to wit, that they were falling in love with each other.

Their romance ripened in a curious, unmelodramatic sort of a way. Nothing was said, nothing particular happened. And yet they both began to know. Dick noticed it first one day when she happened to put her hand on his arm to steady herself when she was reaching for something on a shelf overhead. She had done that same thing hundreds of times probably, but this time it gave him a thrill. That was strange. Then he began to be aware how empty the shop was when she happened to be out.

She had funny little proprietary ways of touching him, almost inadvertently, whenever she went by him, just the tips of her fingers on his sleeve perhaps. Because he found her doing things like that, he realized that in her inner consciousness she was admitting him to terms of almost family intimacy.

So he knew that she cared for him, too. He did not feel worthy of her, but he was trying his best to pull himself up nearer to her level. In some things he was succeeding. And she needed him. There was no one else. He was quite sure of that. So he grew bold enough so that he finally made up his mind to ask her.

They had dinner down-town that evening—the celebration of their first anniversary as business partners. All during dinner he kept thinking of what he was going to say and trying to guess what the words of her reply

would be. He never doubted their import. It was a lot of fun playing at the intimacy that they knew would be real some day. It was even a sort of a game to hold off the actual love words, to call each other "Dick" and "Sam" instead of "Dearest" and "Darling."

"As a partner I should ask you," he said over dessert, "if you think you ought to spend the firm's money buying polish for your eyes like you done. It ain't right, Sam."

"It's business, Dick. By shining 'em up so they look practically as good as new I can maybe get a good price for 'em."

"But that I couldn't allow it, Sam, that you should sell the fixtures out from our place of business. And *oi, oi*, you got it on a new dress—with lace all over it." (Continued on page 104)



BY HACHRACH

HELEN R. HULL

SOMETIMES I think some of the people around this office know what I am going to think before I think it.

Not long ago Will Lengel, who is one of the keenest young men in our business, urged me to read "Labyrinth," a novel by Helen R. Hull. It was an excellent story, sincere and well told.

When I came to the office next day, I wrote him a note: "This woman can write. Let's get after her immediately."

A few minutes later he came in. "Here you are," he said, and handed me the manuscript of a short story, "The Play-boy," by Helen R. Hull. He'd been so sure of my reaction that he'd already "gone after" her.

I liked the short story even better than I had the novel. It was the story of a youth known to everyone who has lived in a small town. The youth who dresses better than he can afford, entertains the girls on a scale beyond his income—the chap the other fellows call a "four-flush."

The way this woman has got inside the head and heart of a playboy and shown what goes on there is almost uncanny.

We introduce Miss Hull to you with that short story next month. [R. L.]

# For The Love of Mike

By H. C. Witwer

The  
Story  
of a  
Superstitious  
Prize-  
Fighter

Illustrations by  
J. W. McGurk



"I come from No. 4  
Yawk. Where  
did you cuteys  
blow in from?"

A COUPLE or three days ago me and Hazel Killian, my beautiful girl friend, suddenly getting a rush of gray matter to the head, decided we should begin overhauling ourselves, mentally and—excuse me—physically. Our first imitation was to appear *au naturel* before some assorted and exorbitant specialists on this and that, passing the critical eyes of the medicos with flying colors. In fact there was plenty color flying in our cheeks when we left!

Well, as the charming doctors enthusiastically corroborated the report of our pier glass, we saw no reason to attempt improving two such physical masterpieces as ourselves, so we took up the subject of mental culture by hauling off and buying a set of the literary classics. Incidentally we ran into a booklegger from who Hazel bought a few suppressed gems at twenty-five dollars each and delivery right to your home in the original covers. Most of them were just one-half of one percent to me, really!

Being on the wagon as far as moonshine novels are concerned, I personally began getting scholarly with a cunning little volume entitled "Evangeline" from the busy pen of Harry Longfellow. None of it rhymes but it's much better than the film. Hazel said it was apple sauce to her and a steal on veronal for narcotic purposes. Still, as I twice caught Hazel cheating by passing up the dignified immorals—no, I don't mean *immortals*—for a copy of "Racy Stories," I can't give her much as a critic.

However, in wading gamely through "Evangeline" I came across the following:

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a  
horseshoe!

Really, I was a bit surprised to find that Mr. Longfellow was superstitious, everybody speaks so well about him. But

mentioning horseshoes reminds me of Mike McGann and Mike McGann reminds me of so many things that—well, let's sit down for a couple of minutes and I'll tell you about Miguel and the equine's boots.

If you laugh it's your own fault.

Of course you know I'm Gladys Murgatroyd, one of the voices with the smile at the switchboard of the Hotel St. Moe, a Gotham inn with a price list that would have made Captain Kidd look futile.

Hazel's a full-blooded show girl in one of the most successful yokel-thrillers on Broadway and after seeing her costume on the opening night I loved that term "show girl"! About the only thing that interests us in common is a telephone—I'm paid to ask for the boys' numbers, but Hazel generally has 'em—yet we're just a couple of nice girls trying to get along and have been each other's roommates, guardians, criticsers and what-not for no little time.

We stumbled across Mike McGann on the way back from a brief call on Europe, a trip I was able to make through clicking off a \$5,000 reward for saving the jewels of a wealthy old maid from a particularly despicable crook. The gorgeous Hazel got passage by hoarding her pennies for a rainy day and then buying a ticket to London instead of an umbrella.

Our meeting with the highly entertaining Michael McGann was a bit unconventional and that sort of thing, I mean to say, as the jolly old Londoners remark—in books. Me and Hazel were inmates of Paris when we were struck with a yen to come back to the big open spaces where a man's a man and a woman's a potential movie star. Hazel insisted on coming back by the via of Great Britain, in the hope that the cute Prince of Wales would peg her and forget about Buckingham Palace. She witnessed H. R. H. Edward at a prize-fight in the National Sporting Club and heartily agrees that he's the king's hair!

"There's a boy that's going to get somewhere," says Hazel. "I predict a great future for him if he works hard and tends to his knitting!"

The good-looking Eddie is sitting pretty at that, now isn't he?

Well, we did see the Prince of Wales at the Shawtsbury Theater, but though by actual count he once glanced in our direction, Mr. Wales was Hazel-proof, in spite of the fact that Hazel is the real McCoy and has been a disturbance amongst the annoying sex since she tossed away her rattle for a powder puff. So having failed to panic royalty and being as homesick as Robinson Crusoe, we checked out of London and started for the Gem of the Ocean.

A bone-chilling, foggy drizzle was falling in King George's home town when we glided out of it and by the time we slid into



When O'Cohen recognized Mike he foamed at the mouth. He'd been champion of the world for six months and didn't know it!

Southampton it was coming down the same way it does at Niagara Falls.

Hazel, the demon shopper, became crazily infatuated with a silk and lace shawl in a shop window and insisted on buying it, in spite of my advice to the opposite. Really, we had more trunks as it was than a herd of elephants! They were all full of stuff to delight the customs boys and while me and Hazel have singly and together smiled our way out of many a critical situation, these hard-boiled customs inspectors can't be bribed with mere eye work. They have too strong a sense of duty, if you know what I mean. That's just a near pun, so don't bother with it.

Anyway, Hazel has a bad habit of being as close as a tie game when it comes to circulating her own dimes, even if she has been the reason for lots of other people's gulden changing hands. Hagglng over the price of this shawl ate up so much time that when we were about to leave the store and a hoarsely fatigued saleslady, we discovered to our horror that we had just twenty minutes to make our boat!

We dashed madly outside in the downpour of rain and gazed wildly around for a taxi. There was exactly one in sight and we yelled at it just as a similar yell came from across the street. The cab skidded dizzily to a stop and lifting our skirts we braved the elements and such male eyes as were passing, including the taxi chauffeur's. I yanked open the door of the cab, telling the goofy-looking driver to keep his eyes front, and just as me and Hazel are about to step excitedly in an undersized and equally excited youth starts inside through the opposite door. Ain't we got fun?

We hesitate in amazement and then the damp and angry Hazel finds her voice.

"Get back in line, Dizzy," she tells the surprised stranger. "This is *our* cab!"

"That's what you think!" sneers the butter-in. "I was on the runnin' board of this boiler before it stopped. Run along, I'm busy. I got to go places plenty swift and this here taxi's engaged!"

"Try and get it!" snaps Hazel, fit to be tied.

"Try and stop me!" grins this modern Chesterfield.

"If you were a gentleman," says Hazel, curling her cheery lip, "you wouldn't argue with a lady!"

"People which lives in gasoline tanks shouldn't throw matches," comes back our opponent coolly. "If you was a lady you wouldn't butt in where you wasn't invited!"

Meanwhile the taxi driver is a neutral but much interested audience. Covered from head to foot by the British equivalent of a slicker, the rain meant nothing in his young life! He was likewise nobody's fool. With great presence of mind he shoves the meter over to "Waiting Time" so that no matter who wins the argument *he* won't be the loser!

"You're nothing but a little English cur!" says Hazel calmly to the other occupant of the taxi.

He immediately busts out laughing. "Ha, ha!" he chortles. "The funny part is that I ain't English at all!"

It was our turn to grin.

"But you admit being a cur?" asks Hazel scornfully.

"I don't admit nothin'!" says the little fellow warily. "You got to see Silent Sam Shapiro, my manager. He does all my business."

Don't you love that?

Well, while all this trifling small talk is being had, both us and the pest are taking unwilling shower baths of typical cold Southampton rain. Honestly, the skin you love to touch was simply drenched! We're making no progress at all, with Hazel and her tête-à-tête getting along like a couple of headache powders in a glass of water. So I took a hand.

"Listen, young man!" I says, smiling sweetly, "we've got about fifteen minutes to catch a boat for America and——"

"Why didn't you say you was Americans?" interrupts the stranger. "I would of worked different!"

"Did you expect us to wave flags, you little boob?" snorts Hazel. "Hurry up and get away from that door—we're late!"

"Stop squawkin' and leave me alone, will you?" complains our young friend. "So you're Amuricans, hey? Well, well, well! So am I. I come from Noo Yawk. Where did you cuteys blow in from? Ain't this Southampton a fearful slab?"

"Shut up!" almost screams the nervous Hazel, with a hasty glance at her watch. "If you don't go away from this cab I'll——"

"Oh, be yourself, good-lookin', and quit gettin' rosy with me!" says the Noo Yawker peevishly. "I'm shovin' off for Broadway on the same scow *you're* goin' back on. Flop down there and we'll both take this taxi. As Cain remarked to Abel, it's all fun!"

Once in the cab and out of the flood, introductions came easily. I identified myself and the still seething Hazel, and our companion broke down and confessed to being Mike McGann, an aspirant for the bantam-weight boxing championship. When Hazel had digested that startling information she sniffed contemptuously and turned on the ice for Michael. The combination of "Mike McGann" and "prize-fighter" murdered her interest and Mike just couldn't sell himself to Hazel.

On the other hand I didn't find the not bad-looking Michael hard to take at all. It's a cold fact that he had the earmarks of a fighter—both of 'em being rather soggy and swollen—but now that the transportation problem had been solved he really seemed to have quite a winning personality. To get my troubled mind off the way our taxi was skidding all over the slippery wet pavements I engaged Mike in conversation. It wasn't a hard trick.

"What were you doing in Europe, Mr. McGann?" I asked, with a show of interest that burnt Hazel up.

"Who—me?" says Mike. "Oh, I just been acin' around. A week ago I win a brawl at the National Sportin' Club. What a swell trap *that* is and how they put on dog—nothin' but dress suits and dukes! They thought I was a mug but that ain't what they think now! I knock off a boloney by the name of Drummer Tansy with one cuff in the pan. The second time I feint him he become a canvas inspector, goin' down without bein' hit and takin' the count! The big mackerel had fifteen pounds on me, too. Them milk-fed English scrappers is just giggles to me, no kiddin'. All they got is their trunks!"

"You hate yourself, don't you?" sneers the bored Hazel, yawning and looking out the taxi window at the rain.

"No, I don't hate myself, sweetness," says Mike, not a bit ruffled. "But when a guy's good he might as well admit it!"

I gave Michael his laugh and then I remarked that it surprised me to find out that a boy of his small size—he didn't weigh a grain over 118—should be a pugilist. I had the idea that most boxers were built à la Dempsey. This appeared to slightly steam Mons. McGann.





I don't think Hazel will ever doubt Michael's ability as a fighter again.

"So you think it's funny a little guy should be a box-fighter, hey?" he says indignantly. "Where d'ye get that stuff? The greatest battlers the world has ever saw was little guys and if you don't think so you're crazy! Ain't you ever saw a pitcher of Napoleon?"

"Do you compare yourself with Napoleon?" inquires Hazel, with withering scorn. It was wasted on Mike.

"Why not? The French is as good as we are, ain't they?"

That won and Hazel threw up her hands with a whinney of resignation!

Deliberately turning his back on the outraged Hazel, Michael then began promoting himself with me. After he told me that I was as soothing to the eyes as boric acid and I told him to behave or I'd give him the last lesson first, he explained the weights in the different classes of pugilism. His life-long ambition was to become champion in his own division, the

## For the Love of Mike

bantam-weight, and according to Mike that ambition would be realized shortly after he arrived in New York. Honest to Brooklyn, he had more confidence in himself than a deep-sea diver ducking his head in a bathtub!

Plenty amused by Miguel's English and quaint philosophy, I looked forward to lots of guffaws on what would otherwise be a brutal boat ride back home, as I'm no sailor. I was not disappointed regarding Mike's entertainment value. Believe me, he certainly gave us service!

About half-way to the dock our taxi suddenly came to a slithering stop, with a screech and burning of emergency brakes. To the accompaniment of some choice cockney oaths from our chauffeur, a muttered curse from Mike that was at least clean and faint screams from me and Hazel, we're all tumbled together in a heap by the unexpected halt. As the taxi slides on again Hazel sticks her head out the window in the rain and remarks that we almost ran over a cat.

"A cat, hey?" says Mike tensely, grabbing Hazel's arm. "What color, kid?"

"It was a black cat," answers Hazel frigidly, removing Michael's hand from her arm the same way she'd pick up an overripe tomato. "And my name is Miss Killian—not kid!"

Mike falls back in his seat with a groan.

"Your name will be *mud* now!" he tells Hazel. "Can you imagine a black cat crossin' our path? Ain't that a tough break, when we're late and everything? I betcha we miss the boat or crash into somebody or the wheels'll come off this tin can we're in, or else—"

"Or else they won't!" butts in Hazel testily. "Be still, you little crape-hanger. I think there's a touch of undertaker in you!"

"I wouldn't be surprised," answers the future bantam-weight champion. "Layin' 'em out cold and stiff is my business! If you're a good girl I might let you see me fight when we get to Noo Yawk."

"I'm not in the habit of going around with prize-fighters, thank you!" snaps Hazel.

"Well, a round is all I generally let 'em go with me!" says Mike.

"I wish you would stop talking to me—I don't like you!" says Hazel furiously.

"See if I care!" answers Mike with an untroubled grin. "If you don't quit speakin' out of turn I'll street you from my taxi and let this English rain make a bum out of your permanent wave!"

Honestly, the lovely but torrid-tempered Hazel, used to having the boys jump through hoops at her command, was commencing to get red-headed at being unable to do anything with Michael's delivery. I stepped into the breach with a change of conversation, to ward off violence!

"Do you really believe a black cat crossing your path is bad luck, Mr. McGann?" I ask him.

"Absolutely!" says Mike emphatically, now on what I was soon to find out was his favorite subject. "And before this day's over you'll be believin' it, too. One or all of us is due for a piece of grief. I never seen that sign fail! Why, listen here, kid, about a year ago I was out in—"

But really, I don't want to detain you too long. While Hazel alternately yawned and giggled and I let out careful inches on a smile, Miguel seriously told us of various cruel and unusual misfortunes that had befell himself and friends as the direct result of ebony kittens scampering across their right of way. Honestly, he put us both in hysterics when he wound up his mournful anecdotes by taking a well-worn rabbit's foot from his pocket and rubbing it vigorously to offset Mr. Black Cat's bad luck!

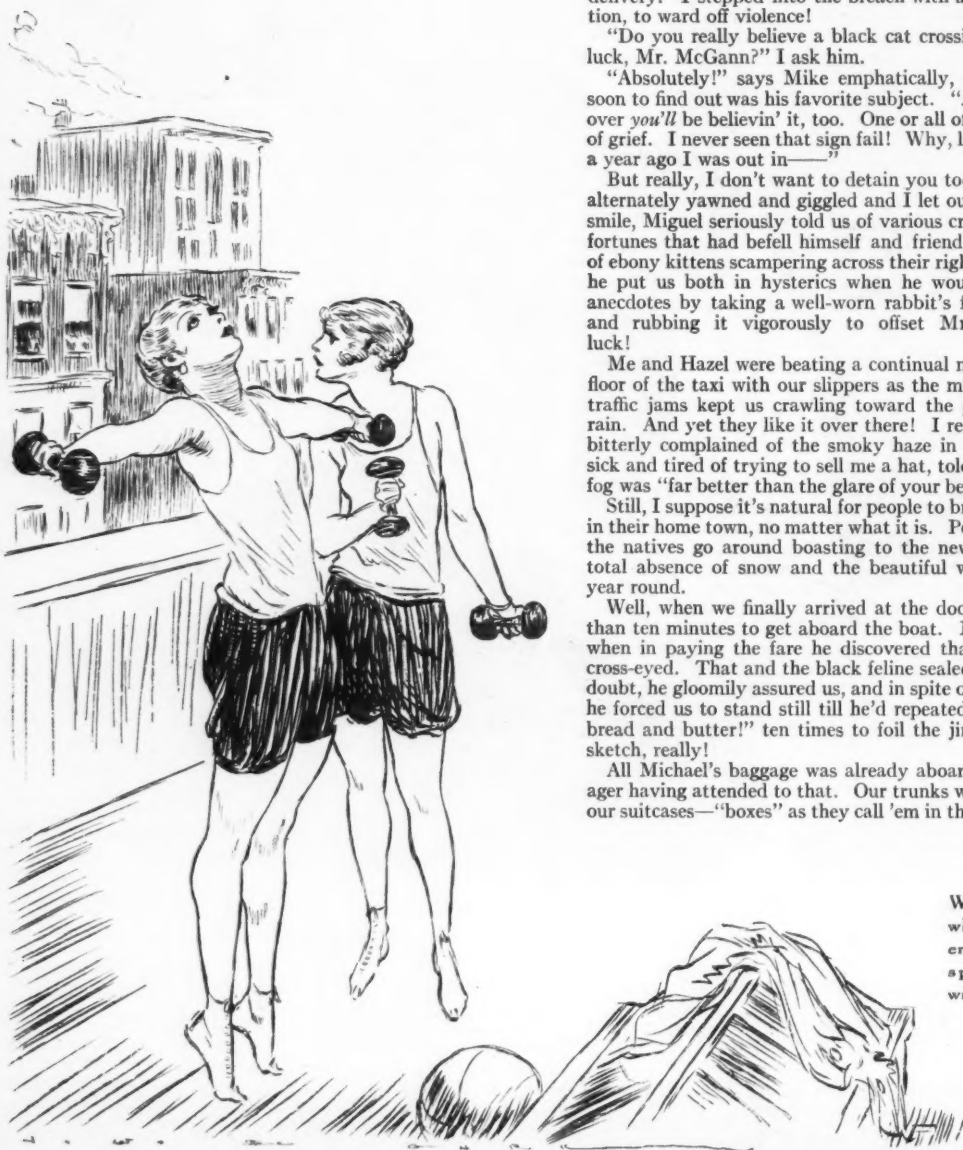
Me and Hazel were beating a continual nervous tattoo on the floor of the taxi with our slippers as the minutes ticked off and traffic jams kept us crawling toward the pier in that horrible rain. And yet they like it over there! I remember when I once bitterly complained of the smoky haze in London, a shop-girl, sick and tired of trying to sell me a hat, told me that the British fog was "far better than the glare of your beastly American sun!"

Still, I suppose it's natural for people to brag about the climate in their home town, no matter what it is. Perhaps even in Hades the natives go around boasting to the new arrivals about the total absence of snow and the beautiful warm climate all the year round.

Well, when we finally arrived at the dock we had much less than ten minutes to get aboard the boat. Mike nearly swooned when in paying the fare he discovered that our chauffeur was cross-eyed. That and the black feline sealed our doom beyond a doubt, he gloomily assured us, and in spite of the scarcity of time he forced us to stand still till he'd repeated "Bread and butter, bread and butter!" ten times to foil the jinx. Mike was a hot sketch, really!

All Michael's baggage was already aboard the ship, his manager having attended to that. Our trunks were below decks, but our suitcases—"boxes" as they call 'em in the United Kingdom—

We only stopped when we discovered enthusiastic male spectators armed with field-glasses!



had been forwarded ahead and were still on the dock. We quickly identified them and Mike shooed us up the gangplank, telling us he'd bring our hand luggage along as there were no porters in sight. At first Hazel strenuously objected, on the grounds that Miguel was trying to put over a fast one. She informed me in a loud aside that Mike was probably a clever crook who had framed our meeting and everything else in order to abduct our suitcases. She said she'd as soon put him in charge of something worth money as she'd put a rabbit in charge of a leaf of cabbage! A certain unfortunate experience we had in gay Paree has convinced Hazel that the only thing level is a pool table. However, I managed to chase her protestingly aboard, telling the obliging Mike to do his stuff and make it snappy.

Then the fun began!

Hazel's flock of hat-boxes caused all the excitement, and really within the next few minutes there was enough of that commodity to satisfy the most exacting! A shopper by birth, Hazel has attended all the sales in the world except the one Columbus took, and in Paris she just ran wild. The perspiring Michael was forced to make two trips with Hazel's baggage and just as he raced across the pier with his second armful of millinery the dear old gangplank was being drawn in. Honestly, from then on it was all slapstick, lacking nothing but a director, a camera and a couple of union pie-throwers! Hurling the hat-boxes aboard, Mike made a praiseworthy but wild leap for the deck, lustily cheered by the delighted mob on the dock and the heavily thrilled me and Hazel. However, he turned out to be a very much better pitcher than he was a broad jumper. The hat-boxes landed K. O. but with Mike it was different! By an odd coincidence he missed the gangplank from here to Baluchistan and hit the water with a fearful splash. Me and Hazel were only two of the scores who shrieked and "Oh-ed!" while the laughing deck-hands fished him out of the water and pulled him aboard, limp, soaked and bedraggled. Try and keep an Irishman down with plain water!

Accompanied by a frantic young gentleman who we afterwards learned was Silent Sam Shapiro, Mike's manager, me and Hazel rushed down to where the water-logged Mr. McGann lay prostrate on the deck. The ship's doctor and some admiring volunteers were busy trying to bring him back to normalcy. Michael looked like a total loss when Silent Sam pushed his way through and scowled down at his unconscious meal ticket.

"The dizzy little stiff!" remarks Silent Sam indignantly to the world at large. "We got sixty thousand dollars' worth of box fights signed up and can you imagine this bozo takin' a chance like that with my cut of the sugar?"



"You little quitter!" I hissed. "You're letting this fellow beat you just because of that mole on his shoulder."

for a doughnut would be. Samuel admitted that he and Mike wore straw hats in the winter-time for a while, but added he could sell Mike now for twenty-five thousand dollars easily.

"Sell him?" I ask, frowning. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself to hold that boy in slavery—to take part of his money when he does all the fighting?"

"How d'ye get that way?" says this master mind in amazement. "Managin' a leather-pusher's a tough racket. I got to figure out wise fights for Mike and rate him along, whilst all he's got to do is go in there with a pair of nice silk trunks on and take his pastin'!"

Hazel clucks her tongue and I curled my lip at him.

"Just what did you do during the war, Mr. Shapiro?" I ask him.

"I claimed exemption!" says Samuel promptly. "On the grounds of double pneumonia. When (Continued on page 110)

"You unfeeling wretch!" explodes Hazel, to my surprise. "He might have been drowned!"

"He'd just as soon play a dirty trick like that on me as not!" agrees Silent Sam. "When I first took hold of him he was as homeless as a poker chip, yet he ain't got a ounce of gratitude in his system for what I done for him. They don't make 'em no selfisher!"

We both glare at him and at that minute Michael opens his eyes, staring around vacantly. Then he sees me and a glint of recognition brightens his face.

"I told you that black cat and that cross-eyed banana which run that taxi would gum this trip for me!" he gulps almost triumphantly through chattering teeth. "Somebody catch me a cuppa hot coffee, I'm as cold as a pawnbroker's heart!"

Well, on the voyage home Michael McGann and his talkative manager, Silent Sam Shapiro, clung to us like bathing suits, honestly. While Michael was recovering from his spectacular dive into the briny, Silent Sam told us something about him. He was rushing his visible means of support back from unamended Europe to get him "off the gin and on the gym," as he put it. Yes, McGann was his real name and Silent Sam wouldn't let him put "One-Round," "Kid," "Hurricane" or anything like that in front of it. Why? Look at the records of fistiana, says Samuel, and you'll see that few boxers called "Fighting" this or "Knockout" that ever held a title. The good ones are all plain Jack Dempsey, Harry Greb, Mickey Walker, Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee, Joe Lynch, etc.

Sam also related how a couple of years before he had paid one Beansy Mullen five hundred dollars for Mike's contract and thought he got a bargain. The sport writers told him it was the same kind of a bargain as paying five hundred dollars



# The LUNCHEON

*An incident of the days  
when he was broke*

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

*whose royalties from one play  
have exceeded \$150,000*

*Illustration by F. R. Gruger*



I CAUGHT sight of her at the play and in answer to her beckoning I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her and if someone had not mentioned her name I hardly think I should have recognized her. She addressed me brightly.

"Well, it's many years since we first met. How time does fly! We're none of us getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to luncheon."

Did I remember?

It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris. I had a tiny apartment in the Latin Quarter overlooking a cemetery and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying that she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat with me; but her time was limited—would I give her a little luncheon at Foyot's afterwards?

Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators eat and it was so far beyond my means that I had never thought even of going there. But I was flattered and I was too young to have learned to say no to a woman. (Few men, I may add, learn this until they are too old to make it of any consequence to a woman what they say.) I had eighty francs to last me the rest of the month and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen francs. If I cut out coffee for the next two or three weeks I could manage well enough.

I answered that I would meet my friend—by correspondence—at Foyot's on Thursday at half past twelve. She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was in fact a woman of forty—and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener.

I was startled when the bill of fare was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had anticipated. But she reassured me. "I never eat anything for luncheon," she said.

"Oh, don't say that!" I answered generously.

"I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat far too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon."

Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not on the bill of fare, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, a beautiful salmon had just come in, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked.

"No," she answered, "I never eat more than one thing. Unless you had a little caviare. I never mind caviare."

My heart sank a little. I told the waiter by all means to bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.

"I think you're unwise to eat meat," she said. "I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I don't believe in overloading my stomach."

Then came the question of drink.

"I never drink anything for luncheon," she said.

"Neither do I," I answered promptly.

"Except white wine," she proceeded as though I had not spoken. "These French white wines are so light. They're wonderful for the digestion."

"What would you like?" I asked, not exactly effusive.

She gave me a bright and amicable flash of her white teeth.

"My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne."

I fancy I turned a trifle pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne.

"What are you going to drink, then?" she inquired.

"Water," I answered briefly.

She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she took me quite seriously to task.

"I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel ever so much better for it."

"I am only going to eat one thing," I said as the waiter came again with the bill of fare.

She waved him aside with an airy gesture. "No, no, I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that, and I eat that more as an excuse for conversation than anything else. I couldn't possibly eat anything more—unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them."

I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them. "Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus," I asked the waiter.

I tried with all my might to will him to say no. A happy smile spread over his broad priest-like face and he assured her that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender that it was a marvel.

"I'm not in the least hungry," my guest sighed, "but if you insist I don't mind having some asparagus." I ordered them.

"Aren't you going to have any?"

"No," I replied, "I never eat asparagus."

"I know there are people who don't like them. The fact is

you ruin your palate by all the meat you eat." We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now how much money I should have left over for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. I knew exactly how much I had and if the bill came to more I made up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say it had been picked. Of course it would be awkward if she had not money enough either to pay the bill. Then the only thing would be to leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later.

The asparagus appeared. They were enormous, succulent and appetizing. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils. I watched the abandoned woman. She thrust them down her throat one by one in large voluptuous mouthfuls and in my polite way I discoursed on the condition of the drama in the Balkans.

At last she finished. "Coffee?" I said.

"Yes, just an ice-cream and coffee," she answered. I was past caring now, so I ordered coffee for myself and an ice-cream and coffee for her. "You know, there's one thing I thoroughly believe in," she said as she ate the ice-cream. "One should always get up from a meal feeling that one could eat a little more."

"Are you still hungry?" I asked faintly.

"Oh no, I'm not hungry; you see, I don't eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon. I was speaking for you."

"Oh, I see!" I said.



Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee the head waiter, with an ingratiating smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. They had the blush of an innocent girl; they had the rich tone of an Italian landscape. But surely peaches were not in season then? Lord knew what they cost. I knew too—a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absent-mindedly took one.

"You see, you've filled your stomach with a lot of meat"—my one miserable little chop—"and you can't eat any more. But I've just had a snack and I shall enjoy a peach."

The bill came and when I paid it I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip. Her eyes rested for an instant

on the three francs I left for the waiter and I knew that she thought me mean. But when I walked out of the restaurant I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.

"Follow my example," she said as we shook hands, "and never eat more than one thing for luncheon."

"I'll do better than that," I retorted. "I'll eat nothing for dinner tonight."

"Humorist!" she cried gaily. "You're quite a humorist."

But I have had my revenge at last. I do not believe that I am a vindictive man, but when the immortal gods take a hand in the matter it is pardonable to observe the result with complacency. Today, she weighs three hundred pounds.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

# *The* MAN Four-Square

*Illustrations by Robert W. Stewart*



**B**ESIDE their camp-fires at night, with the deep shadows of the forest creeping in closely about them, Carter found relief for his soul in talking to Peter about Mona Guyon and the settlement of Five Fingers.

A change which was little short of a miracle to Peter had come over the man-hunter. The pitiless Carter, the human ferret, the iron man of the law whose years of duty had never been tempered with mercy or conscience was gone, and in his place was a new Carter, dragging himself a little at a time out of the paths of tragedy and misery which he had followed for so long.

Through those years Peter knew that Carter had been a Nemesis and a destroyer. He had not known pity, but only the grim exultation of achievement. Women, love, the extenuation of circumstance, even motherhood in its most beautiful sacrifice, had not stayed his hand when once the law had set him like a hound upon the scent of his victim. He had broken men and women. He had opened doors of blackness and despair to a hundred human souls. Yet the law had been always at his back, urging him on and exulting in his triumphs; he had committed no crime, no sin, and the world had applauded his exploits when it heard of them, visioning him as a splendid part of that mighty mechanism of legal force which made peace and good will on earth possible among men.

Yet Carter, in these strange days of his mental and spiritual transformation, knew differently. He knew that he had served too well, and for that reason he hated himself and called himself a fiend. It was now, after he had hunted Peter's father to his death, that his successes began to dig themselves out of their graves and reappear to him as haunting ghosts. And he prayed God to keep Peter, of all men, from hating him.

"I killed your father," he said to him frankly. "I hunted him for six years. I ran him as a dog runs a rabbit until his mind and his body broke down and he died. And in the end he accepted me as a son, and I loved him. If I had only known! But I didn't, and my life belongs to you. I give it willingly as the price of a great mistake."



# The Final Story of A Gentleman of Courage



"A man should be happy," said Carter, "with a girl like Mona waiting at the end of the trail."

And as days and weeks of the sullen winter's end had passed Peter found it impossible to hate Carter. Instead, there had grown in him a slow and irresistible feeling of brotherhood for the man who had trailed them to their hiding-place at last, and who, in the hour of his deepest grief, had knelt with him in prayer over the frozen grave of his father in the little clearing farther north. In those moments he had learned that it was not Carter who was accountable. It was the system—the law and its inalienable right to strike and kill.

Now they were going home.

Six hundred miles behind them lay the wilderness of the Pipestone and the McFarlane, where the hunt had ended and the final tragedy had been enacted.

Ahead of them, beyond four hundred miles of still deeper forests, was Five Fingers.

On this night late in April, as they sat in the yellow glow of a birchwood fire which they had built in the chill of sunset, Carter had drawn a rough map in the edge of the ash. The somber depths of a moonless night lay like a curtain of heavy velvet behind him, and against this his thin and hawk-like face was set so vividly that Peter saw the odd twitch of his lips as he said:

"One week for Jackson's Knee, another for the country of Lac St. Joe, two more for the Height of Land, and then you'll be looking down on Five Fingers! They will all be glad to see you, Peter. And Mona—" He shrugged his shoulders and a little throb came in the pit of his throat as he spoke of Peter's sweetheart. "God knows a man should be happy with a girl like her waiting for him at the end of the trail," he said.

"I've been away two years," replied Peter, for it was always that thought which kept pounding at his heart. "At times I am afraid of what may have happened since that night you and Aleck Curry almost got dad and me in the edge of the burned lands."

Carter made no sign that he had heard. He was staring into the deep, red embers of the fire.

"Your mother was an angel," he said, so quietly and unexpectedly that his words fell upon Peter almost with the effect of a shock. "My mother I cannot remember. But *your* mother he made very near and real for me in those last days of—I can't call it his madness!—it was—"

"Forgetfulness," said Peter.

Carter bowed his head. "Yes, forgetfulness. Yet some things lived so vividly—things of the past. He made them live and breathe for me—and one picture makes me want to kill!—that picture of the little cabin in the clearing more than twenty years ago—your mother—you in her arms—Donald McRae's home-coming and

the vengeance he dealt out to the snake who had come to take advantage of his absence. When I see that vision I want to choke the life out of a human beast I know—Aleck Curry!"

Peter made no answer.

"I can't undo what I've done," Carter went on. "I tracked your father until his mind broke under the strain, but I can't help that now. It is over. All I can do in the way of reparation is to help you—you and Mona Guyon. And between you two—between your happiness and hers—is one man, a slimy, conscienceless serpent waiting and watching for your return. He would sell his soul if he had one to possess her—even if she came to him for only an hour as the price of your safety and freedom. And you're going home—an *outlaw*!"

"By that you mean Curry will hold me in his power when I reach Five Fingers?"

"Yes."

"And will attempt to force from me a price—"

Peter did not finish, but stood up, so that he was looking straight into Carter's eyes.

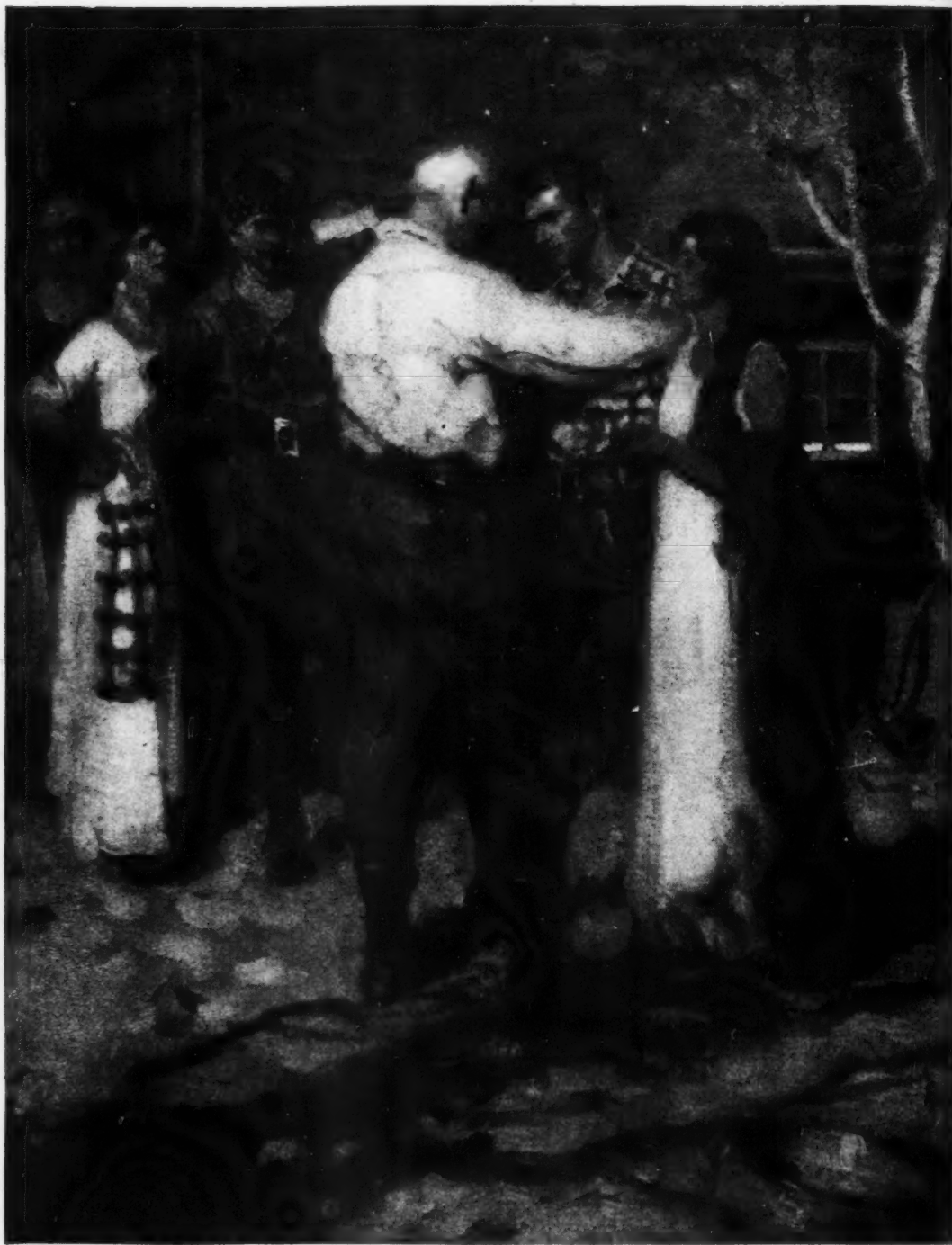
"Yes, partly from you, but mostly from Mona. That is why I've been holding you back, a drag from the beginning. Curry's uncle has become a power politically, and Aleck was given a corporalship a year ago. I would stake my life that he is keeping his secret about you and the part you played in your father's escape two years ago. The knowledge is too precious for him to divulge.

"You assaulted him, almost killed him, and freed your father; you kept him—an officer of the law—a prisoner on an island; later you fired upon Curry and me with the rifle which Simon McQuarrie gave you—and all this means from five to fifteen years in prison for you, and Curry knows it. The fact that your father was almost blind, and that his mind had broken down, won't help you. Law is law, especially in Canada. Our judges and juries go by the code and not by emotions. And this law, its inviolability, is why Aleck Curry is a greater menace to you now than all the dangers you have encountered since you led your father into the north.

"He is moved entirely by two passions, one his desire for Mona Guyon and the other his hatred for you. On the night when we almost caught you both in your escape from Five Fingers he offered me a thousand dollars and his uncle's influence in getting me a sergeantcy if I would keep the secret of your capture, and turn our prisoners over to him. It was my humor to let him think he had bought me. And then, in the dawn of that morning, you filled our boat full of bullets—and got away. That's the story, Peter. There is no escaping the trap if you return to Five Fingers. Curry will descend upon you, demand marriage of Mona, or probably worse—and if she refuses—"

"She can visit me occasionally in prison," said Peter.

His face reflected no trace of the white heat that had mounted into Carter's; he spoke quietly and his hands had lost their



The bell had pealed in wild exultation, calling out every soul in Five Fingers. Old Simon said

clenched tenseness. For a moment Carter gazed at him in silence, as if he doubted the look which he saw in Peter's eyes.

"You mean that?"

"I do. Aleck Curry holds no power over me that can in any way endanger Mona. If I owe a debt I am willing to pay it. Neither Mona nor I have anything that we want to sell, and Aleck Curry has nothing that we want to buy."

Carter drew a deep breath. "If you look at it that way—"

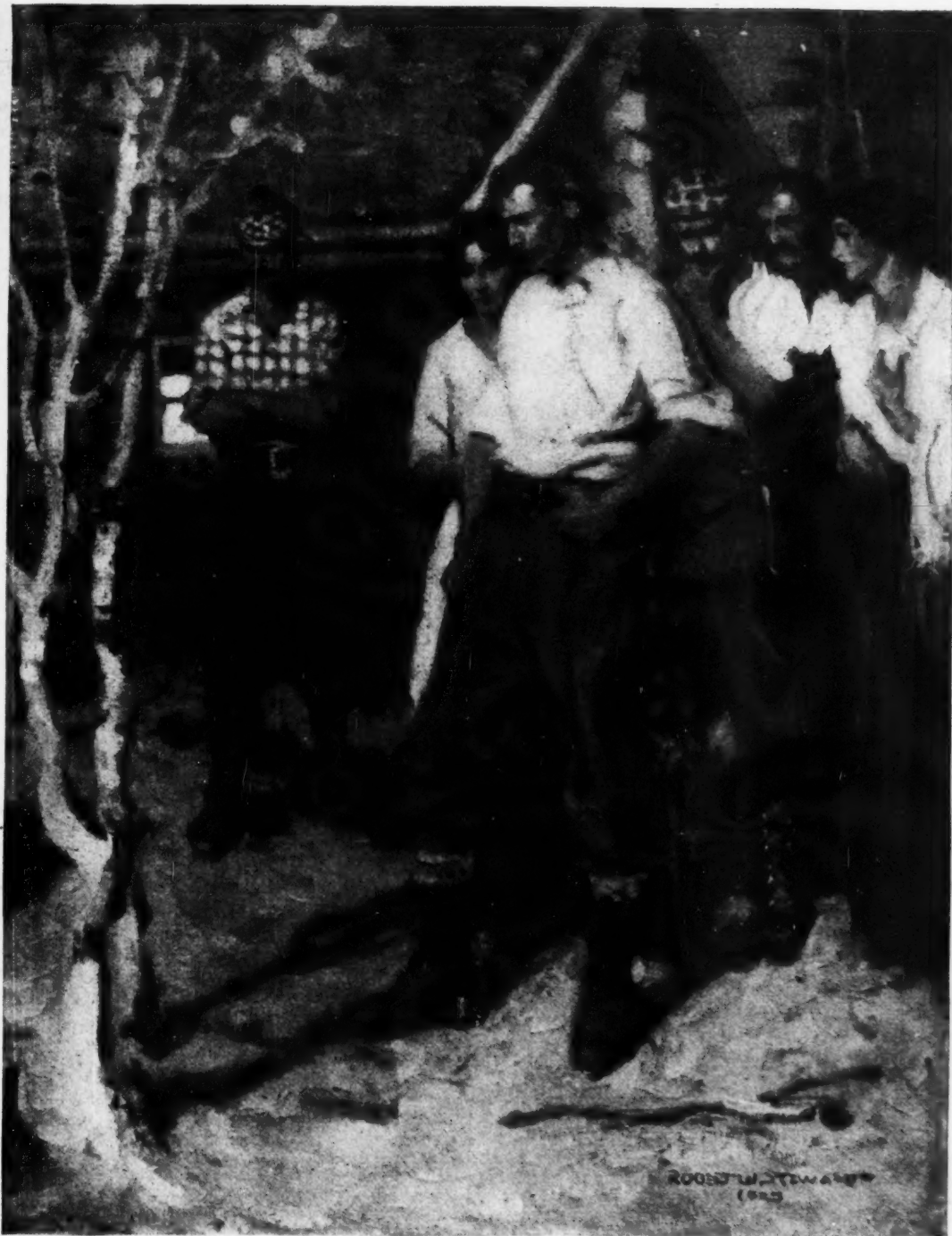
"There is no other way."

"But Curry and I are the only two men on earth who can swear that you have done these things. The smallest restitution I can make to you for all the wrong I have done your father is to keep my knowledge secret. Torture could not tear it from me. Now—if we can silence Curry, tie his tongue, break him——"

"None of which we can do," interrupted Peter. "He has hated me since the day we first fought over Mona when we were boys. Only one thing could stop his vengeance. I would have to kill him, and that is inconceivable. For my father I would have done that. I had even prepared myself to kill you, Carter, if such an act became necessary to save him. But for myself—*no!*"

Carter thrust out his hand, but as it gripped Peter's he turned his face away. "You're a lot like your dad," he said. "I see it more every day. I'm going to bed. Good night!"

Caution and habit had made the Ferret spread his blankets in the pit of gloom outside the glow of firelight. He disappeared in the darkness and a moment later Peter heard him as he stretched himself out for the night.



nothing when he came face to face with Peter, his stern face working in a strange way.

But Carter had no idea of sleeping. For days past a thought had been building itself up slowly in his brain, and tonight he had almost revealed that thought to Peter. He watched him now, and in the firelight the drooped figure and pale, sensitive face of the man he had hunted and whose happiness he had helped to destroy tightened something at his heart until he found it hard to breathe. He had never loved a woman, and had never felt the bond of a great friendship for a man, but for Peter something more than the friendships he had known—a thing that was very close to a man's love for a man—had begun to possess him body and soul.

And with that smile, dead and uncompromising, which in all the years of his service had made men fear and avoid him, Carter whispered to himself: "I guess maybe you needn't worry, Peter.

I don't think Aleck Curry and the law are going to get you—not if I can help it."

With this settled, it was easier for Carter to give himself up to sleep.

The middle of May found them half-way between Lac St. Joe and the Height of Land, with Five Fingers still a hundred and eighty miles ahead of them.

"We'll make it in seven days," said Peter.

"Unless the melting snows flood the streams," said Carter.

Spring was breaking gloriously. Scents filled the air. Crushed balsam and cedar gave out a redolence that was tonic. The poplar buds were bursting. Birds were returning. On the sides of slopes where the sun struck warmly (Continued on page 140)





*Peggy might have been taken for a singularly beautiful young actress. Indeed, Baring told her: "I've always had the impression about you that you were acting a part."*

By LAWRENCE PERRY

*The Romance of a Chip Off the Old Block*

# *The Fortune-Hunter*

Illustrations by Harrison Fisher

ALONG the peaks and crags of the Cordillera as seen from the veranda café of the Grand Hotel in the Plaza de Armas, lightning played over an illimitable area. Clouds, somber, ominous, careened before the unceasing winds.

Peggy Flinn glanced down the table at young Baring, whose eyes were fixed upon the vast pageant of mountain and elements. This gave him an appearance of detachment as though Colonel Flinn's guests were not sufficiently interesting to hold him. The girl frowned and turned to her partner, Jay Blarcom, a young associate in several of her father's important enterprises.

It was Flinn's farewell dinner before leaving Santiago, the end of an annual spring visit to Chile, where his copper and silver interests were extensive. The feast was after his best manner; in some respects, indeed, the Colonel had exceeded himself and not all the guests were standing the going too well.

Jeff Callender, of New York and the world, certainly was not. As coffee and liqueurs were being served he leaned across the table, inviting Peggy to remain in Santiago, concluding with a personal remark, better adapted for the smoking room, that was well enough intended, no doubt—that is to say, humorously intended—but would hardly have been uttered in a less convivial mood.

The girl turned quickly to her father. He was laughing tolerantly amid general laughter. When it ceased she faced Callender, smiling, and impaled him with a little sentence; a smiling sentence, but keen and barbed, which appraised his appeal from the feminine viewpoint as completely as many words would have done.

It scored heavily. As though against her will the girl glanced again at Baring. Out of the corner of her eye she had seen him start and lean forward when Callender had spoken; but now his attention had returned to the mountains which were bulking vaguely against the high stars. He was not joining in the mirth; yet neither did he suggest obliviousness.

Somehow she caught from him a cheapening sense of this environment, or thought she did; at any rate she was fully sensible, as always when he was near, of an unwelcome influence that seemed striving deep within her to throw her philosophy out of gear, to alter or subdue impulses which she prized as part of her independence and worldly wisdom.

Her father had met the man some three weeks previously at the Cousinia Club, where Baring was resting after several months' prospecting in the Andes north of Antofagasta, unsuccessfully, it was understood, for salitra. Salitra is hardly less valuable than gold and Colonel Flinn had been shrewdly eager to know what the young adventurer had learned. In the time spent acquiring this information Baring had insensibly become affiliated with the magnate's party.

Now as the cold fixedness of Peggy's gaze caught Baring's attention he smiled at her; but her eyes did not lighten, or waver. His brows rose inquiringly and then as Jeff Callender left his place he rose with a friendly nod at the girl and followed him.

Flushing, Peggy turned toward her father, drawn perhaps by his reassuring solidity and poise. She had been his constant companion since girlhood and in New York and among the hotels of the world had grown and developed, missing many things she might have learned had her mother lived and, again, acquiring traits, viewpoints, knowledge of sorts that otherwise would not have been hers.

In appearance she might have been taken for a singularly beautiful young actress. Slightly above medium height, her hair was of that glowing brown that verges upon blonde. She had her father's clear blue eyes and was graceful as a professional dancer.

Indeed, in Paris the preceding winter the girl had studied dancing with a view to a public career. This was still in her mind, but receding by gradual degrees as the appeal of Jay Blarcom had grown in strength.

Blarcom she could easily understand. His type, of its sort, was stock, perfectly familiar to her through years of association; yet personally he had individual traits and characteristics that she had always found agreeable and ultimately strongly attractive.

Blarcom joined Peggy as the guests rose from the table and she was about to leave the veranda with him when Baring appeared at one of the doors of the interior apartment, looking in her direction. She stopped abruptly.

"Jay," she said, "you go on with dad. I want to say something to Mr. Baring."

Gesturing imperiously as Blarcom hesitated, she made her way among the tables toward Baring, who stood awaiting her.

"Mr. Baring"—she confronted him with heightened color—"I've been wanting to ask you something all evening. You didn't enjoy this dinner one bit. And you knew you wouldn't. Why did you come, then?"

He glanced at her surprisedly. His tall, lanky figure straightened and his hand, as though mechanically, passed over his rough, unruly, reddish sandy hair.

"But I did enjoy it. It was a corker and the setting, the cathedral over there, the bishop's palace and the mountains—"

"Yes, I know. Listen, Mr. Baring. If you expect to do business with dad—get anything out of him—take my advice, you're not going about it in the right way. You—"

His exclamation interrupted her. "My dear girl, I'm not trying to get anything out of your father."

She studied him, hesitating. "Then just what is the idea?"

"The idea?" He smiled doubtfully.

She gestured impatiently. "You've attached yourself to my father, haven't you? You're going back to New York with us and—oh, I can't put it any clearer than I did!"

"I think I understand." He fell into step as she walked toward the stairs, calling to her father and Blarcom not to wait, adding that she would walk with Baring. "Thank you, Miss Flinn."

"Oh, it was merely curiosity!"

"I see. So you've put me down as a business man. That is flattering. But I'm not a business man. I'm not at all an acquisitive sort so far as money goes, unfortunately. Yet I've never felt the need of much. Like to have enough to own my own polo string instead of being mounted by men who want me on their teams." He gestured. "But I do find myself mounted and that's the main thing."

"Course," he went on, "I have a sort of an income—enough to wander about when the market is up. Sometimes in my capacity as little brother of the rich I get into a party that goes to queer places." He smiled as a thought occurred. "Do you know, Miss Flinn, so far as salitra mines are concerned I rather hoped I shouldn't find any. Frankly, the idea of all the money they would have involved frightened me."

She studied him thoughtfully a moment.

"Mr. Baring, if you're not going to be honest with me we're wasting time. Now tell me, why did you come to the dinner and why are you with us so much, if not for business reasons?"

"Willingly, Miss Flinn. You were—you are the attraction." "You don't really mean it!" Her voice was tinged with amusement.

"Oh yes, I do! You interested me from the first—before I knew you. I used to see you on the Alameda unaccompanied; at the races with no one but your hired chauffeur and—"

"All of which," she broke in, "impressed you as in deucedly bad taste, rotten form and all that sort of—"

"No, no, no. Not a bit. I liked it in you even if it did result in some mistaken impressions. They're foolishly narrow down here about girls, you know."

"How do you know those impressions were mistaken?"

"Well I—I assume they were. One does assume such things, you know, about a girl of your beauty—and details of character. You haven't fooled me one bit, Miss Flinn."

"I haven't fooled you! What do you mean?"

"Why, you know, I've always had the impression about you that you were acting a part, trying to appear something that innately you were not."

"Really? I've felt your disapproval." They were approaching the hotel and she slowed her step. "Now tell me, please, in what other way have I impressed you?"

"Why, in lots of ways. I don't know why you think I disapprove. You're perfectly extraordinary, do you know it? And I'm thoroughly gone on you." He broke off suddenly, laughing. "Can you imagine anything more sporting than talking this way to a girl whose millinery bills for six months—or say in the spring—probably exceed my yearly income?"

"You haven't decided, then, whether you'd devote all your income to my hats or let dad keep on buying them?"

He grimaced humorously. "Isn't money a beastly thing! You begin to make me wish I'd discovered a salitra mine."

"It may save you some regret to let you know I shall probably marry Jay Blarcom."

"Blarcom!" He glanced at her quickly. "No, Miss Flinn. No!"

"You don't approve of Jay Blarcom?" Her voice was quiet, but her eyes were glowing. "Why don't you?"

"Because he isn't the man. What's this affair of his with Rita Gerould, the actress, they were all joshing him about at dinner?"

"Oh"—she tossed her head—"they were engaged. But that's off. Rita Gerould is a peach of a girl, don't think she isn't."

"I know, but you don't—" He checked himself. "To my mind, Miss Flinn, Blarcom's test came—one of several I've marked—when he laughed so heartily at Jeff Callender's questionable pleasantries at your expense at dinner."

"You didn't care for Jeff's remark, then?" There was a slight quiver of emotion in her voice.

"No, I didn't."

"Then I imagine you were not so pleased with the reply I made."

"I wished you hadn't."

She waited a moment, breathing heavily as though fighting to suppress anger.

"You," she said, "who are so gallant, why didn't you save me the necessity if you thought I'd been insulted?"

He smiled ruefully. "I'm hardly gifted that way. I think of things too late. Anyway, isn't that beside the point? You are qualified for the best there is—and you're not reaching for it. If you really want honesty, now you have it."

"The best there is!" Her equanimity vanished suddenly and completely. "Who do everything that's done in this world while you people sit in Wall Street and juggle the money end? Why, the Callenders, the Jay Blarcoms, my father and the rest! As for you personally, you don't even go into Wall Street. You play polo on borrowed horses, travel about with rich friends and talk as though they ought to be proud to have you accept these things. Well, maybe they are. But when you set yourself up as a critic of Jay Blarcom and talk about the 'best there is—'" There was a moment's silence. "You try to tell me what I am and what I could be." She laughed as a sudden thought presented itself. "Just what is your idea? Are you proposing yourself as a model of the man I should marry?"

His hand rose in a quick gesture. "I'm not proposing myself as anything. I'd like to be your friend."

"I shouldn't care for that at all." She shook her head decidedly.

"Then I'm going to try to make you care."

"I wish you luck." She turned toward the hotel. "You needn't come in with me. . . . Good night."

"Until tomorrow, Miss Flinn."

She paused at the hotel entrance, watching the tall form striding off among the lights and shadows. There was the feeling that somehow she had let him carry away the honors and she knew this would not have been so had the thought occurred to her that was now in her mind. For flashingly at the very end of their encounter she had evolved out of this whole business nothing less humiliating and disgusting than the preliminary assault of a cool and poised fortune-hunter who combined with his predatory designs a species of snobbery which now irritated

her the more as she thought of the weeks in which she had endured it.

Shrugging, she turned into the hotel lobby and at once came upon a scene which struck her as altogether in keeping with her overwrought mood. Her father, Jeff Callender, Blarcom, perhaps a dozen other men, were in a group talking excitedly and there were evidences of some sort of a scuffle. Colonel Flinn held a revolver loosely in his hand and Callender was particularly disheveled. Seeing the girl he hurried toward her breathing heavily.

"Look here, Peggy, if I said anything out of the way to you at dinner—"

She held up her hand. "Oh, forget it, Jeff! You were all right. What's the row?"

Callender began to explain but Blarcom took him by the arm, leading him away, talking soothingly.

"What in the world is the matter, dad?"

"Nothing important. That young fool, Baring, and Jeff had a row in the coatroom at the dinner." Flinn chuckled. "It seemed Baring took Jeff's remark to you at dinner as an insult. So the young fool followed him outside and knocked him down."

"Dad!"

"Yes, and afterwards Jeff went out gunning for the boy. We grabbed him and talked sense into him."

"I see." Suddenly Peggy threw up her head, her cheeks burning. Turning abruptly with an angry exclamation she hurried to her room.

Peggy Flinn looked about her with an exclamation of pleasure as she and Jay Blarcom took their places at a table in the casino at Viña del Mar just outside of Valparaíso.

"What a gorgeous idea of yours, Jay! This is stunning!"

"I thought you'd like it." A smile lighted Blarcom's keen, sophisticated face. He picked up the menu card, fingering his sharply trimmed mustache thoughtfully. Peggy regarded him for a moment and then permitted her eye to be caught by a lithe Chilean exquisite who was passing with a party. The man hesitated, but Peggy averted her face and he moved on.

Colonel Flinn and his party had motored to Valparaíso that day from the capital to take the Montellardo next morning for the Isthmus and New York. Baring was to have accompanied them in the automobile but had sent his excuses, saying he would proceed to the coast by the afternoon train. In a way Peggy Flinn had been disappointed. She had looked forward with a pleasurable grim expectancy to another conversation designed to convince the man how thoroughly she had come to understand his motives—even in the face of his cleverly devised little drama that had resulted in Jeff Callender's sore jaw.

At any rate she would see enough of him on the steamer and in the meantime Blarcom had never been more engaging; and a slight and wholly uncharacteristic nervousness in his manner flattered her pride as it intrigued her emotions.

The golden, sparkling wine tingled her nerves as wine never had before; her eyes blazed and her cheeks were aflame. As the band crashed into the maxixe she rose suddenly standing with lips parted, smiling at Blarcom. In her light green charmeuse evening frock, the cool play of lights upon her flawless arms and shoulders, her alertly poised head, she was as charming, as refreshing to look upon as a nymph in a Botticelli glade.

Exclaiming sharply, as though she had broken down the last barrier to his poise, Blarcom sprang to his feet.

"Peggy—"

"Jay, I want to dance this maxixe awfully. I'll die if I don't. Come on."

They had reached the opposite side of the floor when Blarcom, his face dark with emotion, suddenly ceased dancing, releasing her from his arms and catching her by the hand.

"Come back to the table, Peggy, I want to tell you something." His voice caught in stress of emotion.

She hesitated, smiling coolly, and then demurely permitted him to lead her among the dancers to her place.

"Peggy"—Blarcom leaned toward the girl—"let's get married. How about it? Will you?"

"Why, Jay!" Suddenly, she knew not why, she looked up. Baring was coming down the aisle in company with a titled Englishman and his wife whom she had seen at the Savoy in Santiago but had not met.

He smiled as he slouched past her toward a vacant table in a corner of the room. She followed him with her eyes, breathing quickly under unaccountable emotion. Then suddenly all she had formulated against the man seemed crumbling within her like structures of punk and she grew cold under the knowledge that snob, fortune-hunter, whatever he might be, he held





Blarcom played the lover's rôle quite ardently, monopolizing Peggy, and she didn't see Baring save at a distance.

something for her, something mysterious, elusive, that was utterly compelling.

"Peggy!" Blarcom's voice was impatient.

She shivered, glancing again at Baring, desperation in her eyes. "Not now, Jay. You're wonderful—but something's broken inside of me. Or frozen." Her hands rose in a movement of resignation. "I—I—can't answer you now. Let's get out of this place. I—"

"Say, have you gone crazy? Or what's wrong?"

"Jay—"

A form suddenly appeared between them, bowing, smiling. The first thought of both placed the apparition as one of the waiters, but almost instantly Peggy recognized him as the

Chilean dandy whom she had marked when he entered the room. Responding to her glance of inquiry the man bowed toward Blarcom.

"Excuse, please, gentleman. But the lady, she is so—so supairb in the maxixe; no one here, no peasant I have ever seen, can dance it so well. I, who can dance this dance better than anyone, would be honored if she would be pairmitted to be my partner in this maxixe which is so—"

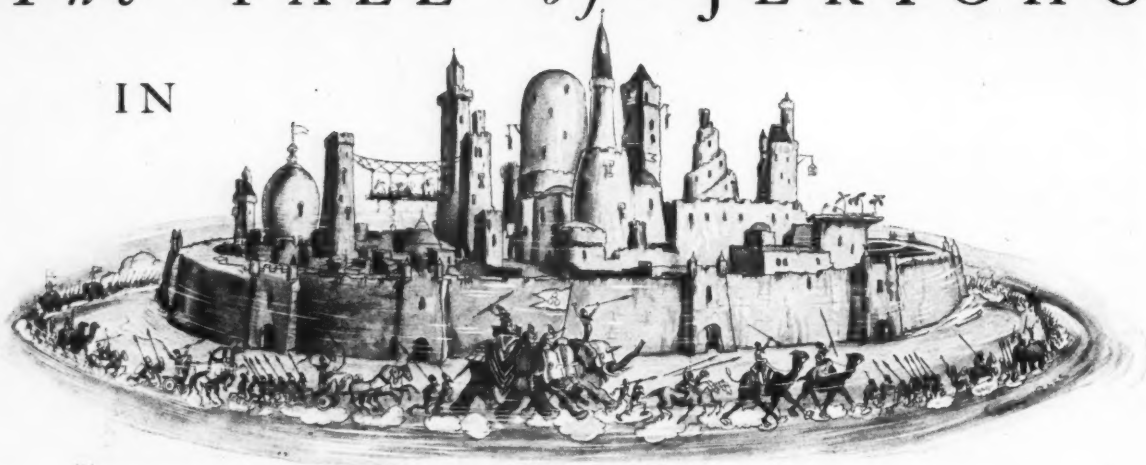
Hopelessly involved, he gestured and bowed toward the girl.

Blarcom rose menacingly, but Peggy, her eyes burning, intervened.

"Don't, Jay! I want to dance with him. I'd love it. Let him alone." Snatching up her wine-glass (Continued on page 116)

# The FALL of JERICHO

IN



## The OLD SOAK'S History of the WORLD

By DON MARQUIS

*Illustrations by Gordon Ross*

**W**ELL, in the early days of the world all the big towns had walls around them, and this town of Jerrycho I am going to tell you about was no exceptions to the rule. For the sake of argyment we will say that as a matter of fact the walls of Jerrycho was one of the seven wonders of the world.

I never seen nothing here in Baycliff, L. Ileland, like them walls must of been, according to the Good Book, nor yet in N. Y. City, for every oncet in a while theyer was a tower sticking up higher than the walls that was twicet as high as the Woolworth bldg., and that was whare they got the idea from for these hanging gardens of Babbylun that so many people was hung in during the erly days of the world.

The king would set up in one of them towers with a spy glass and if he seen a reformer kicking up trubble or one of these here prohibishinists he would hang him from one of them towers. Well, that would be a good thing right here in Baycliff, L. Ileland; I often wished I was setting in one of them towers; theyer is a lot of buisyboddies right here in Baycliff I would hang from them towers higher than they hung Hymen.

Jerrycho was a grate place for kings and queens and concordbynes in the erly bygone days of the world. They uset to set up onto them walls all begarmented and begarbaged up in purple and fine linnens, a fanning of themselves with peacock feather fans, and every now and then they would say, What, ho! port cullis, give us a shot of the pre-war stuff, and the port cullis would come running with the jug, and if you would of mentioned prohibishin to that gang of royalty one or more would of forgot his or her self long enough to of, beaned you.

Every day theyer would be foot races and sack races and egg races on top of the walls of Jerrycho, and the kings would gallup theyer charyits along the walls with theyer long golden beerds floating in the sun, and the foam of the beveridges they imbibed floating from the beerds, and the queens and the concordbynes cheering on the races and waving theyer hankercheefs and fans, and every evening it was like a Forth of July celibrashin on the walls of Jerrycho.

Oncet this here king David was setting on the walls of Jerrycho and he seen Ury's wife taking her bathing lessons and he up and married her just like that, but that is a part of my history of the world I will tell later on.

80

Well, theyer was only one thing wrong with them peepel that lived behind the walls of Jerrycho as fur as I can find out. They was good sports, but they was heethens. They worshiped Idles, and the Childern of Izzryel and all the Beegat tribes was shocked to think they worshiped Idles. And the Beegats says to themselves, We gotto kill all them heethen Jerrychos and take all theyer country away from them and theyer swell cloathes and theyer plug hats with the dimond bands around them and other preshus stones and theyer gold and silver and all theyer wives and concordbynes, what in blazes, theyer wicked peepel, they worship Idles.

Seeing them heethen kings in theyer fancy cloathes having theyer Roamun charyot races on top of the walls of Jerrycho made the Childern of Izzryel madder and madder as time went on. For they was all spangled up with tights and they would be doing tumbling and contortions and jumping threw hoops and swinging from trapeezes and turning fancy summersets over elephants and girafas every evening on top of the walls of Jerrycho. They had a purty good time until the Beegats come along, the only thing they ever stopped for was to have theyer meals and to worship theyer Idles.

Well, them Idles must of been some sights at that. They was made out of gold and silver and had flames of fire shooting out of them, and dimonds for theyer eyes, and they was dressed in silks and satins and peacock fethers and they set onto plat-forms with wheels onto them, and trayned lions and tigers and zebras uset to pull them along the tops of the walls of Jerrycho like in a circus parade.

And if you asked one of them Idles anything, first he give a belch of fire, and the smoke come outen his ears, and then he made a noise like thunder, and then if you was a heethen he answered your question to the best of his abblity, but if you was one of the Beegats he would give you the razzberry and then iggnoar you.

King Joshaway, the king of the Childern of Izzryel and all the Beegat tribes, he give them walls of Jerrycho the oncet over, and he says it ain't likely we could conquer them by any ordinary meens; we got to pull something strange and peculiar and religious against them heethens, fellow citizens, what shall it be?

Then one of the old peetryarchs of Izzryel says, Yure Majisty, them heethens is all the time parading. For the sake of

argument, yure Majisty, we will say that like cures like, what is the matter of pulling a parade of our own that will lay over theyer parade?

No sooner said than done.

For forty days and forty nights the childern of Izzryel and all the Beegat tribes paraded round and round the walls of Jerrycho, and the heethens sat onto the walls and watched them. Round and round went the Beegats, and purty soon the heethens begun to get dizzy watching them. And round and round went the Beegats, and the heethens begun to get dizzier and dizzier, and finally along about the twentieth day some of the heethen's lions and tigers and zebras jumped off the walls and joined the Beegat parade.

And round and round they went, and then in a couple of days more some of the charyit racers and tumblers sneaked down and joined the big Beegat show, and round and round they went, the heethens turning theyer heads all the time and getting dizzier and dizzier, and faster and faster went the Beegats, and more and more heethens got sucked into the Beegat parade just like leaves getting sucked into a whirlpool.

And the sun come up and the sun went down, and round and round went the Beegats, faster and faster, and the big towers like the Woolworth bldg. begun to shake and turn, and two or three queens and concordbynes slid down the wall at night and joined the Beegats, and round and round they went, and the moon come up and the moon went down, and the heethens looked up to the heavens and the stars was whirling round and round like fireflies, and faster and faster went the Beegats, and the heethens

Well, says King Joshaway, am I one of the seven wonders of the world, or ain't I? And all the peetryarchs of Izzryel says, Yure Majisty, we will say you are.



looked at the clock steeple on theyer city hall and it was spinning like a top, and round and round went the Beegats, faster and faster, and the peecocks of Jerrycho screamed and fell off the walls, and faster and faster went the Beegats, and the heethen Idles begun to tumble off theyer carts and spin on theyer ears without a word to say for theyer selves, and round and round went the Beegats, and on the thirty-fifth day everybody noticed that the whole town of Jerrycho was spinning and whirling, and the walls was getting shakier and shakier, and the kings was staggering when they tried to walk and grabbing each other by theyer long golden beards to steady theyer selves, and round and round went the Beegats, and the whole thing spun faster and faster and faster, more and more heethens rolling from the walls into the Beegat parade, and at high noon on the fortieth day this here King Joshaway stops short and digs his heel into the ground and gives a blast on his trumpet.

Every Beegat does the same and the parade stopped in its tracks. But the walls and town of Jerrycho couldn't stop that quick, they went spinning on and on, and they went twisting up and up and up into the sky like a dust whirl in a storm, up and up and round and round, and then down they come with a crash, and the deed was done. And for two hours afterwards out of the sky it rained Idles and plug hats with dimond crowns onto them and concordbynes and kings in spangled tights down into the Beegat camp.

Well, says King Joshaway, am I one of the seven wonders of the world, or ain't I?

And all the peetryarchs of Izzryel says, Yure Majisty, we will say you are.

This Joshaway was quite a bird, and one day in Jake Smith's bar room Jake and me and Al the bartender and Hennery Withers was discussing could he of licked John L. Sullivan or couldn't he?

Hennery Withers is a darn little athyiss, he doant beleave anything, he is all the time asking you where did Cain get his wife, and he says theyer never was any King Joshaway. I fetched him a lick on the ear and I says to him when they picked him up, You have been struck down by the hand that oncet shook the hand of John L. Sullivan, and the hand of a man that beleaves the Book from cover to cover, and if you ever say another word against eether John L. Sullivan or King Joshaway I will make another razzberry pudding out of yure other ear. One thing I can't stand for is these iggnerammusses doubting what is in print, and in my next chapter I will tell you about King David and Ury's wife.



# *Keeping The* **Peace** *Gouverneur Morris's*

*Novel in which he  
tells why Men  
Hate the  
Women they  
Love*



## *The Story So Far:*

**E**DWARD EATON was a normal, straightforward youngster, but like all the rest of his family he had to learn to lie to keep the peace with his mother. Mrs. Eaton was a woman with a face like a horse and an iron will. It was not her fault that her sons worked out their own destinies; it was due to the human sympathy and understanding of her husband, minister of a small town near New York.

For instance, when John ran away from home, the Reverend Mr. Eaton, a gentle and gallant soul, secretly aided him in joining the navy, and had the satisfaction of seeing John turn out a strapping mate in the merchant marine. Similarly he helped Mark, whom his mother had destined for the ministry, run away to become a successful farmer.

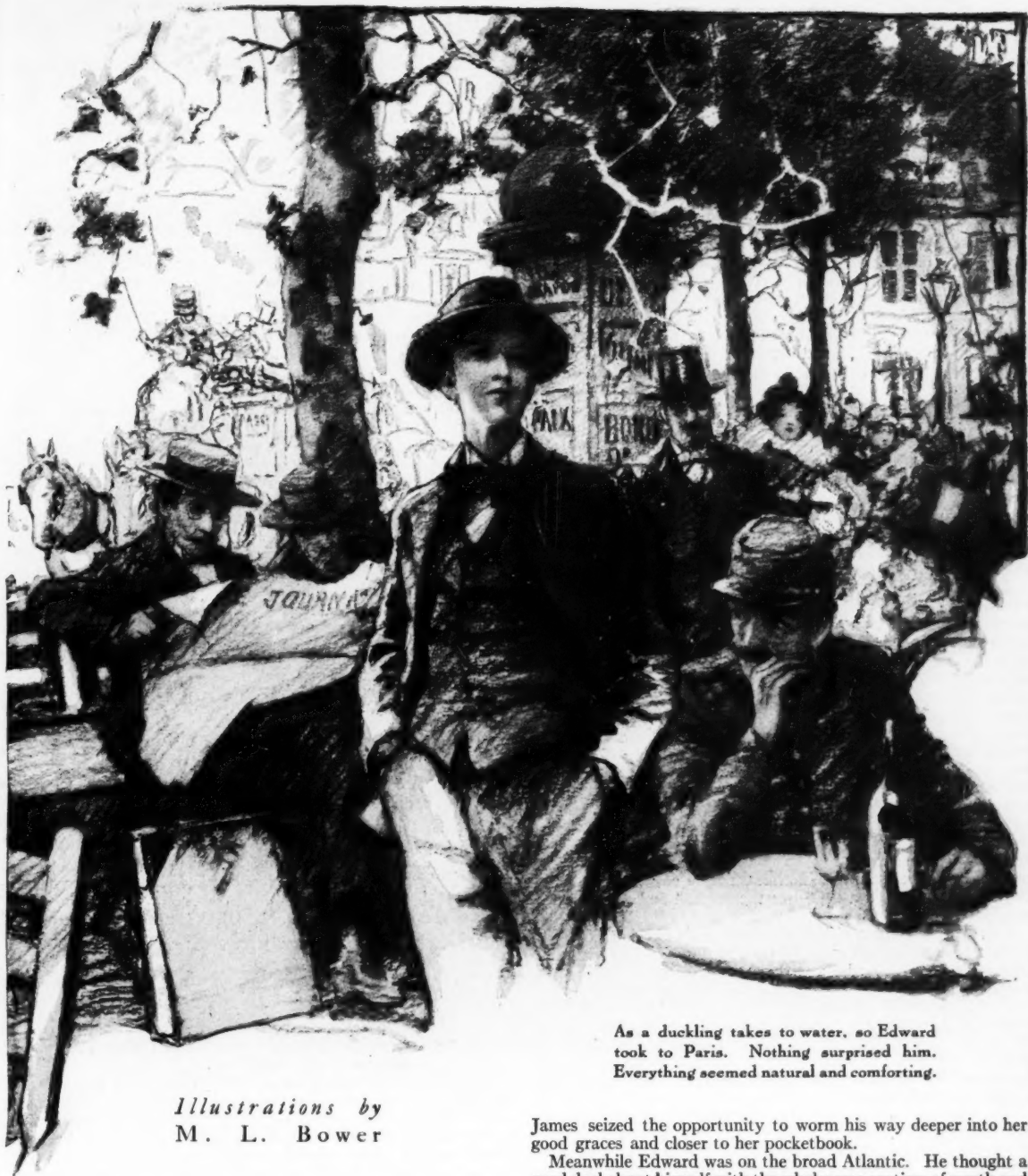
James he did not help; James was a natural hypocrite, a toady to his mother and given to secret sprees. As for the girls—Mrs. Eaton took especial charge of them. Ruth was married off to wealthy Bruce Armitage, whose life she promptly perverted into the chanfels of business, which he hated. Sarah was by way of being married off to Mr. Chumleigh, a rather ridiculous person whom she had met at a summer resort, but the only man she could capture.

Mrs. Eaton did her best to twist Edward's life out of shape. He acquiesced with apparent readiness in her plan that he too join the ministry—it was the only thing one could do with Dear Mother; but underneath he nursed a secret ambition to paint.

His drawings, as his father recognized, showed remarkable talent. Also secretly, Edward used to go to see charming Alice Ruggles.

"That hussy" Alice was anathema to Mrs. Eaton, partly because her father was a freethinker; but Edward spent the best hours of his young life at the Ruggleses'. Finally Mr. Ruggles suggested that Edward take some of his drawings to Townley, editor of the *Age*, a humorous magazine. He had himself spoken to Townley of Edward's ability.

This brought things to a head for Edward. He had long wanted to go to Paris to study, and John had promised to help him. But John had made a quixotic marriage. His brother James had gotten the Jackson girl into trouble and then crawled out of marrying her; so John had married her himself to avoid a scandal that would have killed his father. With a wife and James's baby to support—only Edward knew the true facts—he could not very well help Edward. But if Edward could help himself by selling some drawings—



Illustrations by  
M. L. Bower

He called on Townley, and the little man pronounced his drawings the work of a genius who would do big things. Not only that—he bought eight of the drawings, paid eighty dollars for them, and ordered one a week from then on. Ten dollars a week—enough to keep Edward in Paris.

Edward left the place walking on air. And later Townley also gave him some letters of introduction to friends in Paris.

His father and John, who was home on a visit, and the Ruggleses were delighted. Edward wanted to tell his mother too, have an open break with her, say some of the hard things that were in his mind about her. But when he got right down to it, he couldn't; for no sane reason, he was too scared; and also for no sane reason, he loved her too much; he couldn't hurt his mother.

So Edward said good-by to Alice, with a wonderful kiss, which marked something more than boy and girl affection, and sailed away with John on the great adventure.

His long, rather wistful and homesick letter to his mother justifying his action only threw her into a terrible rage. But

As a duckling takes to water, so Edward took to Paris. Nothing surprised him. Everything seemed natural and comforting.

James seized the opportunity to worm his way deeper into her good graces and closer to her pocketbook.

Meanwhile Edward was on the broad Atlantic. He thought a good deal about himself with the wholesome egotism of youth and was for once in his life extraordinarily happy.

**A**S A YOUNG and engaging duckling takes to water, so Edward took to Paris. Nothing surprised him. Everything seemed natural, foreordained and comforting. There must have been French blood in him. He absorbed words and phrases, remembered them, and from the first spoke them not too badly.

The letters with which Townley had provided him had made many things easy. He had the same rooms—five flights up in the rue des Saints-Pères—that Townley had lived in. He had the same kind old landlady. He traded in the same art store. And many established artists, students in Townley's day, became his friends. His talents were obvious. Young and old agreed that he had only to work hard. And he did.

For a few golden days he tramped Paris with his eyes wide open. Hunger always seemed to overtake him within a few steps of some charming little winey restaurant which nobody had ever found before and which nobody would ever find again. The

## Keeping the Peace

distances were nothing to his country trained legs. He could go from the Place des Vosges to the Place de L'Etoile and back again without any other feelings than pleasure, wonder and excitement. A few days of time and then behold, he was at work.

A number of Townley's friends, liking the naive, friendly, talented, enthusiastic boy, had advised him not to join a class but to paint in their studios and pick up what he could from their greater experience.

He painted first with St. André. St. André was executing a very big and important commission for a new hotel in New York. Blind arches had to be filled with nymphs and goddesses, Plenty, Prosperity, Ceres, the Muses, the Graces and Heaven knows how many other lovely ladies. In the climate of these mural decorations the fig and the olive and the orange flourished, and it was so warm and jolly that the inhabitants hardly ever wore any clothes. St. André invited Edward to work on some of the least important figures. He had two other talented young men similarly employed. It was great fun. St. André himself did all the faces and hands and feet, even of the unimportant figures. His young assistants with much advice and encouragement and now and then a touch from the master hand did the rest.

St. André had one failing. He was economical of models. Three girls, hired cheap because their employment would be long and steady, did all the posing. And naturally you couldn't draw them and paint them just as they were—not once even. You had to make them mature or adolescent, dark, brown or blonde, white or sun-kissed precisely as you were directed and as the needs of the composition demanded.

They were patient, intelligent, friendly girls who smoked vigorously during their resting times and earned their money many times over. That they were naked much of the time did not seem to be of any especial interest to them or to anybody else. At first Edward had been interested and embarrassed. That was only natural. Any boy would have been. But the embarrassment wore off quickly and the quality of his interest changed. It became an absorbing interest in planes and color and lights and darks, joints and articulations. He did not at first think that the female body, stripped of everything, was especially beautiful to look at. And he did not until he had made the discovery that neither he nor anybody else has ever drawn or painted anything quite so beautiful. And he learned at this time, definitely and for all time, that the coloring of the young human is lovelier than any combination of pigments that has ever been tried. He saw reds and blues and greens and yellows but in a subtlety which could never be imitated. But sometimes, not often, a piece of his coloring really looked a little like the original and then he was secretly very happy.

Painting those three girls in different poses day after day for weeks and months was splendid training for him. So were the long talks with St. André and the two assistants—Jean Duprés and Armand de Ville.

St. André assured the eager young men that they would all be successful painters. He prided himself on his ability to pick and to develop talent. He had never missed his guess, he said. He had even succeeded in teaching a young woman to paint, but she had come to a bad end. That was not his fault. But it had been a great disappointment.

"So few women," he said, "ever succeed in doing anything worth while. But this girl was a wonder. If she had been ugly she would have become a great master. But she was beautiful. She undertook the portrait of a young baron who was rich and a great figure at Longchamps. In the midst of the sittings they eloped to the Riviera. She left him for a Russian prince who flattered her, and when she had changed hands a good many times she took to narcotics and her talent died in her breast. But women do not appreciate talent. They neither appreciate it in themselves if they happen to have it, nor in their husbands. Least of all does a woman appreciate talent in her sons. I will venture to guess that no man ever became a great artist except in the teeth of his mother's opposition . . . My own mother, for instance, though I send her a comfortable sum of money each month, would rather see me a merchant or an advocate at a tenth of the income . . . How about you, Jean? Did your mother persuade you to come to Paris to study art against your own better judgment?"

Jean Duprés grinned a little sheepishly and said:

"I had persuaded one of the girls about the farm to pose for me in the loft where the pears were ripening. My mother found this out—packed the girl off with a bad character which she had no deserved, burned my poor little supply of artist's materials, and I—when it was dark—climbed out of my bedroom window

and footed it all the way to Paris. But when I am successful and begin to send money home she will relent."

"What," asked Armand de Ville, "became of the girl?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Duprés. "And she was only posing for the head and shoulders."

"My mother," said de Ville, "had the same feeling about my wanting to be an artist. But the priest persuaded her to give me a trial . . . If at the end of two years I have not had a picture accepted at the Salon I have promised to return to the farm."

"My boy," said St. André, "you will have a picture accepted—if I have to paint it myself."

Then they all laughed, and St. André asked Edward if his wish to be an artist had met with parental encouragement.

Edward simply shook his head. He did not yet feel equal to an elaborate statement in the French language. But he wondered what Dear Mother would have said and done if she had marched suddenly into the studio and discovered him indefatigably painting nudes.

There was a fat painter—one of the open-air crowd—named Edmond Beaulieu who in the guise of a friendly critic often dropped in to see how the big murals of St. André were getting on. He had words of praise for everyone—for the models, for the assistants and for St. André himself. He preached a jovial gospel of enthusiasm and encouragement. And sometimes he even spoke of his own landscapes in an enthusiastic and encouraging way.

Edward became curious to see some of Beaulieu's work, of which on all hands he heard nothing but the highest praise. And one day he expressed his curiosity and was promptly invited to spend the following Sunday at Beaulieu's home in the country.

Beaulieu lived in a very small Louis Thirteenth hunting-lodge in the outskirts of St. Germain. The lodge had some acres of park surrounding it, with what the English call "an ornamental water" and some groups of fine old limes. There were fine old flinty walks draped with ivy, a snailery, an antique glass-house and here and there a graceful urn carved from stone.

In this little park Beaulieu did most of his landscape work, arranging and rearranging nature. He painted many pictures in the course of a year, priced them modestly and sold them readily. Consequently he was a rich man for an artist and ought to have been very happy.

Madame Beaulieu was only half her husband's age—if he really was her husband—and very pretty. She was a little thing, compactly made, with a rich mouth and smoldering yellowish brown eyes. She made a great fuss over Edward on the occasion of his first visit and of his second. They succeeded in making him feel as much at home as if he had always known them and had always been made welcome in their house. And it was arranged that in the spring, when the St. André murals were finished, he should come to visit them and paint landscapes in the little park, under Beaulieu's direction.

Spring came. It was lovely in Paris and it was lovelier in the country. Feeling that he had learned a whole lot about painting the human form divine, Edward packed his kit and removed himself bag and baggage to the Beaulieus'.

Bartow-on-the-Sound seemed a very long way off. Dear Mother's letters under a texture of affection showed a cold and undiminished resentment. Every letter contained some reference to her health. She no longer, it seemed, ever felt quite herself. She had not of course consulted a doctor. Doctors were always for bed and rest. Others might afford themselves these luxuries, but not Dear Mother. She had to keep going. It was a pity, perhaps, now that old age was approaching, that she upon whom others had always leaned should have no one to lean on—no one but James, dear James. He at least would never leave his old mother while she lived—"or," as Edward ungenerously thought, "while any money remained in her purse"—and of course your father. The "and of course your father" was a kind of sneer—of course. And Edward resented it.

At first Alice had written often and Edward had written oftener. Then she had been presented to society and had perhaps begun to lose interest in a young man who so obviously preferred art to herself. And Edward perhaps, so filled with new contacts and enthusiasms, had begun to lose interest in her. Either he had really begun to lose interest or else resentment at the changed tone and diminished frequency of her letters had numbed his feelings for her. There was nothing in her later letters upon which he could have put his finger and said "But I'm not" or "But I haven't," but nevertheless they had a quality which always made him feel as if he were being found fault with and put upon the defensive. Sometimes he wondered if he had written





"Do I look like that—to you?" Madame Beaulieu asked. "Yes," said Edward. "Just like that."

too frankly about the St. André murals and the nude models. But it *couldn't* be that. Alice wasn't a fool.

In the Beaulieus' little hunting-lodge he had a stone room in a gable. It had an arched ceiling, a hooded fireplace, leaded windows and walls four feet thick. The door was of oak, bound with highly wrought iron. When the bolt was shot it would have taken artillery to batter it down. His chief window looked out over the ornamental water and at the groups of limes beyond. In the morning sparrows, some of which quarreled and some of which made love, gathered in the ivy outside this window and wakened him. Very soon after the sparrows wakened him there would come an ancient Breton woman wearing upon her head a fabulous cap of starched linen and bearing in her hands a japanned tray delicately set with chocolate and cream and rolls of bread and rose-petals of butter.

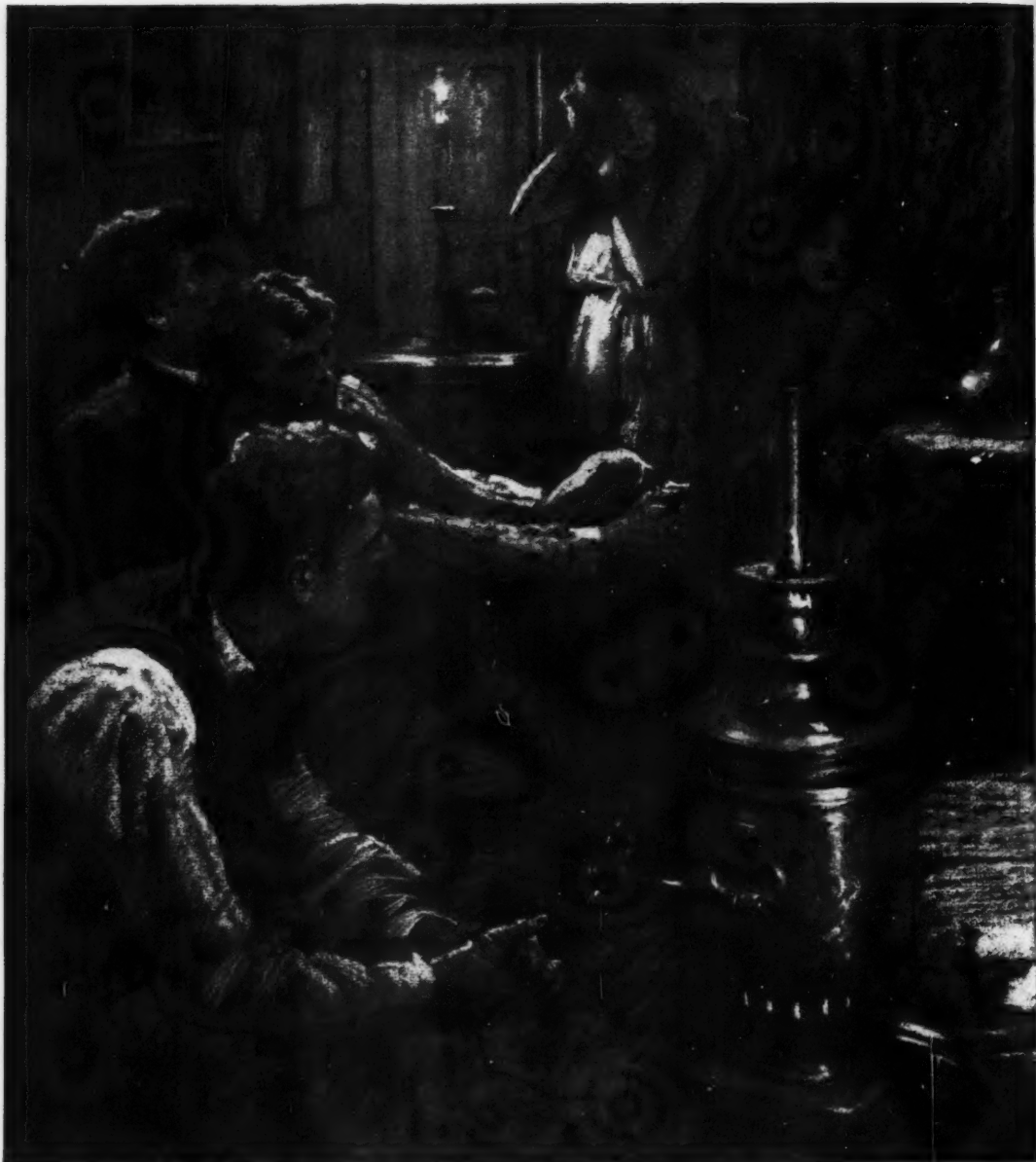
By ten o'clock, if it didn't rain, Edward and Beaulieu would be in the park painting. They painted from ten to twelve and from three to five. Every day when it didn't rain Edward painted two small landscapes, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Beaulieu believed in painting much boldly rather than a little with infinite pains.

As Edward's landscapes dried he painted other landscapes on top of them, but there was one view of the ornamental water

with a group of old limes beyond to which he returned oftenest. This view, especially in the afternoon, furnished a beautiful problem and pattern in lights and shadows and reflections. And one afternoon he solved the problem, and when he had finished, the water that he had painted looked wet and the sunlight looked like sunlight. This miracle persisted even after the little canvas had been carried into the house and examined in the sobering light of the living room. It persisted after the paint had dried and flattened into the canvas. Beaulieu was triumphant.

"It is I who have taught the Master," he said. "I told him never to forget that it was light he was trying to paint—not forms or fabrics, but light. Every morning as we have set up our easels I have said 'Do not forget,' and every afternoon I have said the same thing. That, with a hint or two about mixing his colors, with a little specific statement upon which colors are permanent and which are not, is all that I have had to do. And now what has he done? He has painted a sunlight more warm and limpid and golden than I am able to paint myself."

Sometimes Madame Beaulieu brought a camp-stool and a parasol and watched the gentlemen paint. Sometimes she would say "Pretty." More often she came in silence and watched in silence and went away without saying a word. Beaulieu adored her. If she had faults he was blind to them or explained them



"Women do not appreciate talent," said St. Andre. "I will venture to guess that no man

away. If she was extravagant, so were all women. If sometimes she lost her temper about nothing at all and made terrific scenes, so did all women.

Whenever he remembered how tender and loving she could be it was easy to forgive all the little failings. At least she was loyal to him, and faithful. And of all her good qualities he prized those most highly.

There was a fine old beech tree in a far corner of the park. At certain hours the leaves of this tree broke the light of heaven into thousands of charming, dappling fragments and scattered them on the ground beneath. It was one of Beaulieu's favorite subjects, and Edward had tackled it more than once.

One day as he was starting to draw it for the third or fourth time Madame Beaulieu came to look on. She watched him for a minute or two and then suddenly she walked out in front of him and leaning toward the trunk of the old tree, turned, rested her hand on the great bole and faced him. She looked very charming in the dappled light.

"Is it to be a portrait?" Edward asked.

Madame nodded. "A surprise for father," she said. "Can it be done in one sitting?"

"In two," said Edward.

And in fact he finished the little open-air portrait in two sittings of two hours each. He had had some good luck, some happy accidents. It was the most likable thing he had ever done. He leaned back and saw that he had done all he could.

"Come and see how pretty you look," he said.

Madame Beaulieu came slowly forward from under the broken light of the tree and stood looking over his shoulder.

"Do I look like that—to you?" she asked.

"Yes," said Edward. "Just like that."

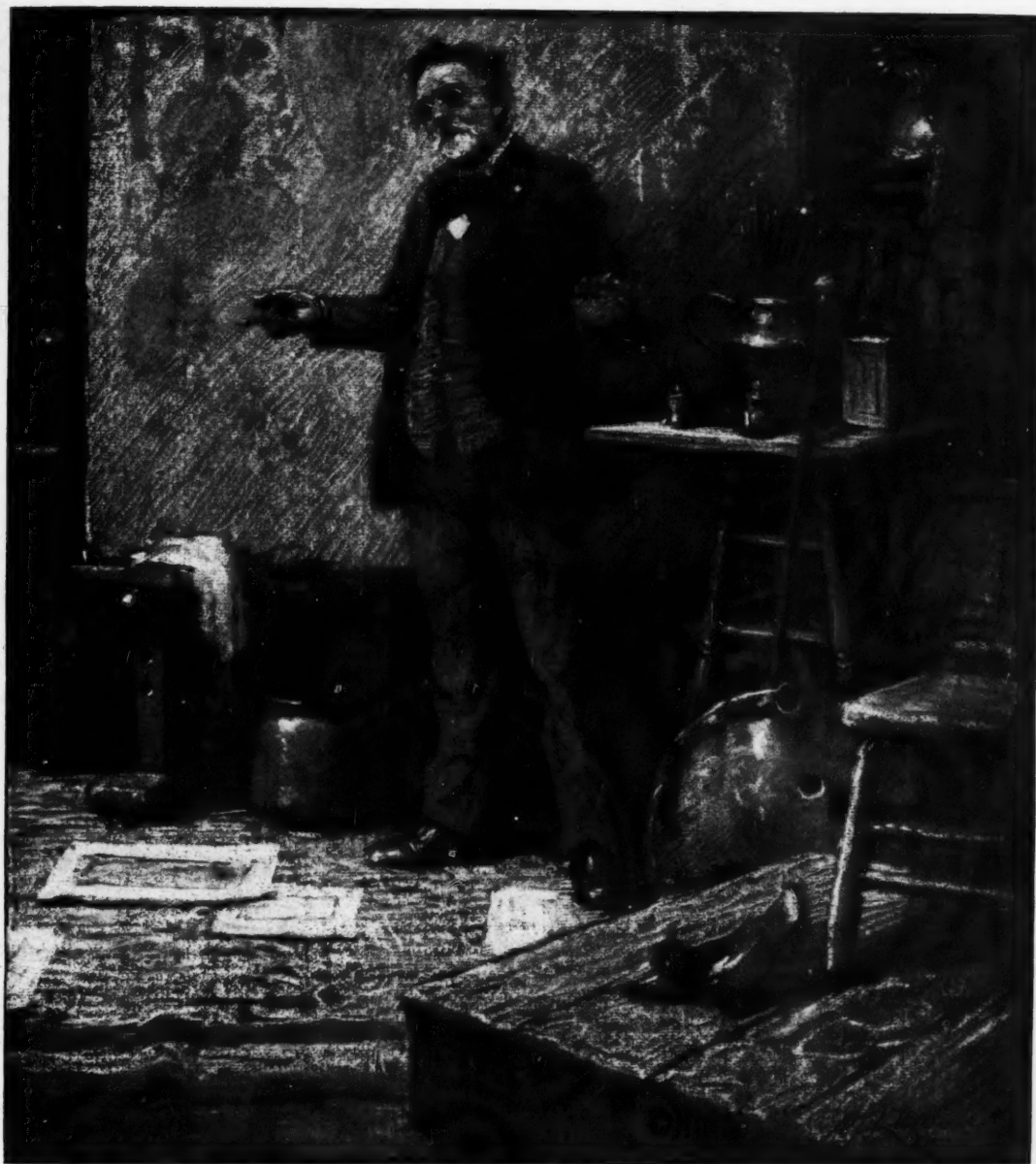
She leaned over until her cheek was close to his. "You are a charming boy," she said.

Her cheek touched his. It must have been by accident. He was sure of that. She laughed and straightened herself.

"Father will be so pleased," she said.

He was. He raved about the portrait. He was the luckiest man in the world. His wife was the most beautiful creature in the world, and his young friend had been able to immortalize her on canvas.

Beaulieu and Madame Beaulieu ought to have been two of the happiest people in the world. And Beaulieu was one. Why Madame Beaulieu could not manage to be happy was one of



ever became a great artist except in the teeth of his mother's opposition . . .

those little mysteries of female psychology. On the credit side of life (1) she had an amiable, loving and talented husband, a little too fat perhaps but not too old; (2) she had a house and grounds so charming and coquettish that only much money and several hundred years of time could have duplicated them; (3) she had a charming little apartment in Paris; (4) she was allowed to be extravagant without any complaint; (5) she was pretty and popular; (6) she was really very fond of Beaulieu.

Now what was lacking? What didn't she have that she needed to make her happy? Undoubtedly what she needed was sometimes one thing and sometimes another. Edward was her present source of discontent. He had lived under the same roof with her now for many weeks and she hadn't succeeded in making him fall in love with her.

Why did she want Edward to fall in love with her? Chiefly because he wouldn't. She did not want a serious love affair, an episode which, becoming known, would involve her in scandal and cause a breach with Beaulieu. Her bread was too well buttered for that and she knew it. She wanted Edward to be hopelessly unhappy, while she pretended to be. She wanted his love of her to tinge with melancholy the whole of his remaining life. She wished to play the leading rôle in a drama of passion and renunciation.

Over the portrait painting she had touched Edward's cheek with hers. If her cheek had been a cobweb the contact would have affected him as much and no more. She tried other wiles. And she really charmed the boy very much without touching his heart or his desires.

One day Beaulieu had to go to Paris on business and he suggested for the two who were to remain behind a sketching expedition to the ruins of a St. Bernard monastery—a beautiful tracery of stone arches in the midst of a dark forest.

From Madame Beaulieu's point of view the expedition ought to have been a great success. A violent thunderstorm put an end to Edward's sketching and they took refuge in an ancient Gothic vault. There they were imprisoned for several hours.

At one time the lightning struck close at hand, and following a deafening crash of thunder Madame Beaulieu screamed and flung herself into Edward's arms for protection and pressed her warm, soft body close against him. He comforted her and reassured her as calmly as if she had been one of his own sisters.

The next crash of thunder was farther off. The storm withdrew, sweeping its wet skirts after it. Madame Beaulieu withdrew herself from Edward's cool embrace. She was angry and at the same time amused. What a fool the boy was!



## Keeping the Peace

Her next attack was by indirections. "It is curious," she might say to him, "that once in a while there is born into the world a male being with the nature of an iceberg. It may be a man, it may be a dog. Such creatures have no wish beyond eating and drinking and sleeping."

"But," Edward might answer, "wouldn't that be the most comfortable and least offensive creature there could be? It wouldn't ever make any trouble for anybody."

"Sometimes I am afraid we have such a creature living in the house with us. And it isn't Beaulieu. The day de la France brought his pretty daughters to 'five o'clock' it was obvious that the younger girl was taken with you at sight. She is pretty as a flower and yet you observed her and admired her, if you did admire her, much as if she had been a Chinese porcelain. A young man of your age should at least be thinking of marriage."

"On two hundred and fifty francs a month?" Edward smiled.

"You will soon be earning a lot of money. Beaulieu says so. He burst out swearing only the other day. He said: '*Mon dieu!* It may sound preposterous but that boy of ours—that little Edward Eaton—is already one of the first painters in France.'"

"Did he say that—truly?"

Edward blushed deeply and felt for a few moments as if tears were trying to force themselves into his eyes.

"He did so—truly. And what he says he means—the dear old cabbage."

Edward laughed now. "And he said I was little!"

Edward was much bigger than Beaulieu, taller and broader, but without fat.

"You are really a tall, strong man," said Madame. "But one thinks of you as a boy, and sometimes as an idiot."

"Why an idiot?"

"Because you can only be young once. A time will come when you will wish to remember that you were once young. And you will not be able to remember."

"Why won't I?"

"Because you never do anything or start anything that could be worth remembering."

On another occasion she was more direct and Edward could not quite dodge the issue.

"But," he said gravely, "how can a man lead the romantic life you seem to think he ought to lead if he doesn't feel romantic about anybody?"

"Have you never felt romantic about anybody? Tell me the truth."

"Yes," he said, "I have and I do. We were children together. But lately something seems to have happened. Perhaps she thinks that I ought not to have gone away from home for so long to study art."

"And perhaps," said Madame, a little viciously, "she has interested herself in some more ardent admirer."

"Perhaps," said Edward.

Before the summer ended Madame Beaulieu knew all that there was to be known about the Ruggleses; how instead of taking other people's beliefs for granted they asked questions and did their own thinking; how they lived in a city founded by French Huguenots—people who had claimed the same privilege for themselves; and how they had always been kind and helpful to Edward.

One day Edward received a letter from Alice. It was very short and perhaps a little cool, but it caused a sharp disturbance in Edward's breast.

We are coming abroad in October. We shall be in Paris for a while, and we hope that you will be glad to see us and not too busy. Afterwards we go to Rome for the cold weather. I see James sometimes at parties and he gives me more news of you than you do yourself. He's rather attractive, brother James is, in his bold, bad way. Don't you think so? . . .

It was not pleasant for Edward to think that Alice found anything to attract her in his brother James.

He told Madame Beaulieu the news and she pretended to be pleased; but she wasn't. She began at once to consider what she could do to make a little innocent mischief between the lovers.

Autumn was very beautiful that year. The whole of September and the half of October resembled that brief American season which is called Indian summer. It was a warm, hazy, soft, golden time that smelled of pears ripening against walls.

Edward lingered in the Beaulieus' house and painted the autumn. What he should do when he had finished painting out of doors with Beaulieu he did not know. Some of the wise old painters who came to see Beaulieu said one thing and some said another.

There came a friendly letter from Townley. With the letter came a short story by a new writer named Heller and an offer of fifty dollars apiece for three illustrations. The story was about a wasp, and models for the illustrations were always to be found between the hours of sunrise and sunset, among the ripening pears on the south end of the Beaulieu house.

In three days the illustrations were finished and on their way to New York. Even Edward felt that the wasp hero was sufficiently comical and sinister. He was pleased with himself and hoped that Townley would send him some more commissions. He did not wish to be an illustrator, but to a boy earning between forty and fifty dollars a month a hundred and fifty dollars all in a lump, with the possibility of more such lumps in the not too distant future, was rather thrilling.

He hoped that the money would arrive before the Ruggleses. He wanted to spend it all on them.

Beaulieu had sent the best of Edward's two-hour sketches to an art dealer and several of them had been sold for small sums of money. To Edward the future looked very bright. If the Ruggleses encouraged him he would try to scrape together enough money to go to Rome with them. Beaulieu had fired his imagination with descriptions of spring in the old Roman forum—the heavenly color of the sunshine and of the old marbles, the smell of the acacias, the jasmine and the violets.

Alice herself began to haunt his dreams. And it made him remorseful to think how little he had really missed her.

"Edward," said Madame Beaulieu reproachfully, "you should not show *any* other woman how impatient you are. It isn't polite."

"But they are my oldest friends!" he exclaimed. "And they have always been so charming to me."

"*They!*" mocked Madame.

She was becoming the victim of nervous, irritable moods. Sometimes she uttered philosophies so reckless and heartless that Beaulieu looked at her with pained amazement. Once or twice he reproved her, very sharply—for him.

And it seemed to Edward that these two dear people who had been so good to him and who had seemed so much in love with each other were no longer getting on so well together.

Madame was often contradictory and difficult to please. Sometimes if her judgment upon a painter or a writer was not accepted without question she flounced off in a huff. She wished that Beaulieu would not smoke cigarets. She wished that he would not eat so much. One needn't be fat if one didn't choose to be fat. Why did he keep her buried in the country? Why couldn't he give up landscape and be a fashionable portrait painter?

All these fault-findings were quite unnecessary and as disagreeable as they were meant to be.

Beaulieu began to confide in Edward.

"Of course I am too old for her," he would say, "but there is nothing sudden about that. And I was always too fat; but she never complained about it before. Just when everything was going along so merrily and happily she pulls these tantrums. And she doesn't seem to care what she says. She knows very well that if I do not live in the country I cannot paint landscapes. And if I cannot paint landscapes I cannot sell landscapes and we would hardly have any money at all. She knows that at my age I cannot turn to portraiture and yet she keeps urging me and nagging at me to make the change."

"Why cannot I paint portraits? For a simple reason. I can draw trees and rocks and even cows and sheep and horses, but I cannot draw people. I never could. It is left out of me. The moment I try to draw a face I become confused. My art is baffled. I must try to draw it as it is, when my whole training has been to make 'arrangements.' If I could put both the eyebrows up in one corner of the face and add as many noses as seemed necessary to make an agreeable composition, it would be different. But the rules of portraiture will not permit . . ." Here he would shrug his shoulders in a comic mockery of despair.

Then it would be Madame's turn to confide in Edward; but she made no bones about doing this in her husband's presence.

"He neglects me," she would say. "He thinks only of himself and his work. All I ask for is the little loving attentions that every woman asks for and that I do not get . . . He doesn't make love to me any more . . ."

Here Beaulieu would interrupt, "But I do—all the time—with every thought I think—with every gesture I make."

And Madame would deny the truth of this, and presently there would be as plain-spoken a quarrel as there might have been if a third person had not been present, and (Continued on page 176)

By Katharine Newlin

Burt

# The MASK

The LOVE Story of a  
Homely Man

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

THERE was in the ugliness of Timothy Blair a fantastic and positive quality which made it impossible merely to overlook or to ignore him: as one of the ranch girls had expressed it, "It ain't so much just—a mug; it's something put on over his real face to make you jump."

Blair seemed to be aware of this grotesque virtue, for he was by no means given to self-obliviation or to bashfulness. He carried his tall and graceful rider's body with a swagger, his voice was loud in story and song, he threw himself into a breach of silence with all the queer expressive contortions of that facial ugliness: the one eye which opened wide like a laughing and astonished O, the other eye which peeped and twinkled, the long nose twisted to the left, the long mouth drawn down to the right and pinned there with a deep scar.

He was, by all odds, the hero of the bunk-house, and might have won his way with the ladies, who will forgive much to wit, braggadocio and grace, if he had not treated them to a rasping cruelty. At some time a woman had "spurred him" and, figuratively, in further chastisement had "jumped upon his face"; at least, that was the decision of the bunk-house. Up in the Glover cabin, the women would not admit so tender an explanation . . . "a girl would never have let him get far enough to need a snubbing."

"Those eyes of his'n! That nose! That mouth!" mourned Mrs. Martin Glover. "If you make Blair foreman, now that Lacey's quit, so's he expects to come up here evenings and sit with us, Mart, I'm going to live down in the bunk-house myself . . . I sure am."

She spoke in the patient ready-for-laughter voice of the Western rancher's wife, looking with her nice eyes out of a little wrinkled, weather-beaten face at Martin, who was jellied into an office chair on the other side of the table. He very rarely looked at his wife, or, indeed, at anyone; his eyes were always warily and shyly exploring space, he moved his hands and stout body as little as might be and spoke few words—but these words had an especial and surprising flavor. There lingered in them the faint reminiscence of a Boston youth and a Harvard education.

In his twenties Martin had been sent West for reasons known only to his family and to himself. He had never again left Wyoming. Here he had labored with intelligence, patience and good humor; here he had married a daughter of the land, and here he now sat, comfortable owner of a cattle and hay ranch as large as the narrow mountain valley with its patch of free range and its interminable winter season would allow.

Under the protest of Gabriella against a threatened promotion of this Timothy, he slid his eyes for an instant over her and across the face of a young Eastern visitor.

"You'd vote for Richard Strong, eh?" he said.

His wife's face grew instantly expressionless and her eyes shone, as the face and eyes of all women of whatever age do stiffen

and shine when there is mentioned an outstanding favorite of their sex.

"Well I do think, Mart, him being one of your very own sort, almost like a kid cousin or something, from Boston, and such a nice fellow and good manners and just sufferin' to come up here and set with us evenin's . . . that you'd sort of hanker to give him a leg up. He's

come out here to rough it like you did when you was a boy."

"Never chose a foreman for his beauty," said Martin, "nor yet for his being loved by ladies, especially my wife."

"Oh," said the visitor, looking up from a letter in which every other word was underlined, "I do want to see them both, I want to know these boys, I want to get into the life of the ranch! Do you think I will ever get—what do you call it? that extraordinary thing—savvy, Mr. Glover?"

"Take her down to the bunk-house, Gay, and let her look them over; she can pick me out a foreman if she likes."

The two women departed, laughing, in the direction of the bunk-house.

It lay across a space of dust and sage and it was, like all the other ranch buildings, a one story affair of logs. Vastly above it stood the mountains and the night. Its golden windows, its smoke, its crackle of fire and voices, the loudness of its overflowing laughter, gave an effect of daring, of almost infantile courage. Such riotous big-man pigmies in the hollow of a giant's fist. There were giant-voices, too, a long unraveling song of fast water, a long whispering of wind through leagues of sage and pine, a crumbling rattle from the edge of the glacier three thousand feet above.

"How do they dare? How do we, any of us, dare—" breathed the young visitor from New York, catching for an instant her breath and standing still. She raised her chin, the chin of an obstinate boy, and looked, with all the courage of her





"That's what I used to think," said Tim, "but now . . . I don't think nothin' . . . only *her*."

spirit, that greatest mountain in the face—so stark, so rugged, so alone that its high splendor had a sort of ugliness, unsoftened, bitterly and shrewdly tall . . .

"Hurry up, dearie, it's right cold," said Mrs. Glover, who sometimes, through long accustomedness, forgot the mountain.

They came to the open bunk-house door and upon them fell the light of fire and smoky lamp. Inside, these lights did Rembrandt's business for him, picking out faces with a glow and a gloom, a lurid depth of color. Men sprawled on the floor, their backs propped on the walls, men lounged along the cots, a wrinkled old monkey of a roustabout droned in one corner to a falling tune how "his mother never knowed him with that bra-and upon his brow . . ." A small and lively yellow man plucked at a ukulele. Before the fire, straddled and swinging on his boot heels, Timothy recounted an exploit of such a nature as rolled his auditors about in painful mirth.

One listener alone was grave. He looked as though he would be willing presently to laugh, but that so far honesty forbade. He hadn't got the point. But the beauty of his young gravity made his face the most important and memorable fact of the bunk-house picture. He was sitting on the end of a cot, pipe in his mouth, chin in his hand, his blue eyes lifted attentively to Timothy, and he had the face of a Viking, smooth and bronzed, regular, clear-tinted.

In the full swing of his tale, Timothy Blair's eyes fell upon the visitors, the small wife of his boss and the limber, dark-haired, boyish looking stranger girl beside her.

He snapped his jaws together, twisted his body away from the fire, collapsed into a sullen heap on his heels and began to roll a cigaret. Half audibly he muttered something about "a place for women."

It has been said before.



Mrs. Glover, flushed, performed her introductions, the men rising like giants in that low room to their feet and joyfully, bashfully, wooingly expressing to Miss Ladislav their infinite delight in making her acquaintance. Here was none of the blasé "amuse me" of New York ballroom masculinity; here was a frank, an almost abject willingness to please.

Blair bowed in silence and while the ladies lingered, a matter of five labored minutes, he did not speak nor even look at them. He glowered hideously at his cigaret and twisted a sarcastic lip at the surrounding amenities. Dick Strong was as silent, but with a different silence. His blue eyes smiled and begged, and, when Marion Ladislav left, he was at the door to hold it back for her. He stood beside her there for an instant, just outside the threshold, agreeing softly with everything she said, and had the reward of her hand and an especial good night.

"Shut the door, dumbbell," was the revenge of the bunk-house upon him when he returned.

And Timothy became suddenly vocal, violent and profane.

"That young man," said Marion Ladislav emphatically, looking back at the door Dick had closed, "is a gentleman."

"Yes, dearie," Mrs. Glover looked at her out of the corners of her eyes and spoke with meekness.

"And I should think this life, these companions, that bunk-house would often be a torture to him."

"The life is all right," returned Mrs. Glover with a certain asperity, "and that's just a dandy bunk-house, and the boys is prime . . . but they do take it out of him for being good to look at and talking nice. Tim Blair will sick 'em on as soon as not, just as he'll call 'em off when the humor takes him. He's the leader of the pack, surely. And say, dearie, did you see his face?"

"Yes," Marion answered slowly. "Ugliness like that has a certain picturesqueness, even a distinction. It's like the carnival mask of some great man."

"Humph!" But this time Mrs. Glover's voice had lost its meekness; it was frankly dissentient and even scornful. "Fine words, dearie," she said, "do not make a fine face."

In her determination to acquire that enviable and mysterious virtue of "savvy," Marion Ladislav put the nerves of her host and hostess, before she was done with them, to a considerable strain, conspicuously so on that afternoon when she tried to cross the river. But on the day of this important adventure, she had had a lesser experience which accounted for a misanthropic and slightly desperate humor and explained, too, a curious feature of her rescue. In fact, to understand one it is necessary to have heard the other.

It was Ray Gall—to begin this understanding—the roustabout, ranch busybody and society reporter, who brought to a lovelorn bunk-house the staggering information that this slim, long-lashed and harmless looking child was a writer of books. Therewith, after a period of stunned despair, youth and middle age bent itself to education. A ride of forty miles produced one of Miss Ladislav's works. It was a slim volume, easy to put into a saddle pocket with a chocolate bar, a can of tobacco, a sandwich and a package of dried raisins. Mail orders of a bewildering sameness garnered six of the small volumes. They were read on fence rails and corral bars, they were read by camp-fires on the range, excerpts from a borrowed copy

were read aloud once and disastrously by Tim Blair on the kitchen porch.

The book was called, confusingly enough, "Gryphons and Dodos," and was further described inside the jacket as a "dazzling collection of sketches, vibrant with a sometimes biting wit and threaded with rarely human tenderness."

Miss Ladislav's style was epigrammatic, swift and trenchant beyond her years. She had had, in fact, an elaborate education, much travel, complicated social opportunities and the pen of a ready writer. Her tongue itself could be as wily as a serpent, a pretty serpent with scarce poison in its hood. If here on the cattle ranch of Martin Glover the little rosy reptile wagged with girlish and disarming softness, there were such flashes of intelligence and laughter at times in its owner's eyes as would frighten a sensitive cow-man out of his wits.

Timothy had selected for his reading a passage vitreous to male vanity and, to give weight to his elocution, had chosen a commanding position above his listeners and behind them, where they sat in a row on the step. His sombrero was tilted over his nose so that only the wry mouth and scarred chin were visible, and sarcastically with his shapely right hand he sawed the air and drawled: "And then I said to the boss"—now, nobody could possibly believe that he actually said this



"I have been riding with Dick," Miss Ladislav told Blair, "and I think I can understand him, because, you see—he is one of my own sort."

## The Mask

tremendous thing to the boss; it is necessary, however, for him to believe that other people can believe it, therefore he tells his wife—and then I said to the boss . . . She goes through the motions of fond credulity. Perhaps, even, she does believe it. In either case, the vanity of the male has again been fortified in order that he may face his world . . .

Tim rustled over a few pages, glanced at the flushed necks of the men below him, a few of whom were married, and chose another passage. Here Miss Ladislav had given rein to her "rarely human tenderness." It was a description of a "little, little lamb." Blair's drawl across that "little, little" was an almost terrible thing to hear.

"The dear ludicrousness of it! The charming and inept unself-consciousness! If any mortal of us could feel ever for an instant that ecstatic impulse to skip foolishly to his own shadow on a flowered meadow in May . . . Say, Dismal, didn't you never get 'charmin' and inept?' Didn't you never feel like skippin' foolishly to yer own shadow?"

The picture summoned of Dismal skipping ineptly amid the sage produced a galvanic effect upon the row of backs. Timothy proceeded with gravity. "Fragrance of Mint," he began and would not have stopped, though there was a premonitory creeping on his skin, but a hand from the kitchen door beside his shoulder wrenched the book from him and Dick's eyes scorched elocution from his tongue.

"You go to—" Timothy began reasonably when he saw Dick's companion, her great young eyes laughing through mortification and her lips forced into a smile.

Timothy whitened and his scar glowed. Slowly he took off his hat. The other "boys" got to their feet and turned their scarlet faces. They became loud in a mean spirited abuse of their entertainer.

"We was laughin' at him, Miss Ladislav," they said. "We don't scarcely ever listen to him, ma'am, not for more'n a minute at a time. We just naturally let him run on. He's always mean like that about almost everything . . .

"You see," they elucidated further, "it's like this here. Tim once tried book writin' himself. Yes, ma'am, he wrote a nice little pome and sent it to a magazine. One of us boys intercepted it on its journey home. We did quite a lot of quotin' for a while. Yes, ma'am. And ever since then Tim's been awful sore on book writers. We let him work it off. Eases him, kind of."

"I see," Marion Ladislav said.

She turned to Blair and smiled what might be described as a "book writer's" smile. "Will you recite your poem to me, Mr. Blair?"

They backed her up like one man in her revenge. They ringed her victim in a ring of steel. "Come on now, Tim. Here's your chanct. Say it over to the lady." They

prompted him with false promptings. "In the gloamin', of Wyomin'," they suggested, and "I'm old and woolly and full of fleas, I'm hard to curry below the knees, And it's my night to howl."

For an instant it seemed as if he had a mind to fight. There was a twitching of bent fingers and an ugly look about his mouth.

Then suddenly Timothy Blair drew himself up, his eyes glittered into their galliard smile, he clapped his sombrero to his chest and bowed. Balancing superbly on his heels, he looked his tormentress in the eye and spoke out sonorously:

"I am a cowboy of the West,  
They tell me I'm extinct,  
That I have gone to my eternal  
rest,  
But that ain't so, I think.

"As long as dawn can come acrost  
the range  
And turn snow mountains red,  
As long as I can watch that won-  
drous change  
And see my pony's head

"Lift up to snuff the smell of sage,  
and cows  
A-standing in the dew,  
And feel my rope all wet upon my  
horn,  
I kinder feel—I'm true.

"As long as round-up fires show  
me the face  
Of my old partner tellin' soft  
and slow  
The stories of old round-ups and  
old drives,  
Why, I kin feel, I'm so.

"As long as ropes will bite and  
irons glow  
And ponies pull and wheel and  
kick up dust,  
As long as cattle drift before the  
snow,  
Why, I can figure out I'm real—  
I trust."

"That," said Timothy, "mightier been called 'A Dodo,' Miss Ladislav. You've met one now"; and, clapping on his hat, he thrust his way through his silenced, not unadmiring friends, and swaggered off towards the corral.

It was the bitterness of a defeat, subtly spiritual, which sent Marion off that afternoon to vindicate her own superiority to men in general and to cow-men in particular.

She had been told that at any day the river would be beyond her fording powers, because the high snow was "coming down" and because the dam across the lake twenty miles above would be "let out" for Idaho irrigation. This information came to her mind after she had ridden several miles along the bank, and sent her plunging eagerly down to the water's edge. She might better pay a prompt visit to that tempting, soon to be forbidden other shore.

She put her pony at what looked like an easy fording place; in mid-stream, knowing that she was making a mistake, he bucked. Pure fear of going off into the swirling current kept her in her saddle until they reached shallower water, into which she was ignominiously splashed. The pony made his way back while Marion pulled herself up from the



To the lovelorn bunk-house was brought the staggering information that Miss Ladislav was a writer of books. Therewith youth and middle age bent itself to education.



At the very blackest hour of all, Marion was caught up in an arm strong as a bundle of wires.

surprising ferocity of the knee-deep stream on to a narrow strip of sand and willows beyond which ran the wider part of the river with what, even in a few seconds of dazed observation, seemed to her an incessantly increasing speed.

She wondered how long it would take a grazing pony to get back to an observable portion of his range, how long it would take the Glovers to "figure out" her probable intention and her plight. The wet stirrups and saddle would be dry, of course, long before the ranch could inspect them. She attempted wading and narrowly escaped being rolled over in the current like a slender log. Having so escaped, she sat down to wait for rescue. At intervals she called sweetly and reassuringly to prevent anyone's being frightened about her and to prove to such an anyone that she wasn't at all frightened herself.

She watched the darkness come with a pitiless deliberation and she watched the river rise, nibbling at the edges of her narrow island, biting off a sand ledge here, pulling a drifted stick away, fretting at willow roots which certainly a few minutes before had been securely dry. The river was in fact coming up with a steady rapidity dreadful to watch. The ford that had not even at her attempt been so safe as she had fancied, looked now swollen and ugly in the fading light. She could see it swirling in white flakes across the darkness that soon possessed her vision, and twice she shrank back when water touched her. From the other side, the rushing voices threatened even more loudly. Across the darkened land, lifted up dreadfully against its stars, that bleak scarred mountain head contemplated her until she set her teeth against a nervous terror of it.

At the very blackest hour of all, when clouds had smothered out even the mountain and its stars, when she dozed and wakened in panic, throbbing and acute, to feel the shallow water swirling all about her, there came a call. It was from the opposite bank and she shrilled instantly:

"Don't try to ford! Get a boat. The river's up."

She heard a horse clatter down from the steep bank into the river. The passage, of which only her hearing brought her a report, lasted interminably. Twice, when the horse plunged and rolled wet cobbles under struggling feet, she called out in a questioning quaver and got no answer. A brief smooth silence followed and then hoofs splashed beside her, a shadow swooped, she was caught up in an arm strong as a bundle of wires, was knitted against the side of a man and was presently aware of being in the middle of the flood.

"Is it very dangerous?" she asked and laughed a little. "I'm not afraid."

Her rescuer gave her no answer of reassurance or of praise. She had a feeling that his lips were set. His body rippled with the movement of the horse, the water rose cold and strong about her, pressing her against him; for a smooth and giddy minute she knew that the horse swam under them and was carried downstream. After that, almost instantly, they seemed to be on shore. She was settled more comfortably into the saddle, a heart that had pounded masterfully under her ear was somewhat withdrawn, the arm of wire betrayed (Continued on page 131)





HEYWOOD BROUN, THIRD

*The new freedom is in the nursery. All modern books on the training of the young emphasize the rights of the child. This child's father enters a plea against the prevailing tyranny. He believes the time has come to ask, Are Parents People?*

By Heywood Broun

*A Father Who Demands*

*His Rights*

# *My Son and Myself*

EVERYBODY knows that a child is a joy and a blessing. Poets and playwrights and story-tellers have all said that. The thing which needs to be dragged out into the open is that he is also a nuisance.

This isn't theorizing. I'm talking about my son, who is five and a half years old. I don't want to get rid of him, you understand, but I have decided to fight for my rights.

The fact of the matter is that the interests of a little person and a big one are bound to conflict. My son goes to bed at seven and I go to bed at two. He gets up at eight and I get up at noon. I like to read the sporting page of the newspaper to myself and he wants to have the funny section read out loud. I'm the one that doesn't care anything about drums and least of all in the morning.

Probably I was born after my time. Fifty years ago I could have told him that God would be vexed if he beat that drum before breakfast. I can't tell him that, because I don't believe it. It's just as reasonable for small Heywood to enjoy noise as for me to prefer quiet. It isn't really a question of morals at all, and so I leave that out. My plan is to tell the child that if he pounds the drum early in the morning I'll get hold of it and break it. And I justify this by pointing out that I ought to have my way in the matter because I'm bigger and stronger.

This may make me seem a bully and a tyrant to my son, but I can stand that much better than to have him think me a hypocrite. That was the fault of the old system. The father who said "This hurts me more than it does you" can never have convinced anybody but himself.

Now, I don't believe in spanking children ever. Such was the theory with which I began, but I haven't been able to live up to it. Heywood Broun, third, has been spanked twice, but at least there was nothing calm and judicial about it. Each time I did it impulsively and while I was still angry. And they weren't severe spankings, not more than one slap. But that slap was sincere. Heywood Broun, third, must have grasped the idea.

If I had gone about it calmly and said, "Now tomorrow morning at ten-thirty I'm going to spank you," the premeditation would have puzzled him. A child, like a puppy, must be punished while the offense is still evident. My son understood perfectly well that he was being walloped because our interests had clashed. From then on he was inclined to be a little more considerate of my interests.

Of course, I try to establish certain of my rights by arguing them out, but that's difficult because most of them must seem foolish to a child. For instance, I say to him, "Take that fire-engine out of my room and go and play in the kitchen."

He asks, "Why?"

Now I happen to have a good answer, but it just won't register. I can say, "I'm trying to write an article for a magazine, and if I get it finished and it isn't too terrible maybe I can sell it and be paid enough money to settle the coal bill."

There's no use saying that, because he would naturally want to know "What's a magazine?" and "What's a coal bill?" He knows what money is. That's something which comes out of my pockets and people buy things with it. But if he went on to inquire just how and why this tapping on a typewriter produced money I would be hard put to it to explain. It's much simpler to say, "Get out because I tell you to."

I try to make these dogmatic commands as few as possible. This veto power is seldom exercised outside my own room. In his part of the house, Heywood Broun, third, exercises a large

measure of self-government. About as much, let's say, as the Filipinos. Complete independence was my original idea, but I just had to exercise certain checks and balances. When my son was three months old and I was busy planning his future I found in a book by W. H. Hudson a scheme which seemed perfect. The great British naturalist told of his upbringing in Argentina and said that his parents never reproved, punished or even advised him. The children were simply turned out into the landscape and learned by experience which things were beneficent and which harmful.

Well, the plan broke down when Woodie—for that's really his name—began to crawl at about the age of ten months. There wasn't any landscape available. The best I could do for him was the floor of a six-room apartment. It seemed to be Hudson's notion that even the tiniest child was protected against most blunders by dim, half buried race memories which came to him when loosed into the world. I remember he had a story about a six-months-old child who screamed and brought help when a snake invaded the nursery. Somehow or other that child had an instinctive dread of snakes.

There were no snakes in the apartment house, but other complications had been introduced against which the memory of the race afforded no protection. Apparently Woodie was possessed of no ancestors who had ever been burned by steam radiators. It may be true that a burnt child dreads the fire but the rule doesn't cover radiators. At any rate this child seemed ready to get scalded every afternoon, and so I had to infringe upon his freedom. It seemed easier, also, to take the safety-pin out of his mouth rather than let him swallow it and learn by experience. The test was too drastic. This pin was open.

It isn't fair to blame nature for not providing children with instincts respecting radiators and safety-pins, but there seem to have been other vital omissions. For instance, mankind has practised sleep for a good many centuries, but that doesn't mean that youngsters take to it easily. Somewhere in the land there may be a child who beams delightedly and obeys readily when told to go to bed, but I haven't heard of him.

And eating is said to be an instinct. As to that I want to bring in a minority report. The doctor seemed to think he had settled everything when he said that the child ought to have more milk and more spinach. He only scratched the surface. It was I who invented the technique of actually getting the milk and the spinach into the child.

If ever he is sent to jail the fault will probably be mine because, as a desperate remedy, eating spinach and drinking milk were turned into immoral acts. As such they were accepted by him. This was the manner of it. The milk and the spinach were not Woodie's but mine. The glass and the dish were set down beside me. It then became my duty to fall asleep. Woodie was encouraged to think of himself as a burglar, and while I slumbered he stole the milk and the spinach.

Even though we united in keeping up the pretense of wickedness the child never became a large-scale embezzler. He burglarized his diet bit by bit. Again and again I had to wake up and urge him on to more daring depredations by insisting that there was no crime wave whatsoever and that as far as I could see the milk in the glass remained untouched.

Whether or not this long protracted and elaborate game has marked the future life of the child I can't say. I know it has marked me. To this day I can't go up to a soda fountain and ask for a chocolate milk shake without blinking.



Illustrations by C. D. Williams

"WHY?" asked Ruth.

Patrick H. Doyle rubbed the enormous diamond on his finger with an orange-colored silk handkerchief.

"All my life I have avoided women, Mrs. Reverly," he declared. "Do you know why?"

"Of course," Ruth told him. "You are afraid of falling in love."

Doyle's deep-set green eyes sparkled with anger. "Every time that I have decided you are a woman of intellect, you make some such ridiculous statement. Repeatedly I have told you that I have less sentiment than any man in the world. I dislike women intensely. And one of the reasons why I feel so strongly in the matter is that I have never yet met one who wasn't always asking 'Why?'"

She laughed at him. Patrick H. Doyle had lost his power to frighten her by any exhibition of his misanthropy.

"How else shall we find out things if we are forbidden to ask questions?" she demanded.

"Wait until you are told," Doyle retorted sternly.

"All right," she mocked him, "I'll wait until you tell me why you want to visit the cellar."

He frowned heavily. "In other words, you ask me once again the same question." He arose from the bench, adjusted his gaudy sun helmet and was apparently about to walk away.

Ruth laid her hand upon his arm. "If I promise not to ask why again, may I go with you?"

He smiled reluctantly. "You come with me if you wish."

They walked along the golf course toward Armstrong's bungalow. Golfing couples saw them and Ruth noted the way in which they stared. A cool decision to keep her mind equipped for the task in which she was engaged enabled her to talk nonsense with the detective. But the sight of these people brought back Bent's dreadful predicament. It was wrong of her to smile, to laugh while Bent remained in confinement. She held her head proudly as they crossed the fairways. And because she felt that Doyle never made a suggestion without reason, she was trembling with excitement as once again she entered the Armstrong house.

He led the way to the cellar stairs with a certainty that proved he had already examined this part of the house on their previous visit, when he had sent her away. The cellar was dark, but in the expectation of selling the place Ruth had caused the electric current to be turned on. She turned the switch now and illuminated the subterranean room. She followed Doyle down and stood by his side as he looked around. What he expected to find—hoped to find was perhaps nearer accuracy—she could not imagine. Nor did Doyle seem to have any definite idea of what his first move ought to be. Only his head and eyes moved for several minutes. Then he turned to her.

"This is different from most cellars," he said.

"In what way?" she asked.

"This is a summer house and yet there is an enormous furnace here. Do you happen to know if Stevens put it in, or was it Armstrong?"

She shook her head. "I really don't know. But it's more than a summer house. And of course," she corrected herself, "it must have been Stevens who installed it. For I seem to remember that he spent several winters here working on his invention, or so I heard my father say."

"Yet there isn't any workroom in the house," objected Doyle. "Still, he may have simply drawn plans here and done his manufacturing elsewhere. Look at those walls."

She stared at them, then looked inquiringly at Doyle.

"Don't notice anything?" he asked.

"Except that they seem very solid," she replied.

"Yes, they are," he laughed. "Let's go!"

Abashed, she mounted the stairs. Then as they came out upon the porch she forgot the riddle of the visit to the cellar as Gerlach and Sanderson came up the walk. The fat Sheriff was slightly in advance of the detective whom he had retained; his florid face was flushed.

He addressed himself to Patrick H. Doyle.



# Persons Unknown

*The Final Instalment of*

Arthur Somers Roche's

*Mystery Novel*



"Didn't expect this extra entertainment. Mrs. Revery," Doyle announced.

"What are you doing in this house?" he cried.

Doyle turned to Mrs. Revery. "Am I mistaken or am I correct in stating that you told me you owned this house?"

"I certainly do," assented Ruth.

Doyle turned to the Sheriff. "Have you any reason to doubt Mrs. Revery's claim to ownership of this cottage?" he asked gently.

"This is state business. I got a right to ask you questions," blustered Gerlach.

"Every right in the world," said Doyle blandly. "I trust you will concede me the right to pay as little attention to your questions as I choose."

"I won't have you snooping around," declared Gerlach.

Ruth had never seen Doyle in this smoothly provocative mood. "Snooping? One who snoops is a prying sneak. A snooper

would hardly investigate a house in broad daylight in the company of the owner. A snooper would visit the house at night. He would not turn on the electric light. He would use a torch instead. My dear Gerlach, it pains me to encounter such ignorance of the meaning of a good old Yankee word."

Gerlach's face grew redder still. "I'll get a court order restraining you from interfering with an officer of the law," he growled.

With a gallantry that Ruth had not before suspected of Doyle, the little detective offered her his arm. He fired a Parthian shot at the Sheriff.

"Get that order while you're still Sheriff, Gerlach," he advised.

Fifty yards away from the house Ruth stopped. "Mr. Doyle, what's the matter with John Gerlach?" she asked.

"When men reach the end of the rope they're apt to become a trifle uneasy," answered Doyle.

"What do you mean?" she cried. Tears glistened in her eyes. "I have sat on John Gerlach's knee when I was a little girl. He used to make toy boats for me to sail. And now I am compelled to believe that he is a—" She paused uncertainly.

"A what?" asked Doyle.

"Well, he shows an incomprehensible bitterness toward Bent and myself. He seems to *want* to convict Bent; he seems *glad* to have arrested Bent. And his attitude toward you is simply hateful. And just now you hinted that he wouldn't be sheriff long. You said to me that he was at the end of his rope." She waved a deprecating hand. "You almost make me think that you believe John Gerlach is the murderer."

They had reached the entrance to the Reverly grounds now; Doyle halted. "When I first came to see you in company with your cousin Dick, didn't I tell you that the Bryan Agency had sent Sanderson down here to investigate Armstrong's death?"

She nodded assent.

"You asked me who had retained the Bryan Agency, and I told you I didn't know. But hasn't it occurred to you that private detective agencies work for rewards?" He smiled faintly. "I myself have warned you that my fee will be extremely high. Well then, shortly after Sanderson arrives here he becomes hand in glove with Gerlach. I, whose aid Sanderson had desired, am avoided by Sanderson. He wants the glory of capturing the murderer himself. Also, perhaps it occurred to him that if I continued working on the case he might get into trouble with his employers. If I caught the criminal I might declare myself in on any reward quietly offered for his apprehension. And Sanderson had decided that he had a clear case against your husband."

"If he could prove the case against your husband I would be entitled to share neither in the glory nor in the reward. Now, John Gerlach is not a wealthy man. At least I don't suppose he is. Let us assume that Sanderson offered Gerlach a considerable sum of money for his aid. That aid would be extremely valuable because Gerlach not merely knows the neighborhood and the people, but is sheriff. Let us assume that both Sanderson and Gerlach believe implicitly in your husband's guilt. I, who work to free your husband, threaten Sanderson's glory and Gerlach's pocketbook. Would not that tend to account for Gerlach's seeming vindictiveness?"

Doyle had a manner that was more compelling than his words. And although she was not utterly convinced by his explanation of Gerlach's manner and actions, she could not combat his reasoning.

"Can't I do anything to help you?" she asked.

"No one can help Patrick H. Doyle," said the owner of that name grandly. "Good-by."

"When will I see you again?" she asked, rebuffed.

Over his shoulder he answered her: "Maybe tonight; certainly tomorrow. And don't worry."

"I won't," she answered bravely as he walked away.

She had Mike drive her to the selectmen's offices. Lest the chauffeur permit his belligerency to get the better of his self-restraint, Ruth made him stop the car a block away. And if Mike had been with her trouble would surely have occurred. For John Gerlach flatly, even rudely, refused her permission to visit her husband.

"You've been here once today and that'll be enough," he told her.

She drove back to her house, puzzled anew by the attitude of Gerlach, and angered as well. But she realized that she would only harass herself by permitting her mind to dwell on the incomprehensible attitude of the Sheriff. There were other matters which were as well worth her thought as Gerlach.

The cuff link and the game knife! Renewed concentration on them made her think of the amazing actions of Sadie Overholt on the night she had occupied a bedroom in Ruth's house.

A sudden rage swept over her. No one seemed to be annoying Sadie Overholt, to be asking any explanation of her. A circumstance no more suspicious than Sadie's theft of the letter had caused Bent to be locked up in jail on a charge of murder. Who was Sadie Overholt that she should be handled so gently?

In defense of those we love we revert to the primitive type. Ruth suddenly forgot all caution, lost the human quality of reason as she acted upon the sudden impulse to question her neighbor. She would wring the truth from Mrs. Overholt's lips.

She was emphatically not the gentle-eyed Mrs. Reverly whom Beaulieu knew as she left the house. And yet, because she had brains and would be ruled by them always, she stopped short in a clump of trees a few rods from the Overholt home; caution returned to her as she saw two figures emerge from the rear door of Overholt's house.

The sky had become overcast and a late afternoon mist had blown in from the sea. Yet despite this, and despite the fact

that the smaller figure had its back turned to her, she was sure that it was Lacy. His companion was Sam Overholt.

She forgot her impulse to cross-examine Sadie. To see where Lacy went in order that she might inform Doyle—this was the vital thing. And so, slipping from one cover to another as she had done when as a child she had played Indian in the woods of Beaulieu, she followed the two men.

They made for Dyce's Head, always avoiding the fairways of the golf course and sticking to cover. They proceeded so cautiously, casting so many backward glances over their shoulders, that she was forced to linger far behind. And yet she was certain they had come out upon the open space at the top of Dyce's Head, at the edge of the cliff over which at Doyle's request she had peered today.

Yet when she came to the edge of the grove there was no sight of the two men whom she followed. Emboldened at length, she crossed the rough grass to the spot by the bench where she had found the tarnished cuff link. Unquestionably the two men had descended the face of the cliff. But as she looked over the edge she could not see them on the beach below.

Still, they had had time to have made the descent and left the beach. But why didn't they approach it by the easy way of the road? The answer to that came to her. Neither Lacy nor Sam Overholt wished to be seen approaching the beach, or perhaps anywhere, together. Yet they ran a tremendous risk merely to avoid being seen. Whatever else Lacy might be, he was a man of courage to make that climb. So was Overholt, if he had done it.

Her desire to question Sadie Overholt had gone. She felt futilely feminine, unable to do the tasks of men, unfit to attempt them.

Sobered, realizing her dependency upon Doyle, she returned forlornly to her house.

Dick arrived just as she was finishing her solitary dinner. "Now tell me everything that's happened," he ordered excitedly.

She had just reached, in her recital, John Gerlach's truculent attitude on the porch of Armstrong's cottage when her ears caught the faint rattling of a knuckle upon glass. The sound came from the dining room. On the porch outside the French window someone was signaling. There was something stealthily sinister about the noise and she felt a tightening in her throat. She raised her hands, gesturing Dick not to move. Then common sense asserted itself and fear left her.

But Dick was quicker than she was. By the time she reached the doorway Dick had opened the window and a darkened figure stood beside him in the dining room's dim light. Then as they came toward her she recognized Lacy.

"Doyle here?" he whispered.

She shook her head.

"Where is he?" he asked.

The telephone prevented her from replying. She cast a warning glance at Dick and he interpreted it correctly and instantly. His muscular hands closed over the wrist of Lacy.

Through his heavy rimmed spectacles Lacy's blue eyes flashed contemptuously.

"If I didn't want to be here I needn't have come," he said. "You won't need to hold me. I'm through playing my own game. I'm with Mrs. Reverly and Doyle. I'd rather go to jail than fill a coffin."

Ruth put the receiver to her ear. "Hello?" she said.

"Mrs. Reverly, this is Doyle. I want you to do something."

"Lacy just came here; he wants to see you," she cried.

She heard Doyle chuckle. "Get Mike, your chauffeur, to guard him."

"Dick is here," she said.

"Better yet," said Doyle. "Tell Dick to call Mike. The two of them ought to be able to take care of anyone who comes gunning for Lacy. How's your nerve?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You've been pretty angry at me, Mrs. Reverly, because I haven't let you help me as much as you wanted. Well, we're just about at the finish. If you want to see the wind-up, you might meet me at the gate of the Armstrong cottage."

"I'll be there as soon as I can make it," she told him. She hung up the receiver and turned to Dick. "Mr. Doyle wants me to meet him. He says that he's at the end of his investigation. He says for you and Mike to guard this man in the event that anyone attacks him."

She went to the garage and ordered Mike into the house. Ten minutes later she was opposite the gate of the Armstrong cottage. Against the white palings of the gate she could see a dark shadow. She approached it eagerly, calling softly Doyle's name.



"You've been here once today and that'll be enough," John Gerlach told Ruth.

To her surprise, it dashed toward the cottage. From behind the very shrubs in which she and Lacy had lurked last night another figure, seemingly but half the size of the man who ran, emerged upon the pathway. There was a flying football tackle.

She did not hesitate. Somehow she knew that the attacking figure was that of Doyle. And dangerous though he might be, according to Dick, in any contest of strength, it did not seem possible to her that he could subdue the larger man.

Yet by the time she had reached the struggling pair Doyle was sitting upon the chest of the other man.

"Didn't expect this extra entertainment, Mrs. Reverly," he announced. "If I'd known that this gentleman was anywhere except trembling in his bed I'd not have told you to come. But I had a man watching his house. I'm afraid my watcher will be looking for a job tomorrow."

"Who is he?" demanded Ruth.

The man on the ground writhed.

Doyle laughed pleasantly. "All my men aren't as stupid as the chap you got away from. Don't think your friends can help you now, or you can help them." (Continued on page 167)



# Wreckage



**D**AVID WALDRON glanced up from his volume of George Meredith. Yesterday he was in a northern blizzard. Today there was a suspicion of balminess in the air. Tomorrow he would detrain in Florida sunshine. Yet he was vaguely depressed.

Perhaps it was the heroine of the novel. By chance she represented exactly his own ideal, created years before by his imagination. A medium tall, willowy girl with small head set gracefully upon a slender neck; the glow of healthful beauty in her cheeks, lips like rose-leaves, eyes brimming with humor and friendliness, and a crown of burnished bronze hair. Womanly and refined, as a matter of course. The girls in real life fell far short. They were super-sophisticated, selfish, material and disillusioning. His well-bred face, sensitively poetic, registered weariness at the mere thought of them. Consequently he had survived many debutantes, and now at thirty his fastidious nature had never felt a real thrill of the first magnitude.

At St. Augustine he paced the platform while throngs of colorless passengers, surrounded by bags and golf kits, scattered to buses and motors. Probably important in their home towns, he supposed, but there wasn't one he'd want to set eyes on again.

With a sigh he turned to board the train, and there—before him—in flesh and blood—his ideal! He gasped and stared. She was bidding good-by to an elderly man in golfing clothes.

Instantly life became vivid. He hurried after her through the cars but she had disappeared. The porter whom he bribed to get her name returned after two hours to inquire whether the party had got on at St. Augustine or Jacksonville. The conductor was grouchy and met his inquiry with a cold stare.

She did not get off at Palm Beach or, to his dismay, at Miami. On the chance that she had gotten off during the night he went back up the coast, stopping at each town where northerners winter, but in vain. He could not locate the elderly man in St. Augustine.

"It serves me jolly well right!" he lamented, bitterly reviling his lack of enterprise. Here was he, an intelligent, fairly resourceful young man, who had failed to find a girl on a railway train. Heroes who were able to surmount all difficulties were also confined to books, he thought dismally.

But one day after leaving the surf at Miami Beach he was preparing to dress when, through the little crescent porthole of his bathing-box, she flashed across his limited field of vision, laughing merrily at someone ahead. He could not at once pursue her. There were certain conventionalities to be observed, and by the time he had dressed in a hurry—slow work!—she had vanished.

He haunted the hotels. He peered into the face of every girl

he saw. Several times he narrowly escaped personal conflict with gentlemen who objected.

"Well, if fortune ever gives me another glimpse of her, no man-made convention, *nothing*, shall keep me from her!"

At such times as he despaired most deeply, Mr. Waldron was given to fishing trips. He would charter a small one-man sailboat and cruise far out into the Gulf Stream. What mattered it if he were caught in a storm and capsized? No such luck!

Yet that is what happened. And when, after drifting about for twelve hours, he was retrieved by a yacht from his perch on the keel, he promptly lost consciousness. How long he lay in this coma he never knew, but he was finally roused by a terrific crashing and grinding, followed by a long period in suffocating depths of water. He regained the surface just as his lungs were about to burst and struck out, swimming desperately. After what seemed a lifetime he found himself in a pleasant surf that broke musically on the sand. He crawled up the shelving beach and lay breathing heavily.

When his strength returned he inspected his surroundings. He was on a small island fringed with palm trees. A profusion of flowers bordered a path that led back from the beach to a deserted thatched hut. Beyond that lay a smooth lagoon, protected by a long coral reef. Farther along was a cave.

"Well, this won't be so bad," he thought. "If Robinson Crusoe could do it, why not I?"



While sitting in the sun to dry his clothes he observed for the first time an overturned boat wedged in between the rocks. He was amazed to see a white arm hanging over the edge. The hand was small and graceful, with a ring and a jeweled wrist watch. He hurried nearer and a shudder of profound awe shook him as he lifted the limp body. His agitation was terrific. It was she! The girl of St. Augustine and Miami Beach. His ideal, with the delicately curved cheek, the bronze hair, the long eyelashes, the serene brow. And she was still alive! He breathed a prayer of gratitude. Fortune seemed to be prodigal.

Here he was on an island, the most romantic of all settings, he and the one and only person in the world he wanted with him. He carried her tenderly and made a couch of soft leaves in a shady spot. As he gave himself up to the most exquisite day-dreams.

But now the moment was at hand. Her lids were fluttering. For a long time she looked into his eyes as though uncertain of her senses.

"Gee, I feel punk. Where am I?"

"You were wrecked."

"Wrecked?" she smiled feebly.

"Say, you're an awful observing guy, ain't you? I'll tell the cross-eyed world I was wrecked, and then some. Who are you, anyway?"



# Words and Pictures By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

"My name is Waldron. I must have been on your boat when she went down. I swam ashore."

"Oh, you must be the party we rescued yesterday. Where are the rest of 'em? Where's Abie and Louie?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Waldron stiffly. "I'm afraid we are the only ones who got ashore."

"You and me! Ha-ha. Some situation, I'll say. Gee, my mouth feels like a Chinese family had just moved out." A thought struck her and she glanced sharply at her ring and watch. She seemed relieved, and Waldron felt a sudden flush of resentment. Then she looked languidly around—back at the hut, at the beach, at the palm trees waving gracefully overhead.

"Say, when do we eat?"

Waldron sprang up. "Oh, pardon me!" he exclaimed. "I'll see what I can find. I'm afraid there isn't much."

"I s'pose there ain't no Ritz in this dump," she said, "but if you can rustle up something that will cure this hollow inside of me, I'll—well, I'll be quite friendly with you."

Heavy-hearted, the young man hastened away and presently returned, rather warm, with a green coconut and some whelks he had pried from a rock.

"Now as soon as I open this coconut you'll be refreshed by the water—"

"What! Drink that stuff? What do you think I am? A monkey or something?"

He shrugged. "I'm afraid that's all there is to drink."

She watched him with some amusement as he tried to break through the tenacious husk, and as each effort failed, a querulous tone came into her voice. "Here, let me try."

He refused, and painfully conscious of his shortcomings in such a situation, kept at the nut.

"Never mind," she said languidly. "I'm not thirsty anyway. Let's see if there is a boat in the offing." She strolled off, quite indifferent to the fact that half her skirt was torn away, her stockings were down on her pumps and most of her back was bare.

"For the love o' Mike," she said, "not a d— boat in sight!" She turned to him petulantly. "Say, do I gotta stay on this sandbar all night?"

"I'll climb a tree and look." He hurried away, burning with more emotions than he had ever felt before, and awkwardly began to shin up a slanting palm. She watched his effort with interest. When he slipped and there was a ripping of garments she laughed outright.

"Say," she called, "I don't remember your name, but I'm gonna call you Jocko; and believe me, Jocko, you'll have to send for the tailor before many days!"

Waldron gritted his teeth, and after a few more polite attempts slid to the ground. She surveyed him critically, her eyes twinkling.

"Well, you're a hot sketch! I wish I had a snapshot of you. How Abie would laugh!" Waldron could think of nothing to say. His heart was dead. He didn't even care who Abie was.

To make matters more unendurable, the girl picked up the coconut and tried to open it. But after a few futile stabs with a jagged stone she hurled it down the beach.

"Run away and play, little coconut," she said. "You're nothing in my young life. Come on, Jocko, let's—"

"My name isn't Jocko!"

"Well, don't get mad, dearie. Don't let's quarrel. We're not married yet, but I s'pose if we have to stay in this dump very long we might as well be."

Waldron shuddered. He stood in the wreckage of cherished illusions with others crashing around him each moment. An icy hand gripped his heart as she started to hum "Yes, we have no bananas," finishing up with, "Gee, and that's no joke, is it, dearie?" Every word was like a stab. She walked a few steps, idly sweeping the horizon for a welcome sail, and then sat down and took off her shoes and stockings.

"Just look at those socks!" she said ruefully. "Chiffon—eighteen per! I'd sell 'em now for a dirty deuce."

Waldron winced. This was terrible! He was trying to remember what other men had done in these circumstances. The situation called for a masterful personality, an Admirable Crichton. He *must* be masterful, at least.



"Young lady," he began soberly, "we may be here for some time. Now don't be alarmed—"

She laughed. "Why, dearie, you couldn't alarm me if you tried."

He frowned and took a fresh start.

"We must make the best of a bad situation. I need not assure you that I am a gentleman." He was aware that her eyes were twinkling again. It exasperated him. "I'm sure you don't realize how serious this may be. We may have to wait here for days. Now, I'll fix up this shack for you, and I'll sleep down in the cave."

"Safety first—that's your motto, ain't it, dearie?" She winked archly. "Well, you're a quaint scout, but I guess a purty good one at that. We'll get along all right. Now you run along and try to rustle up some kind of food. Don't worry about me."

When he returned he had three crabs, whether of the edible kind or not he was in doubt. He also carried a couple more coconuts, one of which being dried and old was easily opened. For a time they munched the tough meat.

"You don't happen to have a toothpick in your jeans?" she asked, and he shook his head with such impressive solemnity that she laughed.

The sun was sinking in a burst of rainbow hues. For the first time the girl was sobered. "Do you s'pose there's any snakes around here?"

"Not on these small islands," he had still enough gallantry to hazard.

For a long time they sat in silence as the twilight swiftly merged into velvety darkness and the heavens blazed with incandescent stars, and when the tropic moon arose it was a setting incomparable for romance. She lay by his side

staring up into the night. He took off his jacket and threw it over her, and something stirred within him as he saw her shoulders shaking. He was sure she was crying and took her hand sympathetically. She gave him a friendly squeeze, laid her head contentedly in his lap and then gave way to the long repressed laughter.

"Gee, what would Abie say if he seen us now!"

They were rescued at dawn, and Mr. Waldron has never seen her since.

It is an adventure he never refers to.



## Kitty Shinn's Husband

(Continued from page 49)

Kitty Shinn? It was less than three years since that night in John's, and Kitty Shinn earned almost as much in a week as he could earn in a year. Yet five thousand a year wasn't considered bad among the men he knew. Only these crazy movie salaries, these sudden rises to fame, turned the world topsy-turvy.

Sitting there alone—Kitty had worked all night and was sleeping—his heart began to beat dully, heavily as he thought over the nightmare of the last three years.

He didn't know exactly when he had lost his identity and become Kitty Shinn's husband. But that symbolized the whole thing.

Kitty herself was a good deal to blame. She might have made things easier for him. But success and money hadn't changed Kitty in some ways. She forgot just as readily now as she had then. Besides, it had all been so hectic, so mad. When she wasn't working she was posing for photographs, receiving interviewers, appearing at charity benefits, looking over scripts, consulting the title editors and cutters and exhibitors.

And Kitty loved people. And he hated 'em. He hated Hollywood. He hated the whole simpering mass of shopworn women who ogled him under Kitty's nose; but most of all he hated the cheap men with their soft bodies and their low minds.

Sometimes it was hard for Wally Dole to realize that he had once been a popular idol himself. Certainly he had not made himself popular in Hollywood. He didn't belong, and he couldn't adapt himself.

No doubt most people pitied Kitty Shinn for the unfortunate youthful marriage she'd had to drag with her up the ladder of fame.

The story about their meeting in the gas station had leaked out—Kitty always talked too much. Retelling had garbled it beyond recognition. Kitty Shinn, said Hollywood, had married her chauffeur or a mechanic or something dreadful like that. Even if they had known that he had once been All-American end it would have meant nothing to them. You had to be something now in pictures or you were an outsider. Those who knew him—but none of them knew him. They knew only the mask he'd thrown up between himself and the world. They knew him as a cold, bitter, silent young man with a stiff, unpleasant manner that wet-blanketed every party.

How could he help it? Kitty Shinn was his wife. His wife. He was just an ordinary man and he loved her and respected her and it sickened him to see her in such company. He wanted her to herself sometimes, as any man has a right to want his wife. When did he and Kitty ever have a moment alone together? There was no privacy in Hollywood, none. And Kitty Shinn had a cordial soul. She couldn't be unkind to anybody. She couldn't protect herself from the hangers-on.

He did what he could and they hated him and said slighting things about him behind his back. Called him Mr. Kitty Shinn.

Yet he wasn't jealous of her so far as men went. Kitty Shinn cared nothing for men. And he was proud of her success. Hadn't he worked and slaved to help her get it?

He flung the paper down and went into his own library. He had furnished it himself, with his own money, and it suited him.

Pedro leaped up at him from the rug in frantic ecstasy. Wally Dole knelt down and put his arms about the big dog's neck and hugged him rather too hard. And there were tears in his eyes, because this was their fifth wedding anniversary—his and Kitty's—and Kitty had forgotten. He wrestled the great head back and forth but his heart wasn't in it.

From the drawer of his desk he took the big flat package that contained his gift to Kitty. It wasn't easy to buy gifts for Kitty. She had so much. She wasn't extravagant, but she wanted what the other girls had and she bought them.

He thought she would like his gift. One of the finest artists in California had done it—an exquisite and delicate reproduction of the Carmel sand-dunes at sundown, with the pines in the background and the ocean beyond. The Carmel sand-dunes as they had looked to Wally and little Kitty Shinn when they went there on their honeymoon.

He went upstairs with it to the big white and green bedroom. Kitty didn't stir as he entered. Her boyish black hair was framed by the sheer whiteness of the pillow. She looked very young, almost childish. He knelt down beside her in a passion of tenderness. Sometimes he felt that his love for Kitty wasn't exactly like other men's love for their women. He—he yearned over her so. Wasn't there motherhood in men, too? And yet there was so much desire in his love. More than there had been on that day five years ago when she had first belonged to him. And that was strange, for Kitty Shinn had no lure for men. Only Wally was one of those men in whom passion and love are inseparably bound.

Well, he mustn't wake her. He laid the picture on the pillow beside her. Yet he had wanted so much to be with her when she saw it. He treasured those moments so. He longed for his reward in that first starry, breathless glory on Kitty's face.

He stopped at the garage on his way to work to tell them to send up to the house for the big limousine. "I'll send up for it," said the man. "Are you the new chauffeur up there?"

Wally laughed. "No, I'm Mr. Kitty Shinn," he said. Well, wasn't he?

On his way down-town to the office he dropped in to see his mother. He didn't stop often nowadays. His mother's eyes were too clear-seeing. He couldn't discuss Kitty with anyone. And besides, his mother loved Kitty so much. He wanted her to go on loving Kitty, always. If—anything happened, Kitty would need her more than he did.

His mother looked at him closely. There was something in the set of the lips that worried her. A trouble signal.

"The thing I can't understand," she said fondly, "is why you don't go into pictures yourself. You'd be as famous as Kitty in no time."

"Any time I start painting my face, mother, I hope dad'll shoot me. I may have to turn safe-cracker, but not actor."

She patted his hand, smiling. "I saw Kitty's picture in the paper Sunday with Mr. Polhemus at that big opening. Why didn't you go?"

"I did," said Wally.

She hadn't said it to hurt. He was her son. She loved him. She couldn't realize why he wasn't as important to the rest of the world as Kitty Shinn. But it brought back the whole miserable business to him.

In the first place, there was the Lamartine dinner. Lamartine had invited Kitty and hadn't invited him. Kitty hadn't gone, of course. But it left him with the nasty feeling that his very existence had kept her from doing something she really wanted to do.

They went to the opening, and the crowds that packed the streets for blocks cheered Kitty Shinn. Some of the women reached out and tried to tear the soft white feathers from her white velvet cloak. He heard a woman say, "Who's the man with Kitty Shinn?" Times had changed.

His mother broke his reverie. "Come in and have another cup of coffee, dear," she said.

But he went on down-town without it. There wasn't any comfort even in mother's coffee just then, or even in mother.

At the plant the boss sent for him.

He liked old M. P. Weston. A little wizened man with white burnisides and a perpetual twinkle in his eye. "Hello, Dole," he said. "Come in. I'm busy but I can say what I want to say to you in three seconds. How'd you like to be promoted?"

Wally's heart jumped. "I guess I'd like it fine," he said.

"You married?"

Wally shot him a suspicious glance. But the old gentleman regarded him innocently.

"Yes, sir."

"That's good. I like to know a young man is setting up a family. Every man ought to have at least three children to keep up the strength of the race. That's statistics. You got any babies?"

"No."

"Well, you'd better get started. How'd your wife like to go to Detroit to live?"

"Detroit?"

"Detroit, certainly. Detroit, Michigan. You may remember that our main factory is there. Fact is, Dole, I think I'd like to give you a chance in the electrical designing department there. I happen to know you've been thinking along the lines of improving electrical appliances. It can be done. Ten thousand a year and an interest in anything you do that's worth anything to us. How about it?"

Wally Dole had gone very white. He remembered a critical moment in a big game when a 210-pound California tackle had hit him in the pit of the stomach. He felt like that now.

The old man behind the desk was amazed at the anguish that had come into the young face. For Wally Dole knew that he had come to the parting of the ways. He must go on alone, be his own man, succeed in this thing that was so near his heart. Or he must go on forever being Kitty Shinn's husband.

"Why, Wally, what are you doing?"

Kitty Shinn stood in the doorway, clad literally in rags. She wore no stockings and the torn and turned-up pants revealed her slim bare legs. She wore a dilapidated man's coat several sizes too large for her, and over her straight hair a man's cap. Altogether she was about as pitiful a figure of a street urchin as the imagination could draw. Her make-up gleamed yellow in the faint light above the desk and her funny curled-up lashes were beaded so that they gave her that infinitely funny, dumb, wide-eyed stare.

"Hello, Kitten," said Wally Dole. "I thought you'd gone. What time is your call?"

"Ten-thirty." She came across to him slowly. "Wally, what is it? Why are you so—so funny? What are you burning those papers and everything for?"

Wally kissed her. "Just straightening things around, my dear," he said. "Will you work all night again?"

"I'm afraid so. I'm sorry I slept all day. But I was so tired. Kiss me good-by."

Wally Dole took the little scarecrow figure in his arms and looked down into her eyes for a long time. Then he kissed her very gently.

"And everything's really all right?"

"Yes, dear."

She went out and he stood there a moment where she had left him. So that was the end of it all. Well, he mustn't think about that. Only, he wished she had remembered. He wished she hadn't forgotten to thank him for the picture. It was a beautiful picture.

He sat down at his desk and started again to go over the books, making a complete list of all her business matters to be turned over to a lawyer. Just as well she had forgotten. This was the easiest way. And then he put his hand over his eyes. Oh Lord, let him be a man, a man! Let him go out of her gay, happy, glorious little life without casting a shadow, without one word of blame or recrimination.

The door banged open and Kitty was there, in his lap, her arms about his head. "Wally, you horrid, horrid, horrid old thing! Anna just gave it to me. Not to give me a little hint that this was our wedding anniversary when you know I never know what date it is, especially if I'm working all night and sleeping all day."





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Oh, Wally, this beautiful, beautiful picture, just like it looked that evening when we stood there and said forever and forever to each other! Kiss me, my sweetheart. Oh, I'm so sorry I have to work! Why didn't I remember? Come with me, Wally, won't you?"

"No, hon." He hated being on the set with her, hanging around, in everybody's way.

She carried the picture over and put it on the mantel and stood awe-struck before it. Then without warning she was peering over his shoulder. "Wally, what are you doing?" she asked very quietly.

He couldn't answer her. She went quietly to the door. To the maid she said, still in that strange, quiet voice: "Anna, telephone I can't come tonight. Never mind—telephone!"

She turned back, wiping her mouth on her ragged sleeve with a familiar gesture.

"Wally, tell me."

"Oh, Kitty, what's the use?"

"You—going away or something?"

"Yes, dear."

"You don't love me any more?"

"Kitty! There's never been anyone but you, dear, and never will be. I'm made that way."

"But then, Wally, you can't go away. I need you."

He put his hand over his eyes again to shut out that appeal that had always beaten him. "You don't need me any more, Kitty. And—I can't stand it. I'm sorry. I've tried—I've tried awfully hard. I never knew it would be like this. I just can't stand it any more."

"You're not happy?"

"Happy? Kitty! how could any man be happy like this?"

"What?"

"Being—Kitty Shinn's husband."

She was quiet so long that he took down the hand shading his eyes and looked at her and his heart turned over at the sight of her little face. "I didn't know," she said at last. "I didn't understand. Oh—but why? Why?"

"I've got a great chance, Kitty, if I can go to Detroit. It means my big opportunity to follow the work I love. Of course you can't go, dear. So—there you are. It won't seem much to you—ten thousand a year—"

"But we don't need any more money."

"You don't. It isn't that, anyway. Only—oh, Kitty, I've got to be a man again! I'm losing my manhood, I'm losing my honor, I'm losing my decent self-respect, my pride, being your pensioner, living in your house, waited on by your servants. I'm glad for you, darling, that you have all those things. But I can't stand being a lackey, a hanger-on. I married you because you were poor and I loved you and you needed me. That's all changed now."

"Good Lord, I had dreams myself once! I had dreams of success in my work—as a man should have. But you've killed those because your success is so great it overshadows anything I could do. You're too absorbed in your work to be interested in mine. It's not important whether I succeed. I had dreams of being able to give you the things you wanted, of working and slaving to build a home for you, and of buying you the things you'd always talked about. You've killed that too, because you have everything and more than I could give you if I worked the rest of my life."

"I'm a man, Kitty—or I was once. I was proud of my name, but I've lost even that. There's never been any Mrs. Wally Dole—but I'm Kitty Shinn's husband. I'm a sort of joke. Why, even when I tend to business for you they

look at me as though I were the sort of a man you don't mention."

"We started together. And I loved you, Kitty, more than any man ever loved a woman. You looked up to me. I was your husband, the head of the house. I'm not an 'advanced man.' I've none of these new ideas. I'm just a man, with a lot of pride. I'm cheated of my birth-right, my fatherhood; even my work would have to go—and I'm not getting anything out of it to make it worth while."

"Oh, maybe it sounds selfish and small and mean! But Kitty, it's whole centuries of custom and tradition and training and heredity in me. You don't know how I've suffered. The humiliation. The humiliation. I'm just not able to stand it—I don't think many men are without becoming—what people would call them if it wasn't for the marriage vow between. Parasites. Male parasites. Oh, God!" He put his head down in his arms and lay still.

Then, in an even, cheerful voice, Kitty Shinn said: "All right, dear. We'll both go to Detroit."

Wally Dole raised his head. "Kitty!"

"Well, what'd you think? I happen to love you, Wally. If—if it's got to be you or my work—you win, that's all."

"No, no, Kitty. I can't let you—"

"Ah, Wally, you're the one that doesn't understand. I love my work. I love the success—the fame. And I've thought this last year I was doing something—sort of beautiful and wonderful. It hurts me to see people suffer. And I just hug it close that I make them laugh. I know, I know, that when they come to see me they laugh. No matter how their hearts ache, no matter how worn and weary they are, they laugh. It's a beautiful thing to give—that hour of laughter. You can't buy it, you know. And sometimes I add up all the hours of laughter, and all the heartaches eased, and all the good cheer that makes them able to go on again, and I think—honestly I do, Wally—that maybe I'm doing—God's work. So that's one reason my work seemed more important to me—and it did. But you—you're the heart of my laughter, dear. If you went away there wouldn't be any more laughter to give."

"Oh, yes there would, Kitty! The laughter is in you."

"No, it isn't. It's in our love. Why, dearest, I couldn't get along without you. I couldn't live. Do you remember when I used to dream you were dead and wake up and cry and cry? It's that way with me, dear. I thought you understood. Have you ever doubted my love?"

"No, Kitty."

"Well—I didn't know anything else mattered. I suppose it does. I'm not a good wife, I see that. Only I love you so. But—Wally, I thought you were big enough somehow, and so filled to the brim with our love-happiness that you didn't care about the world without."

"You see, I knew what your part in my work and my success was. I knew there wouldn't have been any Kitty Shinn if it hadn't been for Kitty Shinn's husband. I know it now. Why, Wally, you know me. How can you think I could carry on without you? What would happen to me without your love and your encouragement and your protection?"

"Just in the daily business of living—you're always there, like a rock that I'm resting on. It isn't my money. You earn it just as much as I do. Who got my contract for me? Who advised me every step of the way for five years? who takes care of it? who keeps all sorts of sharks from getting it? who invests it and

makes more out of it? I even thought this year maybe you'd give up your work and be my manager and we'd have our own company."

"Everything is so trivial—when I know. What difference does it make which one is out in front, in the limelight? We're—one."

"Why, Wally, to me Kitty Shinn's husband is the finest man in the whole world."

She was crying now, and she went and knelt down beside him and put her face against his knee. "W-whither thou goest—" she said, and then she could say no more.

The man looked down at her and suddenly he felt something that swept away forever the thing that had weighed upon him.

How many women had stood by and steadied the ark of genius and guided it safely through the floods and torrents so that it might bring its golden harvest to the world? How many women had been responsible through their care and protection and vision and spiritual strength for the works of great men?

Kitty had something to give the world. Something beautiful. Something the world needed. And she was right. Without him, she couldn't give it. What did it matter who carried the ball if you crossed the goal-line? Hadn't he learned team-work?

There was no more man and woman when people loved. There was only a team. One made whole by love. What if it was his part to hold the line, to make the tackles, to run the interference? Even if he didn't score the touchdown, was the victory any less his?

The world might think her the great Kitty Shinn. And she was great. No one knew better than he did just how great was the heart he had kissed so many times. But no one knew, either, how pitiful and helpless and ignorant she was. He was big enough to stand by. That was the very highest kind of manhood there could be, the kind of manhood the Carpenter of Nazareth had taught and that people were forgetting. The Samaritan kind of manhood, that ministered, selfless and strong.

"I say, Kitty," he said, "don't cry. Look!" He drew her up and they sat, clinging close, looking up at the sand-dunes of Carmel, peaceful in the evening glow.

"Just like our wedding night," said Kitty. "This is our wedding night," said Kitty Shinn's husband.

Because he knew that somehow, along the rugged road, they had at least caught a glimpse of the mountain peaks.

Rapps the butler stopped on the threshold of the big drawing room in surprise. It was unheard of for Miss Shinn to be about so early.

"Hi, Rapps," she said; "come here and help." He came, with dignity. She gave him the hammer and a box of tacks and rested a large framed photograph against his knee. "I want to hang that there," she said, pointing to a space above the carved mantelpiece. "Do you know who that is, Rapps?"

"It—it's Mr. Dole, I take it, Miss Shinn, in some kind of a game suit."

"That picture, Rapps," said the great Kitty Shinn, "was taken when Mr. Dole was all-American end. Do you know what all-American end is?"

"No, Miss Shinn."

"Well, it's something pretty darn fine to be, Rapps. And I say, tell whatever cook we've got now that I want breakfast served in the dining room after this and you can put the canaries in the breakfast room."

## As Good As New

(Continued from page 64)

A year ago he would not have noticed what she was wearing.

"It's the first time I've worn anything but black for a year," she admitted. "But this isn't new, either. The lace was my mother's and I made over the dress from another one."

"It's positively beautiful, Sam," he declared.

"And it cost you practically nothing. You would make it a fine wife for some nice Jewish boy." There was a chance to go on—to ask her to marry him—but he sidestepped it. There would be a better time, a better place. He wanted this to be the ideal moment of their lives.

"Are you very tired?" he asked when they were getting up to leave the restaurant.

"Not at all, Dick. Why?"

"One of our buyers told me over the telephone this afternoon that he had picked up two or three really remarkable pieces of furniture over in the West End and he was going



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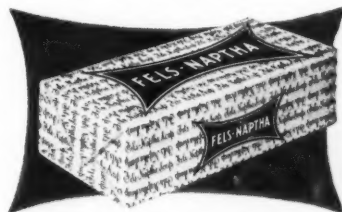
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TEST Fels-Naptha's unusual cleansing value. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © 1924, Fels & Co. Philadelphia



to bring them in. I thought maybe we could look them over."

"Always business, Dick?" she rallied him with just a shade of real regret in her voice. "I suppose I ought to be glad you're so practical. It's what keeps me out of the Brockaw Poor Farm." Then with a complete change of manner, all bitterness banished: "I should love to see the furniture, Dick. Let's go right out."

She ought to have known that there wasn't a practical bone in Dick's head any more—that every idea he had for making money was really inspired by the thought of how they would spend it together—afterwards.

In the taxi going out he almost grabbed her in his arms and said the words that would demolish the tiny barrier that still existed between them. But he made himself wait. Her soft, bare arm was linked companionably in his—how absurdly the woman trusted him—and she chatted amiably of business matters, evidently quite willing to please him if that was the basis on which he preferred to build their relationship.

Once he reached over with his other hand and touched her, and the shock of contact between his finger-tips and her bare flesh knocked him speechless. He forgot what he was going to say.

And she didn't seem to mind.

That was a funny thing about Pen. She was such a demure, Quakerish sort of person, and yet she constantly made it obvious that there were no prohibitions so far as Dick was concerned. She seemed to think she belonged to him.

They were at the store. "Sit down," he invited, bringing forward a Sheraton chair—yes, they had pieces of that caliber now—"and I'll be your guide for this exhibition."

How could any living being possess the grace of Pen Tuxberry, Dick asked himself as he stole sidelong glances at her while he was pretending to be busy untying the coverings from one of their "finds." There she sat, her back a lovely line, her elbows on her knees as she bent forward in gracious interest, one side of her lower lip caught between her teeth in an expression of quizzical seriousness that he had often noted and adored.

"This is the spinning-wheel upon which Betsy Barnes made the thread for the uniform for Captain Barnes, her beloved husband of only a year, when he mustered in his company to go to the Mexican War."

"Betsy Barnes never touched the old spinning-wheel again. The very sight of it brought back too poignantly the memory of that brave day when the men in their tall hats and white cross-celts over their blue-gray coats marched down the dusty lane into the sunset."

His audience interrupted him.

"Did he come back?" she asked. "Oh, please let him come back! You're making it up anyway and you might as well. Only a year is too little to have of someone you love."

"Yes, he came back," Dick conceded. "But one of his arms was gone and his uniform was all patched where he had been shot so many times. Betsy scarcely noticed that one arm was gone, he hugged her so hard with the one that remained. But after a while Betsy quit crying and his arm healed up and he bought a new suit of store-clothes, because Betsy was so stout that she couldn't get near enough to the spinning-wheel to pedal, and they lived happy about half the time ever after."

"You're a very practical sort of a romancer, aren't you?" his audience commented, dimpling adorably. She hadn't shown her dimples often before. "Let's look at the next."

It was a small walnut bookcase which, according to the lecturer, had once held the entire library of "Lonesome" Jones, the hermit of old Faraway Mountain, in the days before they discovered coal under his shack and forced him to move to New York, which was the only place he could find to spend his income anywhere near as fast as he made it.

Pen was so much interested in Lonesome Jones. "I hope the next one is about a

beautiful girl who had two suitors who fought a duel over a rose that she wore in her hair."

"Here, you tell about this one," suggested Dick, whipping the cover from the last of their new treasures.

"Oh!" exclaimed Pen. "Isn't it a darling?" It was rather nice—a delicately modeled escritoire such as a woodcraftsman might fashion for the very lady he himself loved. "There must be a love story here. Why, I can even detect the ghost of the slightly naughty perfume she used to tantalize her sweetheart with when she wrote to him on this very desk."

Dick had quite determined that it was to be a love story. He had thought of that long before she asked him. It was to be a love story ending with a declaration of his own semi-secret love for herself.

She probably had guessed that, too.

"This desk belonged to a young lady whose parents gave her everything she wanted in a material way but who were very strict. So far as fun was concerned she might as well have lived in a convent."

"But young people will find each other out, and Penitence, for that was the girl's name, too, became acquainted with the gardener's young man who worked next door. He sometimes sat on the wall between the two gardens and talked down at her. And often he wrote notes to her which he hid behind a loose brick on his side and which she took out from behind a similar loose brick on her own side."

"The gardener's young man had almost poetic ideas and he shook a very wicked quill pen. Some of his notes were quite interesting. And very dangerous to carry around on the person. Especially for a girl like Penitence."

"But she couldn't make up her mind to burn his love words. They were the only romance, almost the only interesting thing, that had ever come into her life. So she searched for a place to hide them and in the course of looking over her own old desk, which had belonged to her great-grandmother, she found a secret drawer and hid her love-letters in that."

"Show me that secret drawer. All my life I have dreamed of things like that and now I want to see one."

"If you'll wait till I get through with the story," suggested Dick hastily, "you'll learn how it happened that the secret drawer was removed and the space filled up."

"Oh!" Intense disappointment. "Are you sure? Let's look. Maybe it wasn't removed after all." She got up and touched the escritoire with loving fingers. "It feels nice and homey. I would be comfortable sitting at this desk." She started to pull out the little drawers and searching behind each one.

"Wait a minute," suggested Dick. "Pull all the drawers completely out and compare them. If there's a hidden compartment it would show up that way."

Pen had them all out almost before he had ceased speaking. The drawers in the top row were all several inches shorter than those in the lower row! But the back of the desk was solid and in front there were merely thin wood partitions for the three drawers. There were no secret springs or buttons to press. They tried every inch of the surface.

Finally Dick had an inspiration. He took hold of the two little upright partitions and pulled gently. The partitions came out easily and with them the entire false back. Behind that was another drawer, wide and shallow.

"You can pull that out yourself," said Dick.

She reached in with almost trembling fingers and drew the secret receptacle out.

"Good Heavens, Dick, look at this!"

He was looking all the time—over her shoulder—so close that he was almost touching her vibrant, alluring self.

"It's a picture of you," he declared.

It did look like Pen although it was very obviously a photograph taken thirty years before. "It's my mother," whispered Pen, awestruck. "I've seen a copy of this same picture before. My daddy had it. How do you suppose it ever got here?"

Her question hung in mid-air crystalized by

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the sound of someone shaking the front door. "What's that?" Pen demanded.

They were both slightly startled. They had been traveling on a cloud of romance and unreality and this sudden knocking at the portal brought them down to earth.

"Perhaps it's the policeman on the beat. Surely it's nothing to be afraid of," Dick comforted her. "But while I go to find out you might as well step into the back room."

Pen did so while Dick, after restoring the drawer to its proper place, went to the front door. Through the glass he saw a man and a woman. The man had on a light overcoat and where it hung open in front was a white expanse that could only be a dress shirt. People in evening dress did not often call at the establishment of Second-Hand Sam. Impelled partly by curiosity Dick opened the door.

"Is this the place described on this card?" asked a voice from outside, the man's voice. With a slightly shaking hand he extended inside the door one of the firm's somewhat grandiloquent business cards.

"Why, yes," Dick admitted. "Come in."

The man was quite old, but pridefully so, with a back that he kept straight at the cost of considerable effort. The woman was middle-aged, perhaps a little past that, and proud also but not agreeably so. One gathered that the very air of this place offended her nostrils.

"I am Henry Holliday Boyce," said the old man formally, "and this is Mrs. Bruce Perrill Boyce, my niece."

"Yes, Mr. Boyce." Dick acknowledged the introduction. "What can I do for you?"

"Either you or one of your men," the old gentleman began, "visited my house today and offered to buy second-hand articles from the servants. One of them, not knowing that it was a family heirloom, sold him an escritoire which was merely stored out of sight because it had many painful recollections for me but which I would not part with. We have come, my niece and I, to buy it back from you before it is offered for resale. The desk is—"

"I think I know the one you mean," Dick interrupted. "If you will step around to the rear, please."

"That's it!" they both exclaimed as the desk came into view.

"How much will you take to return it to me?" the old man inquired.

"I would have to ask my partner."

"Well, where is he?" the woman snapped.

"We would like to close this matter at once." "Did you want me?" Pen stood in the doorway.

"Penitence!" The old man knew her name. It was he who had uttered it and now stared at her as if she were a ghost. "Sam wrote that you were dead."

Mr. Boyce rocked unsteadily on his feet and would perhaps have collapsed if Dick had not assisted him to a chair. Pen came towards the sufferer all sympathy. The other woman interposed herself as if to block off her advance.

"This is Mrs. Boyce," Dick introduced them, "and this is Mr. Henry Holliday Boyce, whom you probably have heard of."

"Yes," Pen admitted; "he's my grandfather."

The old man took her hand and held it. "Then your name is not Penitence?"

"Yes, it's Penitence all right, but I'm not the one you thought I was at first. Instead, I'm the daughter of your Penitence. My father was Samuel Tuxberry."

Mr. Boyce scowled at the mention of that name. "Is he anywhere around?" he demanded. "I've never seen him since the day he stole my daughter, and I never wish to see him, the rascally—"

Pen interrupted him. "My father is dead."

"Dead? And here I am still alive. The old score is settled, then." He sat musing for a minute and then chuckled at an idea that had occurred to him. "I forgive him freely. He stole my daughter and now I'm going to steal his. I didn't know that my Penitence had a daughter, but I'm going to make up for lost time. If you will you may have the place in



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painted by R. F. Schabelitz

You, too,  
can have

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# WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

my heart that I've always kept for your mother no matter how far she strayed. Isn't it wonderful, Nan, to think that Pen had a daughter and that I actually found her?"

"Yes, it is quite nice," Mrs. Boyce agreed, with all the enthusiasm of a wet tissue-paper towel.

"I have wanted somebody for a long time to be my pal," said the old man. "You and I, Pen, will start out around the world together. We'll see everything. We'll do everything. It will be your first good time and perhaps my last one, but we won't let that worry us any. We'll enjoy every minute of it while we may. What do you say, Pen?"

"Why, I would like to, grandfather," Pen started to say, and then finished with reluctance, "but I don't see how I could. You see, Mr. Penrose and myself run this business as equal partners—"

The old gentleman interrupted her with a laugh. "My dear, your income as my heir would buy you ten businesses like this every month. Mr. Penrose would certainly not want to keep you from the advantages I can offer merely to have your assistance around this dingy old second-hand shop."

And, sure enough, it suddenly had become a dingy old second-hand shop. Only an hour before it had been a castle of romance.

The old man was continuing. "Why, you will be doing the young man a favor to get out. Give him your half of the business as a settlement in full. That's fair, isn't it? What do you think, Mr. Penrose?"

Richard's voice came from somewhere far away. "It is a very fair proposition, Mr. Boyce," he admitted; "very fair indeed."

There was a little more conversation relative to details of settlement, which included an agreement on the part of Dick to send the escritoire back in the morning, and then the visitors left, taking with them all the sunshine that had ever been in that shop.

Dick was too stunned at first to realize that she was gone, gone for good, too. There he was, flat with an unspoken proposal like a lump in his throat. At least he could be glad he hadn't actually spoken the words. It would have been rather terrible to have her taken away after they had made mutual avowals.

Richard Penrose shrugged his shoulders and looked around at the property that was now all his. What did he want with a second-hand store that he had only taken up with because a girl's voice had soothed to sleep his ambition and his sense of commercial success?

It was the loneliest second-hand store in the world. He went to the escritoire and opened up the secret compartment. He took out the picture of Pen's mother.

How sweet they both had been! It occurred to Dick as he devoured the picture that looked so much like the girl he loved that after tomorrow he wouldn't even have a picture to remind him of Pen—not when the desk had gone back. Yes, he would. He would have the picture copied by a near-by photographer the first thing in the morning. He took it from the frame by removing the back.

There, between the pieces of cardboard which was the back and the picture itself, was a scrap of thin paper. Dick opened it and read. It began "Know all men by these presents" and went on with the usual legal phraseology of a will. It had been written and signed by the man who had just been in his shop, Henry Holliday Boyce.

Dick read it through hastily. It was a bitter will, dated many years before, and in it the old man had bequeathed to his daughter Penitence, who must have been alive then, the sum of one dollar, and went on to leave the balance of his estate to his nephew, Bruce Perrill Boyce.

Well, that paper wasn't of much consequence now. The next will he drew up would probably reverse the order of things and make Pen the custodian of untold millions.

Dick didn't sleep much that night. In the morning there were a good many customers so he did not have time to go out and get that old picture copied until noon when one of his buyers came in and took care of the shop.

Dick went first to the Chinaman's for luncheon. He had omitted breakfast and even luncheon did not appeal to him. He finally pushed it away and opened the early edition of the afternoon paper. The second headline which caught his eye was: "Henry Holliday Boyce Dies." He went on to read the subheads and the article which explained that the old man had failed to wake up that morning. The cause of his death was pronounced heart-failure brought on by too much excitement the night before. The second paragraph cited the fact that he was one of the wealthiest men in the United States and that the bulk of his fortune would, unless there were a will to the contrary, doubtless go to his recently discovered granddaughter, Penitence Tuxberry.

Richard sat staring at the article with uncomprehending eyes. Penitence had stepped right into a melodrama. She had found her grandfather only to lose him again, and forever this time. That was too bad.

The phrase from the newspaper write-up came back to his mind. "Unless there were a will to the contrary." But there was. Probably no one on earth knew it but Dick.

If that was the case what should he do about it? Dick didn't ponder long. He put loyalty to his old partner ahead of any code of ethics.

So he went back to the shop, took the will from its resting-place in the secret compartment of the escritoire, put it in a sealed envelope and deposited it in the office safe. It seemed the least he could do for Pen.

After a near-by photographer had copied the old picture Dick put it back in the frame, replaced it where he had found it and sent the escritoire to the Boyce residence.

Pen was not very happy amid the surroundings into which she had been pitchforked. Of course she now had a lot of money to spend but there wasn't much fun in that—not all by one's self. She thought often of how different it would be if Dick were along and once she stopped by the store to take him gipsying. But he wouldn't go—didn't have time, he said, and she couldn't know that the reason he didn't look at her much was because he was afraid his eyes would betray him. He seemed to want her to go away. That was like Dick, she thought—all business.

In the Boyce residence the outward formalities of family life were complied with but Pen felt very much as if she were an interloper. Mrs. Bruce Perrill Boyce did not like her. Neither did her son, Payne, a young man about Pen's own age, or her two daughters.

One thing she knew and that was that Mrs. Boyce made a very thorough search of the entire house frankly looking for her uncle's will. That search included the actual destruction of Pen's mother's desk. She even ripped up the photograph. Had the will been there she certainly would have discovered it. But she never thought of looking in Richard Penrose's safe.

Then all of a sudden, about a month after Mr. Boyce's death, Pen became aware of a sudden change. She found herself the recipient of the solicitous attention of the entire family, even Payne Boyce, who had hated her most cordially. He invited her to the theater and to dances. Pen, wondering, accepted. She didn't have much fun.

Payne proposed to her about the third or fourth time they were out together. Well, that was fairly obvious. Even Pen saw through it. Her aunt had finally given up hope of finding a will in her favor and had decided that there was more than one way to skin a cat. Pen refused the proposal but continued to accept the occasional invitations to go out. There wasn't anything else to do.

One evening the last edition of the afternoon

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papers carried a tentative announcement of their engagement, one of those "Dame Rumor has it," etc. Mrs. Boyce had supplied the idea to the society reporter herself in the hope that it would bring matters to a head.

In the meantime the establishment of Second-Hand Sam had not been doing so well. The old-time speed was lacking. Richard Penrose, once hard as nails, made the mournful discovery that he couldn't even collect his own accounts any more. His heart, once so efficiently flinty, was now nothing but the location for one grand and glorious ache.

The newspaper item which carried the announcement of Pen's engagement to Payne Perrill Boyce was the last straw. He decided to sell the business. A man couldn't hope any more after that newspaper statement. Not unless he had a cast-iron hopper.

Yes, he would hold an auction for about three days to clean out the stock and then he would lock the front door forever.

So Dick, with a heavy heart, fished out a dozen or so of nondescript chairs and arranged them all facing one way. In front of them he placed an equally nondescript table for the auctioneer to use. Not until he had it all done did he realize that save for the Bible on the table the place looked almost exactly as it had the day he first saw it. With that realization he quit being a man and was only a boy. He sat down and buried his head in his arms.

The front door opened. Probably he had forgotten to lock it. He didn't even hear it, anyway. The intruder did not seem to want to disturb anybody. It was a woman, a tiny, slim woman who moved gracefully about the place as if it were familiar territory to her. For a moment she hesitated when she saw all the chairs arranged facing the table. Then she saw Richard himself.

"Say, mister," she said. Dick looked up. "Say, mister," she repeated with a quiver in her voice, "would you give me a quarter to help you clear away the evidence of the funeral?"

Where had all the sunshine come from? How was it possible for this place ever to have looked so drab, so cheerless as it had a moment before? Dick's heart began pounding. Of course she had only stepped in for a minute to say hello, but wasn't even that glorious? Good Lord, what a girl!

"What did you want, Pen?"

"I came back to hear the rest of that story about the girl and the gardener's young man next door."

"Oh," said Dick, disappointed, "that would take a very long time to tell."

"How long? I've got all the rest of my life to listen."

"You don't mean you're coming back to stay? The papers said you were to marry Payne Boyce."

"I know it. That's why I ran away. I can't stand him. I haven't been happy one solitary minute since I stepped out of that door and since I've stepped in again I've realized that—that—"

"Now wait a minute, young woman," declared Dick, the old assertive Richard Penrose who had once bossed her in the past, "don't go any further with what you are about to say or commit yourself to anything you may be sorry for later until you have seen this."

He had been opening the safe and now handed her the envelope containing the will of her grandfather. She opened it and read it.

"I found it in that old desk," he explained. "And did it away so that I would inherit the fortune?"

He nodded. "What shall I do with it now?"

"Have you another envelope?"

He had. She sat down at the table and addressed the envelope—"Mrs. Bruce Perrill Boyce, 1102 Houston Avenue, City."

And put the will in it.

"We'll mail this on our way over to the Chinaman's for supper," she said.

They did.

*"The Door in the Wall," by Kathleen Norris next month—a story of a merchant prince and a modern Cinderella that is 99<sup>9</sup>/<sub>100</sub> per cent sheer delight*





*The traveler today comes  
through journeys and dis-  
comforts charmingly fresh*

## SHE KEEPS THE SAME PERFECTION OF CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN



*In spite of icy winds,  
desert sands, or  
burning tropic sun . . .*

**T**HEY'RE everywhere—these women who travel—riding light-heartedly across burning deserts, frolicking in the shadow of eternal snows, en-

folded in the beauty of vanished civilizations.

But the amazing thing about them is their easy way of coming fresh and lovely through journeys and discomforts. You'd think no complexion could stand the attacks of furious icy wind, the flying storms of sand and dust, the terrible tropic sun. Moreover, water is often a luxury and is likely to be brackish as well as scarce.

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Every night, and after severe exposure, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it freely to the skin with fingers or a bit of moistened cotton. Then wipe off with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Do this twice. If your skin is very dry put on a little more cream for the night.

In the morning, freshen your face with water—use Pond's Cold Cream again if your skin is very dry. Then smooth on evenly Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin responds instantly with a fineness of texture, a clear fresh tone. This cream should be used during the day every time you cleanse your face, before you powder.

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Another writes from Peking, "The water here is so hard and the climate so trying, I wouldn't have any complexion if it weren't for Pond's Cleansing Cream."

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## There's fun in making tobacco that brings such letters

The man who has found the right job, the right wife, and the right smoking tobacco has little reason to envy his fellows.

And some Edgeworth smokers write us as though the most important thing in life were the right tobacco.

We imagine that is because the right tobacco does make even the rightest job and the rightest wife seem a little bit righter.

That's why we enjoy making Edgeworth; and here's a letter from a seventeen-year Edgeworth smoker:

Larus & Bro. Co.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Gentlemen:

Permit me to toss my hat into the Edgeworth ring.



I have always admired the modest tone in which you touch on the merits of your tobacco, instead of advertising it as the best pipe smoke on earth—as, in fact, I believe it to be.

Seventeen years ago my father saw a friend filling his pipe from a tin of Edgeworth Slice and asked for several slices to bring home to me. It is worthy of note that the package was as attractive enough in itself to excite my father's interest in the first place; but when I add that, so far as I am aware, he

never used tobacco in any form during his entire life, it is still more remarkable.

Up to that time I was a member of the "Tried 'em All Club." Can I put any more steam behind this testimonial than to say that for seventeen years I haven't spent a dollar for any pipe tobacco other than Edgeworth? The Ready-Rubbed school of smokers enjoys my respect, but for me—give me Edgeworth Slice. Brother, it's a man's smoke and it stays with you!

Long may you make it and long may I smoke it.

One of your boosters.

K. F. Chapman,  
1407 Omohundro Ave.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address and we will immediately forward to you generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed with our compliments.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer it will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly if you should like it.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

## For the Love of Mike

(Continued from page 69)

I come out of the hospital I couldn't make the weight for the trenches. But I give my wife to my country without a whimper! I sent her across as a Red Cross nurse and—"

"You're married?" I interrupted.

"Not right now," says Sam. "My noble wife figured I wouldn't be able to cope with that pneumonia so she hauled off and threw a divorce at me. I heard she wed a Frenchman."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" I says.

"Why?" asks Sam. "It was the Frog's own fault, wasn't it?"

At that Hazel flung aside all pretense and laughed her head off. Honestly, anyone who can keep Hazel giggling seems to be able to have her friendship for the asking. So Silent Sam, being a gold mine of chuckles, found little difficulty in playing around with Hazel on the voyage back home.

While Silent Sam Shapiro devoted his restless energy to building himself up with the temporarily receptive Hazel, Mr. McGann tried his luck with me. Always for anyone who is trying to get somewhere, I gave Mike a lot of my time. Really, he was a good egg and one thing alone he did for me made him solid. It's a hobby of mine to fall a prey to seasickness, once aboard the lugger. Well, after watching my antics the first day out Michael instructed me in a before breakfast exercise that to my surprise and gratitude cured me.

Apropos of nothing, the most amusingly interesting thing about Michael McGann to me was his absolute serfdom to superstition. Mike saw a "sign," good or bad—usually bad—in everything that happened during his waking hours and when he slept he found omens in his dreams. Neither me nor you nor anybody else could hope to remember all of Mike's "signs," but I'll put out a few of 'em here so you can get a sparse idea.

According to Michael, it was bad luck for a third person to walk between two others; to be the first man to enter the ring for a bout; to sing before breakfast; to fight or do anything of importance on Friday, the thirteenth; to step into a ring without his old cap and faded bathrobe; to break a mirror; to walk under a ladder; to spill salt; to open an umbrella in a room; to put a hat on a bed; to whistle in the dressing-room before a fight; to return to the starting point before reaching his objective without first counting nine; to dream of snakes; or what have you? Really, Mike's "bad luck signs" came under the head of countless, and during the journey he went out of his way to call my attention to such of 'em as came up. His solemn warnings to Hazel had her continually on edge and kept Silent Sam busy apologizing for his gloomy little employee.

Regarding good luck tip-offs, Mike was a bit uncertain, as he was always looking for the worst of it. Four-leaf clovers, picking up pins, touching hunchbacks on the back, having a mole on the right shoulder and finding horse-shoes just about made up his list of "favorable" occurrences. As for a rabbit's foot, well—ask the man who owns one! Mike's catalog of good luck omens didn't contain many pages, but he was a constant reader of those it did.

"Don't mind that little clown," says Silent Sam one day when Hazel complained about Mike riding her for humming on deck before breakfast. "My athalete's stopped so many wallops around the ears I think it's gave him a slight touch of insanity, what I mean!"

The night before we moored at New York, Mike and Silent Sam oiled the steward for a private table for four and we had a very formal dinner party. Among other things, one question was all cleared up that eventful evening. Hazel had expressed a few doubts as to Michael's ability as a fighter, but I don't think she will ever do that thing again!

Our dinner was going along beautifully when the fireworks went off. Me and Hazel wore our most pulse-quickenning décolletés, while the compactly built Mike and the nice looking

Sam were very restful to the iris in perfectly fitting tuxedos. Many a glance of honest admiration flashed at our table and don't think it didn't! In passing me the cream, Hazel happened to accidentally knock over the salt shaker and a lot of it spilled on the table-cloth. The rest of us didn't even notice it, but honestly the superstitious Mike's eyes bulged out a foot! He seemed positively horrified and told Hazel she would surely meet with awful misfortune if she didn't immediately throw some of the salt over her left shoulder. Impressed in spite of herself by Michael's gravity, Hazel obediently shook the salt container vigorously over her dazzling white shoulder and then the fun waxed fast and furious!

That salt hit an amazed diner behind us right in the eye and Silent Sam Shapiro threw back his head and laughed like a hyena. Mike contributed a guilty grin, but honestly me and Hazel were terrified! The red-faced victim rose and approached our table with mayhem in one eye and hot-blooded murder in the other. Equally flushed and plenty upset, Hazel began to stammer an embarrassed apology, but he cut her off quite nastily. Well, my girl friend's temper compares favorably with a wounded wildcat's and hot words flew back and forth like sparrows. When the unwillingly salted passenger intimated that Hazel and a lady were two different things, Michael McGann laid down his napkin and stood before him. The comparison in size was ridiculous, really. Mike wasn't a hair over five foot two and scaled under 120 pounds, but every ounce of him was fighter! Hazel's *vis-à-vis* was almost a six-footer, but he was likewise middle-aged, puffy-jowled and paunched.

"Listen, you big parsnip!" says Mike, all business and looking it, "that stuff about this girl not bein' no lady is out, get me? I think I'll put you out too, just to be nasty!"

Whack! One of Michael's iron fists slammed into the big man's highly amazed tummy. Clunk! The other fist was buried to the wrist in the same place. This was repeated twice with lightning-like rapidity, and with a grunting gasp Mike's prey bent double at the waist, bringing his chin down just in time to keep an engagement with two terrible blows to that part of his anatomy. He fell with the usual dull thud, as if hit with a sledge! Confusion took complete charge for a few moments, during which our gay little party hurriedly scurried out on deck.

In the shadow and safety of a life-boat, Mike coolly wiped his skinned knuckles with a gaudy silk handkerchief and seemed to take the incident as a matter of course, blaming it on Hazel for spilling the salt in the first place. He knew something would happen, he says, but got no further! Me and Hazel, furious at the undesirable attention we had attracted, fled to our cabin, leaving Mike and Sam flat.

Well, that was the last we saw of Mike McGann and Silent Sam on the boat. The fifth and sixth horsemen of the Apocalypse weren't even in sight the next morning when we docked at Manhattan, and I naturally thought they'd passed right out of our lives. Far be it from such! I hadn't been back on the job at the St. Moe a week when Michael and Samuel appeared on the scene. I tried to give them the air but that was a case of no can do, so I finally forgave 'em for what they did on the ship and in a couple more weeks they'd won a pardon from Hazel, too.

About that time me and Hazel were faced by a serious problem. We were getting a bit overweight as the result of the high life, the lolling around on chaise lounges and the rich foodstuffs we enjoyed on that wonderful trip abroad. The mere thought of double chins, washladies' busts and scrubladies' hips had us scared silly! We went on a diet, we took various reducing dopes, we walked miles, rowed boats and rode horseback in Central Park, took electric treatments—well, really, all we



THOSE whose needs require a car of the roadster type will find this Buick four-cylinder roadster with its winter enclosure ideally suited for cold weather driving. Its roomy body provides ample comfort for two passengers. Large compartments afford unusual space for samples and baggage. The powerful Buick valve-in-head engine assures more than enough power for every kind of road and grade. Added to these features is the greater certainty of control contributed by its Buick four-wheel brakes.

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## Women who eat soft food

## must beware of tender gums



**D**AINTY FOODS are the natural choice of dainty women. And yet, these soft, delicious creations you are so fond of—has it ever occurred to you that, to your teeth and gums, they are a real and constant menace?

### Don't let your toothbrush "show pink"

For these soft, creamy foods of civilization cheat our teeth and gums of that exercise and stimulation which, through the use of simple, coarse food, nature once provided.

And today, as never before, the profession is aroused to the need for fighting that class of tooth troubles due to softened, bleeding and receding gums.

Ipana Tooth Paste is one weapon that is used and prescribed by thousands of the foremost consultants. Many have written us that, in stubborn cases, they direct a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular brushing with Ipana. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziralol, a recognized hemostatic, has a specific virtue in healing bleeding gums and in keeping them sound and healthy.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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11



In generous tubes, at all drug and department stores—50c.

didn't try was cutting the surplus poundage off with a knife. At the end of three weeks I had picked up four more pounds and Hazel had accumulated seven!

As in the matter of my seasickness, the versatile Mike McGann again came to the rescue. He made us buy regulation gymnasium suits—except that ours were naturally silk—and put us through a course of scientific reducing exercises on the roof of our apartment house daily. Michael knew what it was all about, as he'd frequently had to "make weight" for a fight. In two weeks me and Hazel had both regained our usual sylph-like mid-season forms, and we only stopped our open-air athletics when we discovered the windows of the surrounding apartment-houses filled with enthusiastic male spectators armed with field-glasses!

This platonic friendship between us and the boys continued smoothly, and I was genuinely interested in little Mike's dogged climb to the top in the fistic profession, which he called the "toughest game in the world." He won a couple of bouts in New York and once we went with him to see Frankie White, the bantam-weight champion, defend his title, as Mike was to be Frankie's next opponent. Before the main bout that evening Michael was introduced from the ring to the noisy crowd. There was a gentleman sitting next to us wearing a beautiful fur coat, and with great presence of mind Mike coolly borrowed the gorgeous garment to be introduced in, so that he'd "look like he *meant* somethin'," as he explained to the smiling owner. The hilarious mob was duly appreciative of the fur-coated challenger—especially the gallery!

A month later Mike and Sam left for New Orleans, where Mike was to engage in the battle of his career—a twenty-round quarrel with Frankie White for the bantam-weight championship of terra firma. As Michael left Manhattan at a convenient hour me and Hazel went to the station to wish him luck. I gave him a four-leaf clover to wear on his belt in the ring, and he was speechless with pleasure, but the next instant he gravely rejected Hazel's offering of a good luck swastika pin, on the grounds that anything pointed in the line of gifts breaks friendship. He promised to call me on long-distance immediately after the fight and tell me what happened, though the result was already a foregone conclusion to him. Mike modestly said that he'd lay Frankie like linoleum.

However, the day of the bout I didn't wait for Michael's phone call. Me and Hazel had gone crazy and bet five hundred dollars each on him at three to one odds and we were an inch from the grave with anxiety. I got a newspaper on the wire and found that our Mike had knocked out the unfortunate Frankie White in the fifth round and his visiting card now read, "Michael McGann, Bantam-weight Champion of the World."

"I liked that boy from the first minute I saw him!" lies the joyful Hazel as she collected her fifteen hundred dollar winnings.

Well, to my great surprise no message of any nature came from the victorious Michael via New Orleans, and it was a week after he became emperor of all the bantams and returned to New York before I got word from him. Mike unexpectedly called on me at our flat one evening while Hazel was at the show shop doing her evening chores. Honestly, I was astounded at the change in his appearance and manner as I shook his limp hand. Instead of being pardonably proud of his brand new title, Mike looked peaked and sank into a chair with a gloomy sigh. You can picture my further astonishment when I congratulated him on being a champion, only to see him burst into tears!

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked him anxiously.

"That title ain't worth a dime to me, kid!" he moans. "Not a thin dime!"

"How come?" I gasped.

"Kid," he says, "this is a tough world! I cop the championship in my *twelfth* fight—ain't that a crime?"

"I don't make you at all!"

"You don't, hey?" groans Michael. "Well, then, listen—my first fight as champ will be my *thirteenth* battle, won't it? How in the name of Lloyd's George can I win *that* one?"

I stared at him for a minute and then sat down beside him, not knowing whether to bust out laughing or to be sorry for this poor little superstition-bound egg. I tried to argue him out of his silly belief that he couldn't possibly win bout number thirteen, but I might as well have tried to argue Bryan into coming out for the saloons! I really did want to help the melancholy Mike, however, so I racked my brain for a solution to his problem, being satisfied it was a *real* problem to a person of Michael's peculiar mental make-up. Finally the old brain-pan cooked up a scheme that I was positive would ward off the jinx.

"Look here, Mike," I says, shaking him out of his dismal trance, "if I help you ruin your hoodoo, will you follow my instructions?"

"I'll folley 'em anyways," says Mike. "I like you!"

I blushed thanks and continued:

"Very well. Pack your boxing gloves and go away out to some hick hamlet where they never saw or heard of you in their lives. Throw away your real name and use another one while you're there. Then take on some amateur for a bout—Silent Sam can arrange that part of it. You'll win that fight easily, but as it won't be for your championship and will never show in the records—in short, not an official bout—it won't count if you *should* lose, get me? On the other hand, if you *win*, why, that will take the place of your thirteenth fight and your first *real* battle to defend your title will be your *fourteenth*! What do you say about that?"

Michael, who hadn't missed a syllable, devoted a full minute to the sport of thinking. Then he rose and shook my hand, a smile on his face.

"I'll proposition Sam on the thing," he tells me. "I suppose I'm crazy to do this, as the guy says before twistin' the lion's tail, but—I'm goin' to do just like you said and see what happens!"

It took Michael just an hour to sell Sam, who escorted his mournful champion out to the sovereign state of Washington a few days later as "Knockout Sweeney."

Three weeks passed in review before Mike and Sam returned to Broadway and if you missed seeing Michael you never saw a wreck in your life, not even if you were aboard the Hesperus! Honestly, our little pal's face looked as if he'd deliberately held it against a particularly vicious buzz-saw over the week-end. Silent Sam told me the story while the battered Mike stood disconsolately by. Following my well meant advice, Sam had matched Mike with some unknown preliminary boy whose name they didn't even remember correctly. Nobody knew who Mike was, which was the only part of my scheme that was a success. Their intended victim turned out to be a surprise of the first water, giving Michael a terrible beating and all but knocking him out!

"This little tramp wouldn't untrack himself!" snarls Samuel. "He wouldn't fight—just went in there and dogged it. He didn't hit that tomato twice in the entire—"

"How could I take that lucky stiff?" butts in Mike with his first show of interest. "How could I bounce him *when he's got a mole on his right shoulder. Nobody* can beat no guy with a mole on his right shoulder!"

That incident sort of disgusted me with Mike McGann and I firmly refused to see or talk to him any more. I guess it was two or three months before I heard of him again and then one day, idly glancing through the sporting page at the switchboard, I read where Mike was to defend his championship against one Half-Round O'Cohen at Madison Square Garden. Shortly afterwards Michael and Samuel arrived in person. In some unknown manner Silent Sam had coaxed Hazel into going to dinner with him between shows, had worked fast and won her over again for the time being. She helped him plead for Michael with



SHE watched the beautiful leading lady on the other side of the footlights.

HE watched the beautiful lady on this side—and he pictured her smiling at him, some day, across their breakfast table—his leading lady for life!

## You look as young as your skin looks

By MME. JEANNETTE

Every woman must know that so long as her skin is smooth and fresh-looking, so long will she "look young."

The prettiest debutante and the most fascinating matron are alike apt to be noted for their beautiful skins—though there may be a score of years' difference in their ages. *These women know how to care for their skin.*

Correct eating, exercise, regular bathing, etc., all have their places in the daily life of intelligent women. But there is still the important question, "How do you care for your skin?"

Pompeian Night Cream combines two services—it is valuable as a "cleansing" cream, and it also has the fine attribute of softening and nourishing the skin.

Through all the hours of the day your skin is being subjected to heat and cold, wind and dust, as well as the varying emotions of the day.

Upon retiring use Night Cream as a cleanser, applying it carefully over every part of the face and neck. It softens the skin, freeing it of surface impurities and harshness. It relaxes tight pores and causes them to function naturally and throw off unhealthy accumulations.

As Pompeian Night Cream cleanses, it heals, and its regular use will keep your skin "young-looking." After applying it as a cleanser, wipe off all superfluous cream with a soft cloth. Follow this with a quick ice rub or a dash of cold water to close the pores normally.

Finish with a very light application again of Pompeian Night Cream, leaving just enough to make the skin feel soft and cool—not oily.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

NIGHT CREAM (cold cream)	60c per jar
DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box
LIP STICK	25c each
FRAGRANCE (a talc)	25c per can

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO  
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# Pompeian

## Night Cream

(Cleansing and Skin-nourishing)

## WINTER WAYS AT YOUR TOILET TABLE

The winter days demand almost as great a change in the manner of your use of powder, rouge, etc., as they do in your manner of dress.

The cold, tingling air of winter brings about very definite changes in the condition of your skin.

The skin should have more attention now than in summer. More cream should be used to soften the skin. Care should be given to patting the face perfectly dry after touching it with water, to prevent chapping or roughening.

*The foundation for your powder*

When the frost is in the air there is very special reason for you to use Pompeian Day Cream as the base for your powder and rouge. It is a disappearing cream that touches your skin as lightly as a kiss, yet it leaves a beneficial film of protection to which your powder will adhere for hours at a time.

Over this invisible layer of cream you may use your powder generously.

*Powder protects your skin*

Pompeian Beauty Powder certainly enhances the loveliness of your skin. Even if you neglect to put on your powder as often as necessary in the house, never go out into the winter weather without careful attention to your use of powder.

With your winter clothes you require pinker cheeks to give your eyes brightness, and to obtain that exquisite appearance of sparkle and glowing health. After powdering comes the application of Pompeian Bloom. This is a compact rouge that blends perfectly with your powder, and that adds a natural color. The new Orange shade is very popular.

Pompeian Lip Stick gives the delightful appearance of youthful freshness to your mouth. It comes in a dainty gilt container, convenient for your hand-bag or your dressing table.

*Mme. Jeannette*

Specialiste en Beauté

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian ART Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

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me and—well, I made it a party of four. Mike kept his personality in high that evening and before we separated he'd managed to foist ringside tickets to his coming bout with Half-Round O'Cohen on me and Hazel.

On the afternoon of the big fight Michael bounded into me in an almost hysterical condition. He blurted out that he wasn't going through with the match as he'd just discovered he hadn't one chance in a million to win!

"We weigh in at two o'clock for the boxin' commission," wails Michael, wringing his valuable hands, "and when this Half-Round O'Cohen comes out to hop on the scales I like to drop dead! Who d'ye think he is?" I shook my shapely head. "He's the gil with the lucky mole on his right shoulder which made me like it out in Washington!"

*Oo-la-la!*

With a kind of gloomy humor Mike added that when Mr. O'Cohen in turn recognized him as the "Knockout Sweeney" he had thoroughly whipped months before, O'Cohen foamed at the mouth and uttered strange cries. No wonder. He'd been champion of the world for nearly six months and didn't know it!

Going further into the subject, Mike went on to tell me of a regular shower of bad luck omens that had hit him that fatal day. He'd broken a mirror, accidentally walked under a ladder, lost his rabbit's foot and also the lucky bathrobe he'd worn into the ring since he first began smacking people for pennies. In despair, he scurried to a fortune teller and the best she could do was to warn him to beware of a dark man.

"Well, don't speak to any dark men today, then," I says.

"It ain't a question of *speakin'* to 'em. I got to *fight* one of 'em!" groans Mike. "This O'Cohen's a Mexican and he's so dark he looks like Goimany's future!"

Four hours of combined pleading and threats by me, Hazel and Silent Sam were required to get Michael to start for the abattoir. The seats he's presented to me and Hazel were right up against the ropes and directly in his corner and we nervously smiled our moral support to a little fellow who certainly needed it if ever anyone did.

Michael used the privilege of a champion to cause a long delay which put the impatient attendance on edge, but he absolutely refused to enter the ring before Half-Round O'Cohen did—not if the customers cried their eyes out!

"The first man in the ring is always the last man to leave it!" says Mike stubbornly.

The wild-eyed promoter rushed to the boxing commission seated at the ringside and talked a bit. Under threat of being barred from working at his trade in New York State if he didn't behave, Michael entered the ring. He looked every inch a beaten man as he wearily flopped down on the little stool in his corner.

"Good luck, Mike—we hope you win!" I called up to him excitedly.

"I ain't got a Chinaman's chance!" whispers Michael, pushing away a busy handler and leaning over the ropes to us. "I just counted exactly *thirteen* sport writers sittin' around the ring!"

O'Cohen's seconds came over to examine the bandages on Michael's hands. One of 'em is humming, "Oh, one thing I know and you can believe it, the first in the ring is the last to leave it!" Mike moaned aloud and Silent Sam chased the grinning singer over to the other corner.

Introduction—challenges—wild and deafening applause—jeers—the bells!

Oh, that horrible first round! Hazel covered her face with her hands, but honestly the raw brutality of it fascinated me! Apparently hypnotized by the "lucky" mole on his opponent's right shoulder and the knowledge that this fellow had defeated him before, Michael took a terrible punching. Even a pantingly mut-

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1924*

tered "Bread and butter, bread and butter!" couldn't save him, though it highly amused the cruelly grinning O'Cohen. The mob, always with a winner in boxing as in anything else, stood on their chairs and howled for O'Cohen to "knock him for a loop!" He certainly tried, but Michael was game—beneath the bludgeonings of O'Cohen his head was bloody but unbowed! Occasionally Mike lashed out desperately with both gloves, but there was little heart in the efforts, both the delighted O'Cohen and the enraged crowd being quick to sense it. The dark-skinned challenger drove the tottering champion all around the ring, beating him from pillar to post till finally the tired Michael fell into a clinch in his own corner, right above me and Hazel.

"C'mon, you yella false alarm, *like* it!" sneered O'Cohen, pounding Mike's reddened body with horrible blows.

"Oh, oh—why don't they stop it?" weeps Hazel.

The gong ending that fearful first round found Mike on the floor, the referee counting over him and the place in an uproar. Mike's seconds ran out and dragged him to his corner, where they worked over him furiously. Ammonia was held under his nose, he was sponged and fanned, caustic was applied to his innumerable cuts, a half orange was thrust into his gaping mouth. Silent Sam, a wreck himself, leaned down over the ropes and looked at me, sorrowfully shaking his head.

"If this kid's old man could see him takin' this pastin' without even punchin' back, he'd turn over in his grave!" he says.

"Was his father a fighter too?" I asked, for want of something to say.

"No," says Sam, "the old gent was a blacksmith."

"A blacksmith!" I repeated thoughtfully.

A wild idea struck me and I immediately went into action! Jumping up, I leaned over and pinched Mike's sagging arm, which dangled through the ropes. He looked down at me hopelessly.

"You little quitter!" I hissed. "You believe in signs, eh? Well, you're letting this fellow beat you just because of that mole on his shoulder—which I think is nothing but a wart myself—and you come from the luckiest family in the world!"

"What d'ye mean, lucky?" says Mike listlessly.

"What was your father?" I ask him.

"A blacksmith," says Mike.

"Fine!" I says. "Now what does a blacksmith—what did your father work with all day long?"

Mike frowns thoughtfully for an instant. Then his battered little face brightens in one big smile.

"I got you, kid!" he yells joyfully.

To the consternation of Silent Sam, Mike laughs loud and wildly. His shoulders straighten and with firmly set jaw he glares across the ring at the jubilant O'Cohen, who saw the world's championship within his grasp. The bell clanged suddenly for the second round, and honestly Mike shot from his stool like a bullet from an automatic! He was in the startled O'Cohen's corner before that gentleman had taken a step forward. *Bang! Biff! Slam! Sock!* Before a now maniacal crowd, Half-Round O'Cohen crashed to the canvas, face down, from four perfectly timed and perfectly murderous punches! The referee counted up to seven, took another searching look at the body and then held up Mike's glove to the hysterical mob. So *that* was all settled!

Michael shoved away his lunatical admirers who swarmed into the ring about him and leaned down to me with a bloody, happy grin.

"Kid—you're the eagle's ice skates!" he gasps. "If you hadn't put me hep I'd never of remembered that my old man handled nothin' all his life but—*horseshoes!*"

Goo'by.

"The Square Sex!" by H. C. Witwer in *COSMOPOLITAN* for April—  
merriment enough to change the mourning dove into a laughing hyena





7-Passenger Phaeton



5-Passenger Sedan

## The Balanced Pencil Proves the Motor's Smoothness

**T**EST Paige smoothness further. Speed up the idling motor. How steady the pencil stands! Now drive the New Paige. Feel, under your own control, the silent, smooth energy of the big 70 horsepower Paige motor. So quiet you sometimes wonder whether the motor is running.

Press your foot on the accelerator—and you'll pass others on the road—dash ahead in traffic. Here's the ability to do 70 miles an hour—climb hills in high, swiftly or slowly, where others stall and shift. So flexible that you can drive two miles an hour, in high. And high-pressure oiling keeps the motor good—preserves its life.

You'll be delighted with the easy handling of the New Paige. For here is the non-jerking Paige clutch. Quiet, easy gear-shifting. Ball-bearing steering-spindles. Expert and novice alike have perfect control.

And riding comfort! Bumps are smoothed away under the 131-inch wheelbase and

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Here is extraordinary value. Last year the Paige Phaeton sold for \$2450. The New Paige—with all its improvements in performance, comfort, appearance—sells for hundreds of dollars less. How can we do it?

In three years Paige has grown from 15,000 cars a year to a capacity of 500 cars a day—including the Paige-built Jewett. Naturally, overhead has been cut. The substantial saving is applied to bettering the Paige—and reducing the price. Have the Paige dealer demonstrate the motor's smoothness. Drive it.

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—Williams' lather is heavy and closely woven. It holds the moisture in. Result: faster and better softening of the beard.

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—Williams' keeps your face in comfort after the shave. There's an ingredient in Williams' that's decidedly beneficial to the skin.

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Williams' is a pure, natural-white shaving cream absolutely without coloring matter. The best-known shaving soap specialists make it. Try a tube—with the new Hinge-Cap—see if you ever used a shaving cream as fine!

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Write for a sample of Williams' Aqua Velva, a scientist's formula for after-shaving use. Address Dept. 93

## The Fortune-Hunter

(Continued from page 79)

she drained it, nodding toward the Chilean. "Come on."

As the man stepped swiftly to her side Blarcom, shrugging, turned to light his cigar, then walked toward the veranda.

Evidently the Chilean was noted as a dancer, for a flutter of handclapping rose above the music. For a minute or two the girl was utterly lost in the sheer joyous abandon of the dance. She yielded utterly to her partner, whirling, swaying, bending. Then, as the music slowed and became gliding, dreamy, she drew her head back from the man's shoulder as though awaking from a dream. Why was all this happening? What was she here for? Her eyes grew hard as she remembered. Glancing swiftly toward Baring's table she saw he was not looking at her.

Following her evident desire her partner swung her in toward the table. With a shrill cry she reached out her hand in passing and caught up the titled woman's fan, tossing it behind her to Baring's feet. She could hear a volume of laughter, some applause.

She looked back over her shoulder, laughing defiantly. Baring had restored the fan; his face, inscrutable as to expression, was turned toward her. Then her partner swung her around. The music rose into riotous finale. With an impudent glance at Baring she launched into the abandoned postures that mark the least known phases of this dance, laughing again as she saw the man rising to his feet, evidently obeying an involuntary impulse.

There came a sudden pause in the music. She felt herself bending backward. Relaxing, her hands rose to her partner's shoulders. He was looking down at her while the spectators broke into furious applause. Flashing a glance in the direction of Baring's table, she hesitated; then she raised her face to her partner.

But before the man could kiss her she felt him torn away, saw him reeling upon the floor.

"My dear girl!"—Baring's voice was quiet—"you mustn't overdo things, you know."

"How dare you!" She was furious.

He smiled patiently. "You didn't expect me to sit there and see you make more of a vagabond of yourself than—"

"You perfect fool!" She turned toward Blarcom, who had entered a moment before. "It's time you came, Jay."

Blarcom glanced curiously at Baring and then at the dancer who stood apart, eying the man who had deprived him of the supreme moment of the dance with growing menace, while the room buzzed with excitement.

"What's the jam, Peggy?"

The girl started to speak but paused as Baring walked to the Chilean, caught him by the arm and led him willy-nilly toward the veranda where he could cool off.

"Jay"—she confronted the man impulsively—"did you mean what you asked me at the table awhile ago?"

"Did I mean it! Don't be foolish."

"Well then—I'll—marry you as soon as we get to New York. Now take me out of this place."

The Montellardo left her dock early next morning. At noon Peggy Flinn entered her father's stateroom where he was breakfasting and told him of the engagement.

"Great news, Peggy! Great! He's a bright young chap, let me tell you, a big future, and there's more than one business reason why I've wanted him related to us."

"I thought you'd be pleased." Her voice seemed lack-luster.

"I am—to the limit." He grimaced. "I was getting scared he and Rita Gerould were going to patch it up again."

"Why were you?"

"Oh, just a hunch! Anyway I was wrong." Hurrying on as though to change the subject he asked her if Baring had heard the news.

"No"—Peggy hesitated. "And I've been

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(A letter from Miss Laura Banker, Albany, N.Y.)

"IN a ballroom I managed when possible to hide myself behind a fan. My complexion was an eyesore to others and a heartache to me. . . . But that was last year. As I write, I put my left hand up to my cheek: velvety smoothness—a clear, glowing surface, unmarred by the hundred uglinesses it once knew! And the whole transformation was ridiculously easy: two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for a period of three months!"

(Miss Nancy Freeman of New York)

"I DID *not* eat six cakes of Yeast and feel myself improving immediately. In fact for one month I used 3 cakes a day without any visible improvement. But by the middle of August, 1921, my chronic constipation commenced to give way. . . . I again consulted our family physician, who told me to use no other remedies but Fleischmann's Yeast. . . . Today my stomach troubles have become ancient history, and my skin eruption a thing of the past—thanks to the remarkable effects of Fleischmann's Yeast."

(A letter from Miss Ruth Rollband of Utica, N.Y.)

## ONE SIMPLE FOOD

### and they found the Road to Health

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day regularly—before or between meals—plain, dissolved in water or milk, or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of hot water (not

boiling) before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it. Start eating it today!*

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"I WAS willing to attempt anything to get rid of the terrible pimples on my face and back. Doubting, I ate yeast regularly for one month—and now—no more blues over my complexion—no more a wall flower, but just a healthy college girl who advocates Fleischmann's Yeast to set one right with the world."

(A letter from Miss Corinne Wiltout of Logan, Kansas.)



"I AM a mail-carrier, and it may sound strange that a man walking twelve miles a day, six days a week, should suffer from constipation. But I did for over three years. Laxatives gave me only temporary relief. Then about eleven months ago, a friend of mine said 'Black, why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' . . . After the first month I noticed a remarkable difference, and when Saturday night came I still had some pep left. . . . Fleischmann's Yeast has relieved me completely of constipation, and I feel tip-top all the time."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. J. F. Blackburn of Oakland, Cal.)

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(Extract from a letter of Mr. W. L. McGahan of Dallas, Texas.)





## Marshaling the Telephone Forces

In the simple act of lifting the telephone receiver from its hook every subscriber becomes the marshal of an army. At his service, as he needs them, a quarter of a million men and women are organized in the Bell System. One skilled corps of the telephone army moves to place him in talking connection with his neighbor in the next block, in the next state or across the continent. Another highly trained corps is on duty to keep the wires in condition to vibrate with his words. Still others are developing better apparatus and methods, manufacturing and adding new equipment, and installing new telephones to increase the subscriber's realm of command.

The terrain of the telephone army is the whole United States, dotted with 14,000,000 instruments, all within range of the subscriber's telephone voice. Even in the remote places this army provides equipment and supplies. Its methods of operation are constantly being improved, that each user may talk to his friends with increased efficiency. Millions of money are spent in its permanent works. Yet its costs of operation are studiously held to the minimum, that the subscriber may continue to receive the cheapest as well as the best telephone service in the world.

The permanent objective of the Bell System army is to meet the telephone needs of the nation—a hopeless task were not its command unified, its equipment adequately maintained and its personnel trained in the latest developments of telephone art.



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*Cosmopolitan for March, 1924*

wanting to tell him, too. I've been looking for him. He's been writing in his room all morning."

"It'll be a knockout—financially." Flinn turned to his meal. "He'd marry our money and think he was doing us a favor."

She frowned. "You know, dad, I thought so too—up to last night. Now I'm wondering."

"You needn't. It's a cinch. I know him from the ground up."

"Anyway, dad, don't you tell him about Jay and me. I'll do that myself."

Blarcom, who was playing the lover's rôle quite ardently, monopolized Peggy all afternoon and she didn't see Baring save at a distance. Nor did he appear at table at dinner. Colonel Flinn, grumbling, explained his absence. It appeared that there had been a lot of drinking all day among some of the officers and crew of the steamer. All the way up the coast she had been flirting with the barrier reefs and at Baring's suggestion Colonel Flinn had talked pointedly to the captain.

"So everything's all right," explained Flinn. "Captain Calvini hasn't touched a drop and Baring, who seems to know him well, is on the bridge with him."

The great man shrugged. He had lost the habit of worrying about anything. So now he signaled to the steward to open the champagne he had ordered. When his glass was filled he rose to his feet and announced his daughter's engagement.

Knowing the duties of the rôle she must play, Peggy forced herself to the tempo of the table. But she was unable to work out of her mood and at length yielded to it, arising and pulling at Blarcom's sleeve.

"Jay, this cigar smoke is suffocating. Let's go where we can be quiet and alone."

Blarcom, who had not been altogether himself since the receipt of a wireless cable dispatch just before dinner, peered into her face as they emerged into the clean, rushing wind.

"What's the matter with you, Peggy?" "Why—why—I don't know." She tried to speak lightly but her voice trembled. "I feel a little bewildered, tottery. Yes, I think it's my head. Something seems broken inside."

"Little too much champagne, maybe. You'll be all right in a minute."

"Don't be ridiculous. I'm just—just weak."

"Better come in here and lie down, then." At the moment they were abreast of Blarcom's cabin. "I'll give you some brandy."

"I don't want brandy. I just want to talk. I must talk, Jay."

Lying upon Blarcom's bunk, her hands clasped back of her head, she stared at the man until he moved uncomfortably. "Jay," she said finally, "have you ever loved any other girl as you love me? Say, Rita Gerould?"

"Say!" Blarcom laughed and then under the intensity of her gaze he shrugged.

But she was persistent. As though under the highest spell of nervousness she rattled question after question which Blarcom answered lightly or seriously as seemed expedient, and came out of the inquisition very well indeed.

At length she sighed.

"I feel much better Jay. And you've been a regular fellow. What time is it getting to be, anyway?" She glanced at her wrist watch and rose abruptly with a little exclamation. "I hadn't any idea it was so late! No, don't come with me. I'll sneak out. Good night."

On the deck she almost ran into Rex Baring. He had turned to go to his room just as the girl came out of Blarcom's door.

"Good evening, Miss Flinn—or rather, good morning." His voice was grave.

With a defiant toss of her head she was hurrying past him when she checked herself, confronting him fiercely.

"So I've shocked you again!"

"No." He shook his head, smiling. "You haven't shocked me." His hand went out, resting upon her shoulder. "My dear girl, I told you once before you couldn't fool me, try as you will. You are superb and wonderful to me. Being so, I think no wrong of you—"

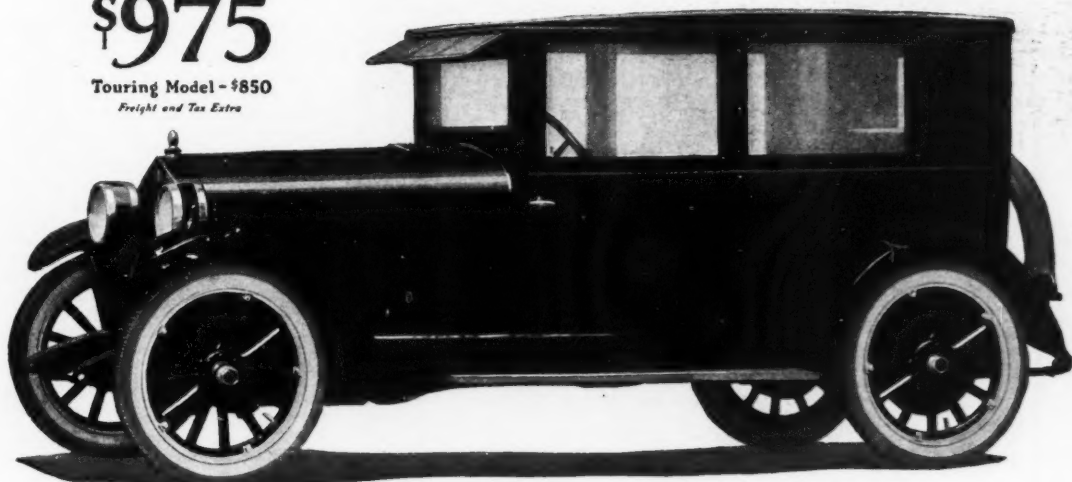
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because I know there is no wrong. You are you, that's all."

"Mr. Baring"—she hesitated—"I want you to know. Jay Blarcom and I are engaged."

She heard his breath draw in with a sharp hiss. He took her hand, holding it as though minded to press it to his lips. In the brilliant moonlight she could see his eyes fixed upon her and it seemed to her they were penetrating to her very soul.

"God bless you, Peggy Flinn."

Suddenly he bent down. She felt his lips lightly upon her hand. He let it go and it fell heavily. He walked rapidly away . . .

Lying in her berth Peggy through sleepless hours thought of Baring. Quite conceivably this man had honestly evolved all sorts of ideals and illusions concerning her. Even so, where did this leave her? She half rose in her berth, wide awake, staring, verging, as it seemed to her, upon the brink of enlightenment so vivid that it might well affect her whole life.

But before she could advance this thought she was literally hurled to the floor by a sudden rising of the bow, accompanied by a crash that was terrifying. The girl did not cry out. Instead, very coolly she reached for a heavy blue cloak and her bedroom slippers. Putting these on she caught hold of the side of her bunk and drew herself to her feet upon the sharply inclined floor, which was quivering as though the hull were clawing to retain a precarious hold upon the crags that supported it above the deep waters.

The grinding did not cease. Human outcries, shrill and piercing, hoarse and gruff, filled the stricken ship.

Working her way toward the door the girl's foot slipped and she fell, striking her forehead. She was crouched, rubbing it dazedly, when the door opened. She had a vague sense of Baring and Blarcom assisting her to her feet, and then up a crazily slanting companionway to the boat deck, where on the port side stood her father, Cusiner, Colonel Flinn's private secretary; Bannister, of the American diplomatic service; the third officer, who was not sober, and several passengers and seamen.

In the light of the stars, upon this deck, upturned, distorted, and everywhere terrifying sounds, she felt herself picked up and placed in the lifeboat. There came to her the sense of smooth, rapid descent, until at length the boat settled into the quiet waters.

She opened her eyes. The oars had been manned and they were propelling the boat clear of the impaled hulk. Stark it rose, monstrous, terrifying. Now a sound louder than anything that had previously arisen, as the backbone of the vessel snapped and the fabric settled beneath the silent starlit waters.

"Oh!" The girl sat upright, staring. Everything had cleared and she had been able to envisage the final stages of the tragedy with a species of morbid attentiveness.

"We'll cruise around a bit and see if anyone wants to be picked up." Baring's voice was cool, authoritative.

"Since when did you command this boat?" Colonel Flinn's voice was querulous. His work at the oars was causing him to breathe heavily. "We've got an officer of the ship here."

"No, you haven't. He was drunk. He slipped overboard when he tried to turn the davit. I know this coast. If you want any chance of getting out of this you'll do as I say—every one of you."

"Suits me." Blarcom bent to his oar. "I'm far from Broadway. Where do we go from here?" It was just the note Peggy would have expected Blarcom to sound. Keen, shrewd, there was no emotion, no trait of personality he would not sink in the greater interest of emerging from this tragic situation.

The girl raised a tense face to Baring, standing in the stern.

"We're somewhere below Coquimbo. There are three lines of reef along this coast. Each one will have to be crossed before we can make the beach. We'll cruise south, looking for an opening." Baring's voice was cool, crisp, confident, commanding



# WILLYS-KNIGHT



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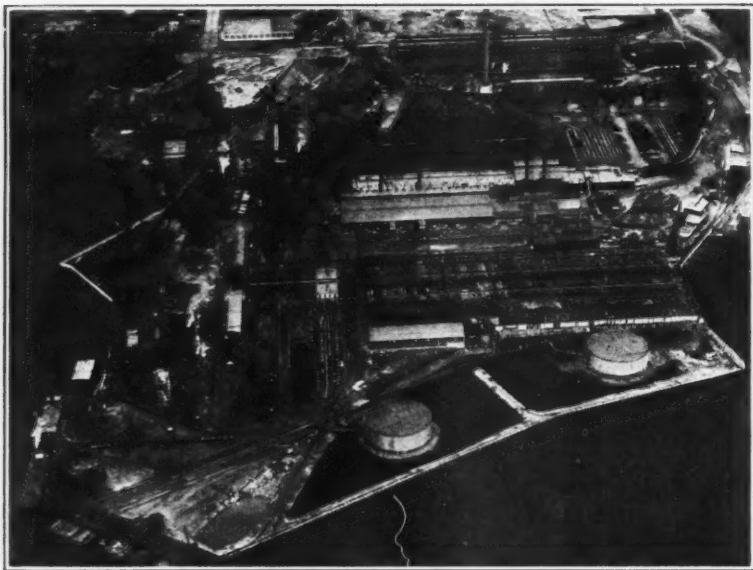
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Morning was well established when the girl awakened. In the course of the dark hours Baring had rigged a tarpaulin in the bow of the boat, screening it off. And there she had slept. Now the cry that awakened her was one of joy. Baring's keen eyes had discovered a rush of dark water in the line of foam that marked the reef and the men were rowing frantically toward it. Smoothly, safely, the boat glided through and then headed north.

But it was not until next afternoon toward sunset that an opening through the second reef was discovered. In the intervening period life in the little boat had settled down to plodding stolidity. Occasionally Blarcom, who was playing the game as he had started, would make a sally or Peggy would say something bright, at which there would be laughter. But for the most part nothing was heard save the measured creaking of the tholepins, a sigh, a low muttering from someone and the unceasing rush of waters.

With the dawn of another day Peggy began to lose consciousness of the passage of time, but mechanically she carried on with unflagging spirit. She had no fear. In her ministrations to others, in her concern for her father, it seemed to her as though she were living out of herself. But she never lost consciousness of Baring. Ever cheerful, he seemed to her the very source and essence of life and hope. So far as she knew he had neither slept nor really rested.

Another sunset. Another night. There came the horror of a death in the dark. Cusiner, collapsing, had died. In silence, almost in apathy, the body was committed to the sea.

Dull, weary hours with an incubus of hopelessness settling steadily upon the little fugitive company. The cheers that rose when the second passage was found died speedily as thought came how many hours—or days—might elapse before the last passageway was discovered—if ever. Besides, the last of the pitiful supply of biscuits, the last drop of water, had vanished.

Another red sun came up from the misty rim of the sea. Hour by hour it scaled the hard blue skies.

Colonel Flinn dropped his oar with a groan, leaning forward upon his hands, beaten. His daughter assisted him to the stern to make way for Baring, who caught up the abandoned sweep, looking as he did so at Blarcom. The man was swinging to and fro like an automaton. Meeting Baring's glance he shook his head, scowling, his eyes glazed, his lips drawn; the effect was hideous.

The sun attained the meridian and began its long descent. When it sank beneath the horizon and night came and hope departed, what would the darkness bring? The girl shivered as the answer came inexorably. She turned to Baring, but his eyes were straining upon the reef. She saw him rise suddenly to his feet.

"Listen, everybody." His arm was outstretched, his voice twanging, resonant. "That section of reef there—the waves don't break so high over it. There's a chance we could pull across on the rise. What do you say?"

Col. Flinn roused himself.

"No!" he cried with unexpected vigor.

Blarcom dropped his oar, casting off the remnants of his morale. "Not by a long sight! No! We'd crack to—"

"We can't go on," interrupted Baring sharply. "We're nearer the beach than we'll be again. The issue is here and now."

"No!" Flinn half rose, then sank back.

"There isn't a chance," cried Blarcom.

"There's an even chance," barked Baring. "And we're going to take it. Anyone who doesn't want to go, jump overboard now."

It was Peggy Flinn's voice, clear, vibrant, that settled the issue beyond further words.

"We'll take the chance!"

She rose to her feet, her eyes upon Baring as though she were seeing him with new vision. And indeed, in the fleeting seconds of this fateful colloquy the man had been made clear to her. All her doubts had vanished and she knew precisely his significance for her.



## DODGE BROTHERS TYPE-B SEDAN

Probably no closed car has ever been received with equal enthusiasm the nation over.

This is unquestionably due to the fact that in spite of its acknowledged beauty, and exceptional riding comfort, the Type-B Sedan is as sturdy as an open car—and costs but little more.

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"I always use WEED CHAINS on wet, skiddy streets and roads" says the experienced motorist, "because if there was an accident and Weed Chains were not on the tires of my car while the other car had them on its tires, I would be blamed whether I was at fault or not. *I don't care to take chances of being held responsible.*"

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They are *genuine* WEED CHAINS only when the name WEED is stamped on the Cross Chain Hooks and Connecting Hooks of the side chains. Look for this mark which has stood for quality and safety for over 20 years.



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THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF  
WELDED AND WELDLESS CHAINS FOR ALL PURPOSES



Her father? Blarcom? Here were men who had played the game always with stacked cards. Their acumen, their shrewdness, the advantage of their position, ever had kept them aloof from even chances. Where the balance was level they had declined to sit in and they did not have to.

But now fate had stepped in. The game was fair and Baring was playing it like the sportsman, the knight-errant that he was; playing it like a *thoroughbred*—that was it!

Stepping among the rowers, who sat dumbly, waiting for orders, she advanced to the man, her face shining in the light of her awakening. She swayed with the movement of the boat and he placed his hands upon her shoulders.

"We're going over. There's nothing else to do. Before we go I want to tell you you were right about me. But—but I never really had a—chance. I know you understand that. Yet—yet—I've got something since I've been here . . . But it came too late." She tried to smile and succeeded—a wan smile.

Baring's lips writhed in pain. "You've been wonderful, Miss Flinn. All I thought you could be—and more."

Her eyes wavered. Her cold, dry lips moved without sound. Again their eyes met. She tore herself away with a low cry.

"All right," Baring's voice rose decisively. "Head her straight in now. We'll pull over on a wave. Slowly until I give the word. Then pull your hearts out."

And instantly as the boat and her human company headed in for the final gamble with fate there came to them all a miraculous buoyancy that made for strength and mental serenity. Peggy, again at her father's side, closed her eyes, her lips moving as though in prayer. And now, close at hand, the crash of waters, the feel of spray. And now—

"Ready! All together! Hard! Pull! Pull! Pull! For the love of Heaven!"

Forward shot the boat under the frenzied impulse of the oars.

"Bow over!" Baring's cry was vibrant with triumph. "Midships over! Now—God!"

With smooth velocity the wave passed from under the boat. Down came the after section. Another stroke would have sufficed. But there had not been time. Like a knife the sharp reef cut the boat in two . . .

In the cold shock of submersion Peggy Flinn felt something clutching her foot under the water. Involuntarily she kicked it off and rose free. She felt an arm under her shoulder, Baring's cool voice in her ear.

"Hang onto this oar. This water's heavy with salt. It's easy to float. Or swim."

The girl nodded. Blarcom, she noted, was also clinging to the oar, cursing Baring.

"Oh, take a brace, Blarcom!" Baring's voice was cool. "You're not gone yet. It's under a mile. We can make it."

"Hang you, I'm in. Can't swim. The oar's sinking with three of us."

"Jay—" The girl's voice failed her. Her eyes closed. A sharp slap upon the cheek brought her to full consciousness.

"Don't quit now, Peggy. You and I are going in. Blarcom will stay on the oar. Put your hands upon my shoulder, from behind. That's it. Don't lose your nerve."

She seemed to lose all sense of things—except that the waters were miraculously buoyant and that the broad shoulders to which she was clinging offered sure protection.

Then, as it seemed, immediately, she opened her eyes. She was upon the beach. A quiver passed over her. She smiled vaguely. Baring rose quickly from her side, moving to the water's edge. Her voice came faintly.

"Don't leave me, Rex!"

He paused, hesitated, then returned to her. "I've got to go out and get Blarcom—if I can. The poor chap's dying out there."

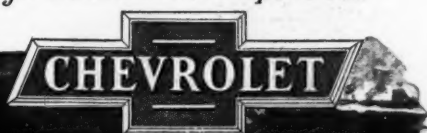
"You—you—you love me, Rex?"

He came swiftly to her side, kneeling, his arms about her, crushing her. "Love you!"

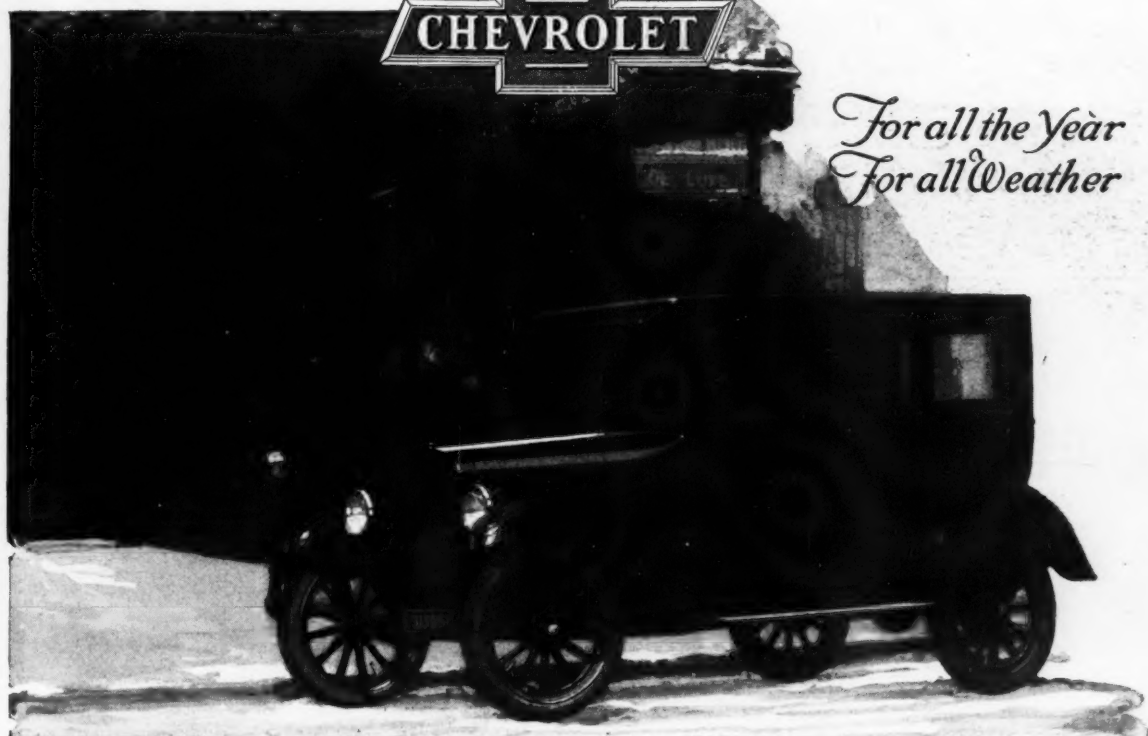
"And you're going out there to give your life for Jay! Don't—don't go!"

"You—" A shiver passed over him

for Economical Transportation



*For all the Year  
For all Weather*



Superior Sedan

**\$795**

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

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Chassis	-	395
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The closed car is the right type in a changeable climate, because it offers full-weather protection when needed, yet in summer with windows lowered is breezy and comfortable.

The Superior Chevrolet Sedan is distinctly high-grade in appearance and workmanship. It is so economical to operate and maintain that it is feasible for either one passenger's daily use, or for the evening and Sunday requirements of the average family of five.

Recent improvements have added further to its remarkable dollar value. Larger brakes give increased ease and safety of driving. The front axle has been straightened and raised 1½ inches to take care of deeply rutted or sandy roads. The improved springs are of chrome-vanadium steel, yielding increased riding comfort.

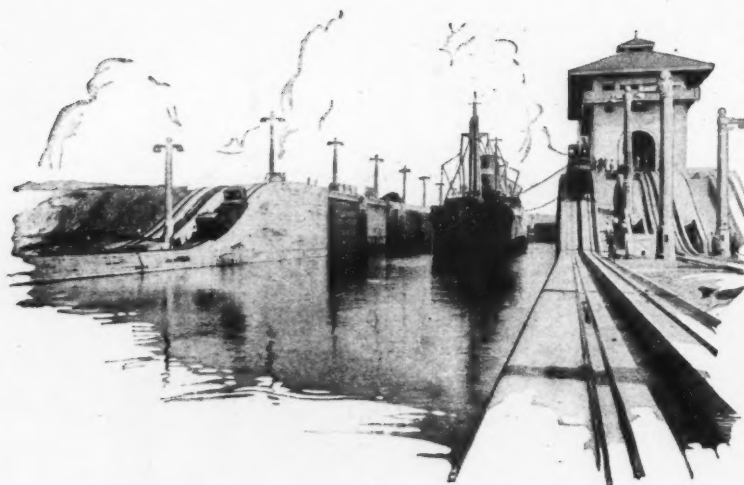
These and other less important changes have been made in line with our constant aim to maintain quality leadership in economical transportation.

## Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

*Division of General Motors Corporation*

*Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.*

*Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.*



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The Panama Canal, which  
seemed such a heavy expense  
when it was built, is an im-  
mense national economy.



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labor, shorten dis-  
tance, and save money  
—these are the ser-  
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A greater economy because  
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*Cosmopolitan for March, 1924*

"You're engaged to him, you know." Suddenly he threw up his head in the old manner, smiling. "After all, a chap has to be sporting, hasn't he?"

As though through sheer physical effort he turned away and went to the sea.

"Dear Lord!" The girl turned upon her face, her form quivering under convulsive sobs. Long she lay there, finally motionless.

After a time she lifted her head, straining her eyes upon the sea, dreading the vacancy and loneliness. Then as she caught the flash of an arm cutting the waters she cried aloud.

Moaning with the pain of the effort she arose and made her way down to the laving surf—waiting; waiting until at length as though in a wonderful dream she saw Baring wading toward her, half carrying a sagging figure.

But now, not quite knee-deep in the water, Baring reeled, fought for his equilibrium, then fell, Blarcom going with him. The waters rolled over their forms. Crying aloud in her horror Peggy rushed into the surf, seizing the two men, dragging them she knew not how into the shallower depths where Baring struggled his way to his feet and drew the other man to safety. He collapsed upon the sands . . .

When Baring opened his eyes the sun was setting. He had the feeling of arms suddenly withdrawn and Peggy Flinn was kneeling at his side. Then with a jerky movement he rose to a sitting posture, muttering.

"Blarcom! He's out there in the sea."

The girl smiled, shaking her head. "No, dear boy, he isn't. You brought him in; don't you remember?"

"Oh—yes; of course." He looked about vaguely. "Then where is he?"

"He has gone with Mr. Bannister and a sailor. They got father ashore on a piece of the boat. He's in a deserted fishing cabin around that point. Some of the rest are there, too. I—I—wanted to stay here alone with you."

He eyed her dazedly and she touched him upon the shoulder.

"Something wonderful has happened. Can you listen? I mean, are you—"

He smiled weakly. "I can listen to anything wonderful—Peggy."

"It is wonderful." Her voice broke under her emotion. "After you had brought Jay to the beach he lay half conscious. Yes. And—and—all he talked of in his mumbblings was Rita Gerould, his actress, you know? And Rex," she hurried on, "I remembered he had acted queerly that last night after he had received a wireless from New York. Do you know what it was, Rex? It was a heart-broken reply from Rita to his cable telling of his engagement to me. And then—then I made him admit he loved Rita and was going to marry me because father wanted it."

There was a pause.

"And so—I made him go away with the rest because—because—I made him go away so you and I could be alone . . . Rex, I want you. I'll try to be what you—what you think I am. And—and, do you know, I'm not so bad."

"Peggy"—his arms enfolded her while she sank against him, laughing, sobbing—"Peggy, I'm the bad one." As she drew back, staring, he laughed. "I—I—really have discovered a lot of salitra—a whole mine of it. And I didn't know what in the world I was going to do with it—not until now."

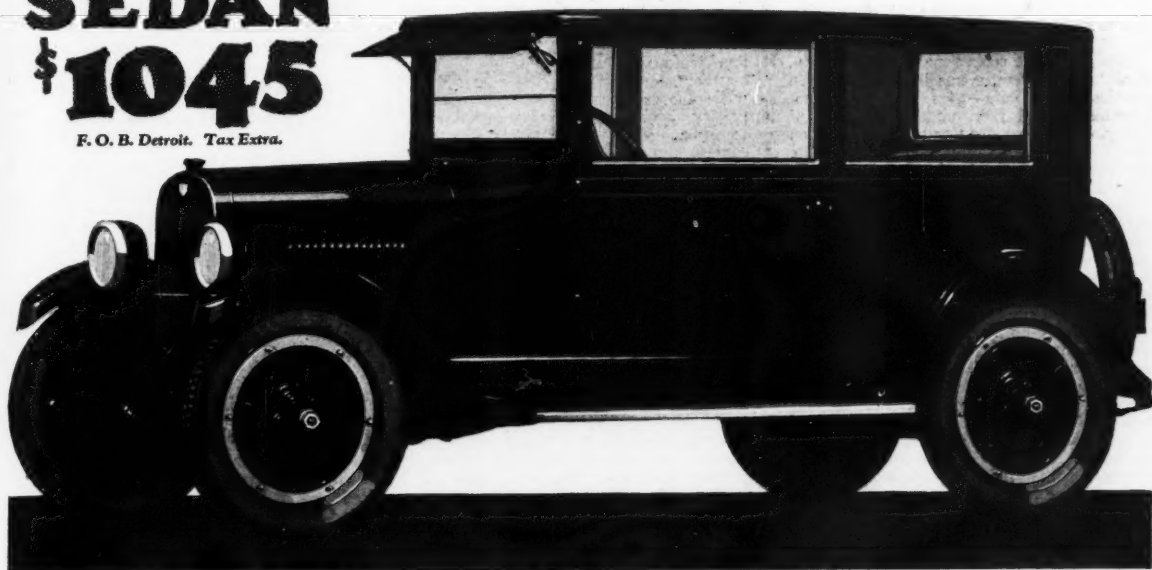
They rose, facing each other, wondering as though in the presence of supernatural beauty. And the sea rose to the encrimsoned rays of sunlight and sparkled and danced and threw joyous spray to the winds as though it had done no evil and there was naught but good in all the world.

Royal Brown tells one of his  
most delightful love stories,  
"Out of the Fog,"  
in April COSMOPOLITAN



# CLUB SEDAN \$1045

F. O. B. Detroit. Tax Extra.



There is no secret about the superiorities which are so obvious in the good Maxwell.

They are the direct and natural result of sheer quality in engineering and construction—quality which is actually not excelled in cars costing many hundreds of dollars more.

The design of the operating parts, and the way they are made—the lack of vibration and the easy riding qualities—all bear witness.

The dry-plate clutch, for example, is very light. It has but little inertia, and stops spinning almost instantly when disengaged.

Therefore the gears are shifted with the very maximum of ease and quickness. It is almost impossible to clash them.

The transmission gears themselves are oil-hardened instead of being case-hardened.

Oil hardening is the more costly process, but it is worth its cost because it produces a much higher degree of quietness and longer life in these hard-working units.

So it goes all through the car. The process of betterment never stops. The search for still greater values is constantly going forward.

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.  
MAXWELL-CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

## The Good MAXWELL

## The Young Treasure Seekers

(Continued from page 58)

Custer home and, going around to the kitchen door, begged the favor of a word personally with the son of the household. He explained to the cook that purposely he had timed his visit with an aim to meeting the young gentleman coincidentally with the latter's return from school.

"Huh," said the cook, "speakin' of that boy, he ain't never yere, seems lak, 'scusin' w'en you don't want him—then you finds him scramblin' round right under yore feet an' argufyin' wid you. The Good Lawd in Heaven Hisse'f couldn't keep up wid him onlessen He give over ever'thing else fur jes' that single puppus. I'll ast his maw—she mout know."

Mrs. Custer did know. At any rate she had an idea. It was in her mind, she sent word, that at the dinner table her son had announced he had pressing business with one of the Erwin boys and therefore he had asked to be excused from the customary evening chore of bringing in kindling for tomorrow morning's grate fires. Her advice was that the messenger inquire at Mr. H. T. Erwin's, around the corner in Washington Street.

At this latter address Uncle Pomp interrupted a back-porch consultation for long enough to present his employer's compliments and place in Master Custer's hands an envelope, sealed and addressed.

"Boss man, he say they ain't no answer required," he explained, taking his departure.

In wonderment the recipient opened the envelope, finding within two enclosures. One of these, surprisingly, was a piece of currency; the other a folded sheet of note-paper closely written on both sides. Having with dilated eyes looked upon the denominating numerals on the greenback, Juncy and Earwigs—for it was with Earwigs that he had been in private and important conference—smoothed out the letter. With heads together they read what was there set forth:

My dear Young Friend:—I am sending this message to you because I don't seem to be able to recall the last name of your two companions of Saturday past, if indeed I ever heard it mentioned.

I am afraid I have some bad news for you. It will be of no use for you to return here tomorrow in accordance with my suggestion and resume your hunt for the treasure. If you can intercept [they fumbled over this word and then in concert spelled it out—*i-n-t-e-r-c-e-p-t*] any of those friends of yours who were invited to share with you in the prospective stakes of the venture, it might be well to tell them not to come either, unless it be for the sake of a country trip solely.

In confidence, strictly between ourselves, I am very much afraid that some one of your chums must have let the cat out of the bag. In fact I suspect that more than one must have allowed the secret to leak out. From what I can gather through hearsay and general talk in this vicinity, a considerable number of young gentlemen of your general acquaintance overheard news of the discovery made by your party while in my company the other day. The worst part of it was that grown men—eavesdroppers, no doubt—also in some manner learned what was afoot. You will no doubt remark to yourself that a great many grown people do make nuisances of themselves by purposely listening to things not intended for their ears and then going about afterwards gossiping. I agree with you.

Be that as it may, the main point is that once the word was unintentionally divulged to outsiders it must have spread with the most amazing speed. As early as

last Sunday, probably within a very short time after your Sunday-school had let out, some men arrived on foot from town in a seeming great hurry and invaded the very piece of ground which was the scene of your recent search. These same persons returned bright and early Monday morning, reinforced now by many more, some of whom were complete strangers to me, while others were neighbors of mine who in passing along the county road must have seen what was afoot and, never asking my consent and never taking the trouble to ascertain whether prior prospectors' claims had been granted by me to anyone else, felt moved to take a hand. This was cheeky, wasn't it?

On Tuesday at one time I counted no less than thirty-four such trespassers digging with might and main in the field in question. To facilitate [the readers spelled again here—*f-a-c-i-l-i-t-a-t-e*] their operations it became necessary for these individuals to cut two ditches of considerable length and depth in order that the accumulated water in low spots might be carried off into the adjacent creek.

Practically without abatement this sort of thing continued until today when the number of hands engaged fell off materially, doubtlessly because by now the entire surface of the land had been spaded up and thoroughly explored. You would hardly recognize the place, could you behold it. It looks as though a thousand greedy hogs had been rooting there.

Not one of those interlopers, so far as I can learn, found any money whatsoever. It must have been that there was no money left. It is plain to me that through a remarkable coincidence you and your two team mates picked up what scattered coins remained. So you see, after all, you have been spared much fruitless labor. Even big strong men—as I was able from a distance to observe—grew wearied under their prolonged exertions in that mucky field. Toward nightfall some of them looked very wilted indeed—I might even say exhausted, and decidedly out of temper besides. I understand that they quarreled over favored places to dig—muddy places, at that—and that there were one or two fights.

Personally, I have no complaint. The fact remains that a piece of land which before this was practically of no value whatsoever, being a sort of swamp hole, has now been drained and its top soil has all been turned up without any trouble or expense to me, so that in the spring I—or rather someone acting for me—will be able to plant grass seed or grain or other useful crops here. Inasmuch as I realize that I am indirectly indebted to your joint pioneering work—or should I say directly indebted?—for this result, and in the hope partially of mitigating any disappointment you may feel at the failure of your ambitious plans in this direction, I take the liberty of tendering herewith the accompanying gift of one five-dollar bill. Please accept and make use of this slight token of my esteem and gratitude in the spirit in which it is offered.

I hope very soon to see all of you again, for I heartily enjoyed having you as my guests the other day. Any time you chance to be passing this way I trust you may drop in on us—Uncle Pomp will have your names in the pot should you come at mealtime. I might add that I expect to have quite a nice watermelon patch out here next summer—unless the person who has agreed to tend it on shares should fail me.

He may do so—indolence is such a prevalent vice in this locality! But let us all hope for the best, and as an inactive but expectant copartner in this contemplated enterprise, I now invite you and your close friends to sample the ripened product. Kindly look upon that melon patch—in case, I repeat, there should be one—as your own. Seekum joins me in affectionate regards.

Your new friend and devoted admirer,  
Prentice Ripley

P. S. Looking back upon our enjoyable conversations together upon the occasion previously referred to, I seem to recall that the gentleman who wrote about Tom Sawyer is one of your favorite authors. It may interest you to know that the gentleman who wrote *Æsop's Fables* is one of mine. P. R.

"Gee whil-i-kins!" said Earwigs, with tremendous feeling.

"Hod Zickertee!" said Juncy softly.

"Watermelons whenever we want 'em next summer—oh gee!" murmured Earwigs. "And maybe some of these times Uncle Pomp might take us coon huntin' and we could camp out in the woods by a fire all night!"

"And then this five dollars more right spang on top of the half-dollar apiece we already got," recounted Juncy with the manner of one tallying up his blessings. "Of course," he added, "it ain't as much as whut Tom and Old Huck got that time."

"Still," said Earwigs, "it's a whole lot fur a couple of fellers to be gittin' round a town like this one is, where excitin' things don't never seem to happen like they do in those far-off places that you read about."

"I sh'd say," agreed Juncy, caressing the greenback lovingly; "and then besides that, ain't we been saved all the trouble of diggin' and diggin' and diggin' all over that old piece of ground?" He slipped into a musing state. "I wonder—I wonder how so many people could 'a' found out about it all?"

"I betcher I know," declared Earwigs. "It must 'a' been that pleg-takid little old kid brother of mine. The fellers we told were all as old as we are—fellers in our own gang. Well, fellers that they're old enough to be in the fifth grade, certainly I guess they'd know enough to keep still about a thing that'd been told to 'em as a secret. But I betcher anything that that blamed kid just went round blabbin' his mouth off ever'where—you know?—amongst childrun not any bigger prob'ly 'n whut he is." He glanced over his shoulder, making sure that the pestiferous minor was nowhere within sight. "Well, just for that it'd serve him right if he didn't git any of this here five dollars."

"I sh'd say not!" stated Juncy virtuously. "Didn't we tell him before we even started that us two would be the ones to decide how much he could have? Besides, he's already had a half-dollar, ain't he? Seems to me a whole half-dollar is a heap for a kid his age to be havin' all at one time. Just by itself, that's enough to spoil him! Give him any more and prob'ly he'd just waste it on foolishness."

"You betcher," affirmed Earwigs. "Whut would a kid that as old as a few months ago he was hardly eight years old know about handlin' money? It'll be better fur him if he don't never know anything a-tall about this extra treasure."

Long, long afterwards, following a Great War, some of the lesser nations of earth were to figure in practically a similar discussion—with practically the same outcome, as regards the division of the spoils of conquest.

*In April you have a half-hour with Irvin Cobb and "A Day with a Reformed Character"—Juncy Custer in a mood every real boy has known*



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*Artists and beauty authorities say she is disappearing*

Everywhere women and girls are learning to make the most of their looks.

Evidence of this is all about you. Adorable complexions, fresh and enticing, wherever your eyes turn. The homely girl is of a passing day. Artists and beauty authorities agree to this.

The modern woman knows how easy it is to have the charm of lovely skin. And no one can be "homely" who has it.

### *The simple secret*

Skin gently but thoroughly cleansed once everyday - keeps its glowing youthfulness, its prettiness.

But pay attention to gently. Harsh cleansing hurts your skin, mars it, just as surely as the dirt it removes.

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ion beauty, women who are admired, use these rare oils, perfectly blended, in their modern form - Palmolive Soap.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive - massage the skin thoroughly with its gentle, soothing lather. Rinse the face. Then, finally, rinse thoroughly in cold water. If your skin is dry, apply a bit of good cold cream. Do this regularly and particularly at night before retiring.

Simple as it is, it is the most effective beauty treatment you can use.

### *Beauty remains*

Skin thus cared for is not injured by dirt and grime, nor by the use of powders, or rouge.

And that soft, clear beauty of schoolgirl days does not disappear with passing years.

Start with Palmolive today - it costs but 10c a cake. You will not wait long to see results that astonish and delight.

*Palm and olive oils - nothing else - give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.*

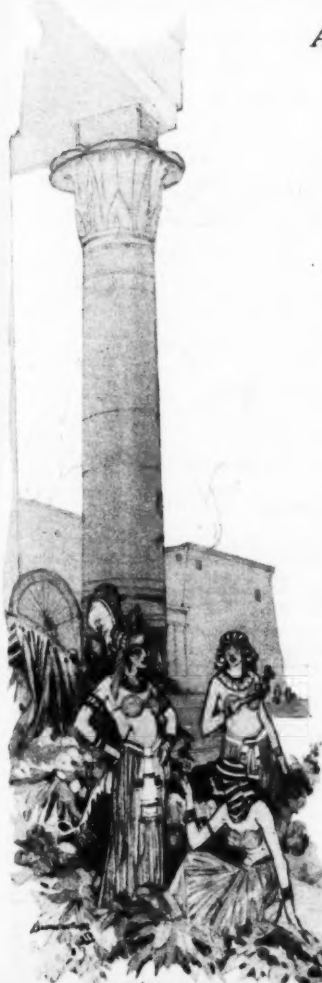
*Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.*

*Volume and efficiency produce  
25c quality for only*

**10c**



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The price is only 10 cents each—an unusually low figure for this great amount of useful information. The third five is listed below, in odd numbers. Order by number on the coupon.

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All the up-to-date data on tires and tubes and their care. A discussion of balloon tires and their advantages. Will the present type of high pressure cord tire be replaced by the low pressure balloon type? Table of tire sizes on all cars.

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How the starting, lighting and ignition systems work; common troubles and how to correct them. Table of electrical equipment and sizes on 1924 cars.

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This contains some of the material used in the booklet, Better Winter Driving, but it is completely re-written, and has twice as much information. Discussing comfort, safety and convenience during the winter months.

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Every car owner has worrisome problems. This department is trouble headquarters. We can give you expert help on any motoring difficulty—no matter how technical.

An important part of our service is advice on the purchase of a new car. Tell us your requirements—the type of country you live in, price, speed, how you use a car, etc.—and we will tell you the car you should buy. We will also tell you what your old is worth in the resale market.

Please use the coupon on this page. If you write a letter be sure to mention make and model of your car. Always send a self addressed stamped envelope for reply.

Only five of the old series of booklets are left. They are four cents apiece, but you may buy the entire set for 12 cents, if you order at once.

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## The Mask

(Continued from page 93)

a greater humanity in its clasp about her body.

"Thank you . . ."

She meant to ask him which of "the boys" he was, but an ague of nervous reaction took possession of her and she lay shuddering against him. He set her down in the darkness just inside the bars and after hesitating a minute she ran past him to the house.

The next morning early she hastened down to a group of busy men about a recalcitrant but prostrate horse. Tim sat on his head, others held the ropes that were tied about his legs. He was being shod under difficulties largely of his own creation. She watched them for a minute; then, imperious gratitude rising in her eyes, she made her demand.

"Now," she said, "I want to know which of you men carried me off the island last night."

Nobody spoke until Ray, usually fertile of suggestions, said: "None of us rightly knows who it was, exceptin' only the feller himself. So unless you kin get him to speak out, you won't get any forrarder, ma'am."

"Try guessin'," suggested Dismal.

She came nearer; her eyes like soft little dark clouds went over them from face to face and came at last to Richard Strong. There her lids fluttered a little, a faint stain came into her cheeks. "I guess it was—you," she said.

Richard's chiseled mouth began to shape itself with its beautiful accustomed slowness to some words, but Tim shot forward like a python, hissed, "Don't you dast to deny that to the lady!" so that Dick stepped back a step or two and stared in mute astonishment.

The radiance of her smile rested on him for a minute and then she laughed, mounted her led pony and rode rapidly away.

Dick followed Tim later into privacy. "Why in thunder did you do that, Blair? I'm not going to let her think that I—"

"Yes, you are, too. It's what she wanted, wasn't it? Otherwise she wouldn't have guessed you. You'd make her feel almighty cheap if you showed her up, wouldn't you? And say, how do you think she'd feel if she knowed it was me after the way I acted towards her 'little, little lamb'? You wouldn't want to put her into an awkward fix like that, would you? And what's the odds, dumbbell? It might just as well have been you. You hold your tongue and oblige the lady. That's what the good Lord made you for in His great, foresightful wisdom."

"Grub" was served to the "outfit" in a long, bare room which opened from one side of the main kitchen. Here at six, at noon and again at six o'clock, the table divided two rows of ardent eaters. At one end sat Timothy with his air of carnival royalty and at the other, brandishing an elaborate knife and fork, that elderly man-about-ranch, Ray Gall.

Upon such a meal there entered, on a noon not far distant from the time of Marion's adventure, one of the ranch girls, buxom, freckled and fair, to announce in a voice evidently imitative, "a lady out he-ah would like to speak to Mis-tah Blair."

Timothy's muscles contracted and shot him half-way out of his chair before he remembered his misogyny. He pretended he had risen to pull "the makings" from a back pocket. He rolled and lighted his cigaret with a painful deliberateness. Afterwards he chose his hat from a nest of sombreros in the corner, reddoned his spurs, hummed a song and strolled out. Marion Ladislav was standing beside her pony a yard or so away.

"Mr. Blair," she said, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Yes, ma'am?" It was not quite his usual voice, not the one familiar to the boys. He had thrown away his freshly lighted cigaret, held in one hand his wide hat and laid the other not far from hers on the horse's neck.

"They tell me," she said, "that you are a sort of leader out here among these men."

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He laughed uncertainly. "Folks talk a lot of nonsense to a woman sometimes."

"I'm sure that isn't nonsense. There's something about you—I've felt it myself—that makes it easy to follow you, to obey you. You would have a tremendous influence over less forcible people."

He found nothing to say to this, but there was an unusual color in his face.

"I want you, please, if you can, to try to make life easier for a man who has had a rough trail to travel. I mean Dick Strong. He's not used to such a life as this. In a hundred ways that perhaps you wouldn't guess, this existence of constant exposure and manual labor to which you were born, no privacy, no leisure, no time to read, to think, even to feel—that has been desperately painful for him—a kind of torture. Do you think it is generous to make things even worse for him by"—here for the first time she looked at him intently and with reproach—"by persecution?"

Timothy's color deepened even more noticeably. "Who says I ever persecuted?"

"Not Dick, be sure," she cut back with rapier intention. "Don't take *this* out on him, please!" She was now as deeply flushed as he. "I have been riding with him early this morning, out wrangling across the sage"—her eyes held the beauty and excitement of that fast motion in the immense still dawn—"and I think I can understand him, because, you see—well, after all, he is one of my own sort. Oh, I do hope, Mr. Blair, you are a big enough person to take this as I mean it and really try to help him, to make things easier for him! It would be generous. It would be really worthy of that great quality of leadership I see in you."

"Well, ma'am, I'll have to lick Grouch and Loder—if I can. If I can."

He spoke so very seriously that she could not quite make out whether he was making fun of her or not. Therefore she climbed into her saddle with a rather stiff face.

"I'll look after your—gentleman—for you, ma'am," said Tim. "There won't be no more—persecutions."

"Oh, I do thank you! I have such confidence in you."

"Even after the—'little, little lamb'—Miss Ladislav?"

She laughed and blushed. "Much may be forgiven," she said, "to a fellow poet."

She was, Tim thought, after she had ridden away, a "darn little fool like all the rest of them," but there was an enchantment in her, and courage and an intelligence not yet directed outward to deal effectively with realities. And tactless—phew! He smiled after her with an almost fatherly indulgence.

That night he fought Grouch and Loder in the bunk-house. Tim never postponed an unpleasant job. They began their usual evening entertainment of mockery at Dick's expense, but they did not finish it. When the great inexplicable fight was over and the two victims of female intervention successively laid out, Timothy staggered over to his bunk at the far end of the room and dropped his battered face upon his bleeding hands. Dick came over to him and stood between him and the murmuring, bewildered room.

"Let me wash you off, Blair. That's an ugly one just below your eye."

"You don't figure that I was fighting for you, do you—just because I couldn't stand that everlasting jawing of theirs? It's got on my nerves. I've been in a bad humor all day."

Dick's lips fell apart. As a matter of fact, such a thought would never have occurred to him, but having been suggested it bored its way into his mind. He said, slowly, "I kind of think—now—Blair, that you did."

"That number on the program," grinned Timothy, whose good humor seemed to have been restored by blood-letting, "was by request. She don't want you to be bullied, boy."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick with an unusual, rather breathless quickness.

"Oh, she asked me to keep an eye on you, son! Now, don't you flare up, don't you!"

"She must think me a poor sort of fool,"



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groaned Dick, "not to be able to fight my own battles—"

"Bless you, she didn't know there was going to be any fight. She thought we had afternoon tea down here and sort of 'sociables'."

"Oh, but I know she does think I'm a fool! She scares the life out of me. I act like a boob when I'm with her. She's got brains—that girl! Isn't it just my hard luck?"

Timothy looked up out of his one unclosed eye. "Ain't you?" he asked quizzically, meaning to say, "Ain't you got brains?"

"Don't for Heaven's sake make fun of me, Tim. You know I'm dumb. I couldn't get through college, couldn't make good anywhere, at anything. My father kicked me out. He said I was a blockhead and a disgrace to my inheritance. Why, man, I haven't an idea to bless myself with, and she—she's a bundle of ideas. Ideas are all she cares about. She's in love with ideas!"

"Not if I know women," interjected Blair, sotto voce. Dick stammered on, low-voiced and very wretched.

"She's always asking me: 'What do you think of this? How do you feel about that?' And my answers just take the heart out of her. I can see her wilt. I never think or feel anything about anything . . . I just think and feel . . . do you understand?"

Without looking up, Tim laid an arm across the young man's shoulders. "I savvy," he said "Life's a queer sort of a round-up, ain't it?"

Later in the summer, again by request, but this time by his own, Timothy got himself sent out on a search for missing stock. It was not by request that Dick accompanied him. It was by order of the boss.

"I've got a certain responsibility to your parents," he said darkly to Marion Ladislav.

"Oh," she replied lightly and in deplorable slang, "I should worry! I haven't made up my mind in the least about that young man or any other." But there was a betraying beauty in her eyes as they followed the two departing figures.

There lay a great loneliness of stars and plain about the two men that night. Their fire challenged a voiceless Watcher, a something that brooded and oppressed . . .

Dick lay close to the flames, trying to write with a pencil on a sheet of paper. At last he dropped his head despairingly on his arm, lay so a minute, then crumpled up his scribbling and threw it into the fire. He sat for a while staring like an angry young god unseeing at Tim, who squatted on his heels, hands spread out to the heat, gazing straight across the glow out into the cold spaces of the night.

"When do we get to Coyote, Tim?"

"About three days—if we don't pick up the horses sooner."

"We can mail letters there?"

"Sure can."

Dick groaned softly and the two men entered again into their differing silences, the one moody, personal and restless, the other still and brooding.

Dick's attention was again captured by that immobile figure. "I say," he shot out in a sulky and rebellious voice, "what do you think about out here alone on a night like this?"

Tim answered not a word. Dick did not repeat. He knew his man. Perhaps half an hour later, Blair began to talk.

"I kind of get to figuring about the stars," he said, "and how the blamed things go rolling down through everlasting, like as if some feller had started a game of fiery ten-pins and couldn't rightly stop it. And then I get to feeling awful small. It's a right sickish feeling and I wonder if maybe if I'd been put in closer quarters, where walls sort of kept me pinned down to something and there were things and folks to rub my wits against, maybe I might have done something worth while with my littleness. I kind of do feel sometimes I'd have done better if it hadn't been for this"—he waved his hand towards all that lay about them, unseen but strangely realizable as a pressure and an emptiness.

He sighed and went on talking, low and slow.

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1924

"And then I get another feeling. Suddenly I like being so small. It's a real comfort to me. On top of that, all at once, I realize that just this knowing how small I am proves that I'm as big as the very feller that started the game, as big as the whole game itself. For, don't you see, if you're really small, all of you, mind and eye and all, then you can't rightly get that feeling of being small, of being part of the whole big thing. Look at ants—what do they guess of men and stars and thunder?"

"Say, I savvy a great big savvy—that I am the game—yes, sir, and the gambler, my own self. I got it worked out that there's two of us in every living human . . . the little anxious feller built up bit by bit from experience, from seein', feelin', smellin', tastin', walkin' about, from hatin', lovin', cryin', laughin' . . . And then there's Another . . . Him that watches and gets so wrapped up in the little feller's doin's that He plumb forgets He ain't the same i-dential chap."

"Along comes Death—that is the agony! He finds out that the little chap is the game, only a little tiny fragment of the game, while He—why, He's the player—just a little part of the Player, a thumb and finger of the Player, savvy? After an anxious lifetime, he's got to let go . . . Ah, well!" Tim sighed sharp and deep and lifted his face, which had paled suddenly as though something had attacked his heart . . . "That's what I used to think and feel out here on a night like this, but now—" his voice fell deep—"I don't feel nothin' . . . I don't think nothin' . . . only her."

And he stood up to his full lithe height, flung his arms wide and walked abruptly away into the shadow of the spinning world.

Alone by the firelight, Dick then wrote the first of his letters to Marion Ladislav.

They came back in time for the round-up when the ranch was busy to a man. It was a period of much interest and excitement for Marion, and for Martin Glover of much anxiety and annoyance. An ultra-wealthy Californian, enriched by the war, was playing extravagantly at the game of cattle ranching; and he needed more hands. He sent an agent over to Glover's range to bribe his "boys." They were offered double their pay.

Now easy money speaks the same eloquent language all over the world. There was first a falling off in energy, then a tendency to gather into knots and talk, then a strike. A delegation rode down to the ranch to see Old Man Glover—and the delegation rode back, flushed.

"He's on his way up to tell you all to go to blazes," said the delegation.

"Well," drawled the angry disaffected ones, moving towards their ponies, "if he feels thataway about it—let's go!"

Timothy, engaged in splicing a rope, spoke out his mind to Richard Strong.

"As if working was a matter of wages"—this was a part of what he said. "Why, it ain't only that Glover is a fine man to work for and treats a feller like a real feller, but it's something bigger than that. He knows how to make you feel like you're joint owner of the whole shebang. He gets you to carin'. Why, you know yourself, Dick, how we all go swagging around talking about 'our steers' and 'our stock' and what-not. But those poor fools—what do they savvy about that? They won't know about it until they come to work for one of them chaps that's jest plain boss. It's just plumb lack of imagination that makes the world go round. Some morning everybody will start using their heads, and the poor old thing will just stop sudden and go over backward with the shock."

"Why don't you go and tell them that, Tim? That's all they need, those chaps, a little fatherly advice. They don't half like quitting."

Timothy threw up his head and took a few strides across the sage; then he saw that some fresh figures had joined the scattered population of the range. There was amongst them a certain little Tyrolean hat with a long pheasant feather. He swung back and gripped Dick's shoulder.



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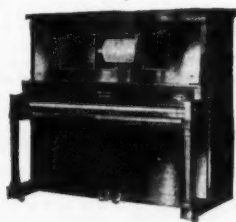
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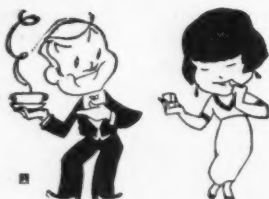


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"Can't do it," he said, "not before a lady. Something about this face of mine makes them grin when I start talking big. Go and say my piece for me, will you, Dick? The boys like you first rate and it'll come more forcible from you—not being candidate for foreman or anything like that."

Dick, without stopping to think, hurried towards the strikers. With material provided, Dick could speak to some purpose. His personality, even his good looks and winningness stood him, at this juncture, in good stead.

He said Tim's speech with all the force and sincerity that was in him, but he said it without Tim's mordancy. The logic as well as the sentiment of it was fitted to the nature of these men. That appeal to the personal value of the individual challenged the weakness and the strength of them. They did not betray an immediate enthusiasm or consent, but they dismounted, they rolled, lighted and smoked, and they postponed action until tomorrow. Tomorrow found them back on the job.

When the round-up reached its successful close, Glover approached his wife. He slapped down his hat upon her table.

"I eat my boots!" he said. "You're right, every time you're right. I made an error in my sizing up of Richard Strong. He saved me more botheration and loss by that loyal and clever speech of his than any man of mine has saved me yet. And did it so quietly, too—no fuss and feathers—not like old Tim. The boy has brains, though I'll tell the world he keeps them up his sleeve. I have made him foreman and he'll come up and look pretty for you this evening. Just now they're celebrating."

Timothy led the celebration with a fervor and a splendor all his own, but when Dick went up to his finer rewards the older man betook himself to a dark corner of the world and rested his forehead on a fence rail. He had had his ambition, for a folly and a cowardice he had lost it. Nobody was to blame but himself. It hardly helped that he loved Dick.

"And so," said Timothy, philosopher even in pain, "and so, you little man, you suffer!" The Great Gambler, however, made a sudden and light-hearted move in Timothy Blair's favor. Not a fortnight later there came a telegram for Dick. It was an urgent and almost a humble message from his father. And it ended, "Please come back."

The new foreman, regretful, excited, elated and confused, hiding from nobody the heart of his desire to live again in the East of Marion Ladislav, resigned his job and left forthwith for Boston and a change of fortune.

There fell upon the ranch a hush, half envious and half relieved.

Mr. and Mrs. Glover, at this time, became anxious over the aspect of their visitor. There was about the girl a restlessness, an uncertain pallor, a suspenseful watching for the mail and a reading over of three or four old letters. Mrs. Glover heroically proposed a pack trip into the hills. Martin heroically agreed, but gave voice to a determination to take Timothy. "I've got to talk a lot of business with him since he's going to be my foreman after all."

The party of four was not an altogether successful one. Glover was fat and didn't like climbing. He suddenly developed a purple face and breathlessness.

"Dearie," said Gabriella, "we are going right straight home. Eleven thousand feet is high enough."

"Give me just one afternoon," Marion pleaded, "to climb up to the foot of that cliff with the snow on it. I'll be haunted by that place all the rest of my life if I don't get to it." She spoke almost with ferocity and even more fiercely she desired to make the climb alone.

"It's farther than it looks," protested Martin, with no effect.

Marion set out alone. When she was well out of sight above them, Timothy started after her. He took a bulky pack on his shoulders because he had noticed something strained and feverish in the girl's face and he was anxious.

Justifying his foresight, he found her at the base of the cliff lying prone on a snow bank.



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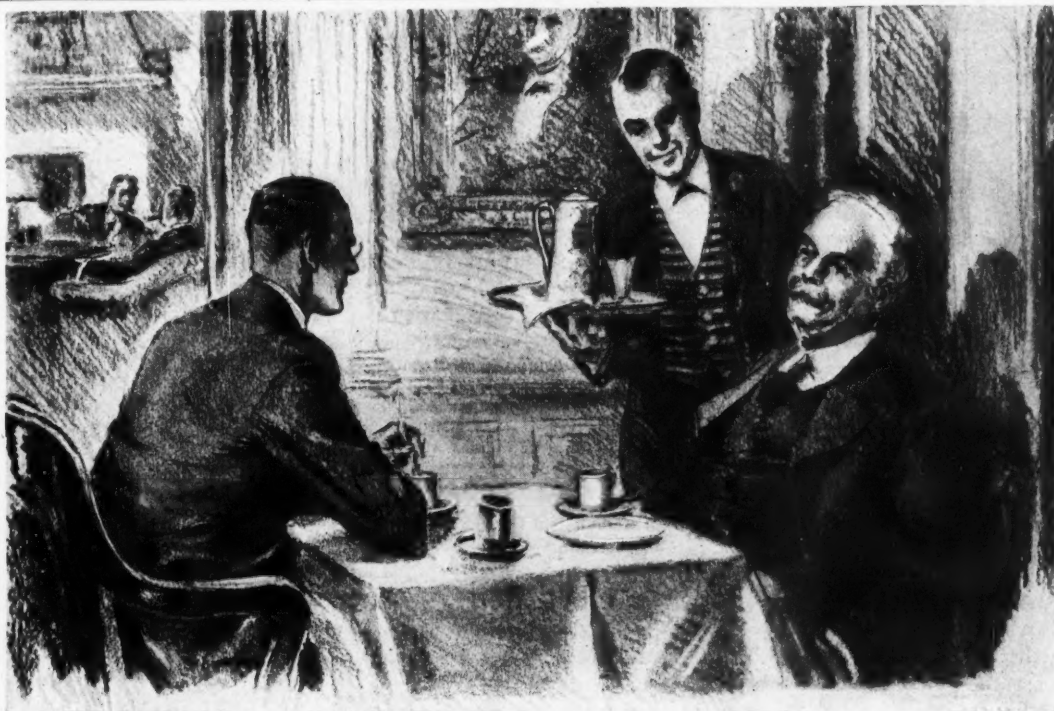
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## Two Cups Left Over

WHEN my mother was a little girl she used to have what she called her "piece string." Each little girl had one. It was made up from little squares and snippets of the dresses, the blouses, the wedding clothes, party clothes and the baby clothes of the family, all threaded on a stout cord.

And on hot summer afternoons the little girls would bring their "strings" and sit under the willow tree by the well, because it was cool there, and tell the stories connected with their various scraps. There was romance, comedy and tragedy, happiness and sorrow, enough to satisfy any little girl.

And now those little girls are grown into women. They still get together and exchange stories. Only their stories are recipes. Recipes for leftovers mostly. Because, like the scraps of cloth, scraps of food are so much more interesting than whole, new pieces.

One of the women has been abroad and contributes peasant recipes for soups and stews that are a meal in themselves.

One of them has spent the summer at a smart hotel where entrees were the main feature of the luncheon menu—and an entree is simply a leftover with a French accent. So her recipes add novelty and distinction to the general collection.

One has had years of feeding a rapidly growing family on a slowly growing income. Her recipes mean

practical thrift. Nourishment at low cost. Attractiveness with least labor.

Another is a teacher and has a small apartment with a friend. Cooking for two nearly always means the use of leftovers. Because buying in too small quantities is not economical. Her recipes give daintiness and quick preparation because both are important for women to whom home making must be a side line.

Some of the recipes have been passed on from one generation of careful housewives to another. And each generation can make the delicious leftover dishes a little more easily. Because each year there are more prepared foods on the market. More delicate and unusual seasonings and garnishes at low cost. Things that used to appear only in wealthy homes and luxurious hotels.

The booklet "Two Cups Left Over" has tried to combine all of the things which this group of women offer to each other. The romance of foreign dishes, the novelty of tea room service, the thrift and attractiveness of home recipes, the quick, yet dainty food preparation of kitchenette meal getting. And the largest possible use of prepared foods in connection with leftover cooking.

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She panted out with blue lips that she was "silly" but that she couldn't walk. She had fainted twice and her heart didn't seem to beat much, or altogether too much, she couldn't make out which. By the time he had tested the entire truthfulness of her report, it was nearly dark. He picked her up in his arms and carried her down the slope to a grass-scented level, the bottom of a cup in the high upper walls. During this passage she looked up at him once sharply and strangely, but did not speak.

He cut wood, made a fire, boiled strong coffee and brought her a black and steaming cupful. Having drunk it, she was greatly restored and, with some color in her lips, she ate a plate of pork and beans. There was no question of her going back to camp that night. She must stay very quiet for more than several hours, unless "you'll let me pack you down," said Tim, the suggestion receiving the head-shake he expected.

She sat close to the fire, her hands dangling over her knees, her head bent forward, looking with grave, dark eyes intently at the flames. After a long silence during which the mountain seemed to grow beneath them and to thrust them up towards immediate stars, she sighed.

"What do you think about when you're alone out here, on a night like this?"

He turned to her with rather a startled and haunted look. "Queer," he said, "not long ago—a man asked me that question. Well, I can just tell you what I told him. He didn't laugh at me, so maybe you won't."

But it was so long before he started that she thought he must have forgotten her question. When he spoke, he turned over to her, with a patient, humble eloquence, the contents of his unlettered mind, using the very phrases he had used to Dick. Then Timothy turned his eyes from her and dropped his forehead on his hands.

"I told my friend all that, Miss Ladislav, and I told him something more. It's still true; it's more truer every day. All that—is what I used to feel and think, but now," he said and his voice came smothered through the thin and heady air, "I don't feel—I don't think—anything but—you."

He clenched his hands on the flannel of his shirt sleeves—he had given his coat to her—and waited.

She laughed aloud. "What a preposterous and wicked humbug you are, Timothy Blair."

He threw back his white face. "I—I don't savvy . . . I don't understand—"

She put a hand into her shirt and pulled out a folded paper.

"Come over here, then, and read this. You have known wiser men than yourself, Timothy. I will admit that you are an excellent parrot."

He rose, walked over and took Dick's letter from her shaking hand.

In purer English, as he had been taught, Dick had written down the thoughts, the comments, the imaginings and the philosophy of Tim. He had been a faithful disciple and a docile scribe. There it all was, even to the last passionate word, which Tim had thrown white-hot out of his unsuspecting heart.

He handed back the paper. "Yes, ma'am, I am a—what you said I was. I didn't know, you see, that he'd written it all down—for you."

The fire talked softly to them. Back of them the snow creaked and there was a queer voiceless voice among the rocks. Marion stretched out her hand and dropped the crumpled letter into the flames.

"Why did you do that?" he demanded sharply.

"Because I am not a fool. I can't help but know the truth. No man can learn by heart another's thoughts and speak them as you spoke those thoughts of yours just now to me. Dick wrote them down, must have taken them hot from your lips . . . Poor boy, he wanted to impress me, to please me . . . O my God!"

She bent her head for an instant to her knees, then looked up with wet and straining eyes.

"It was you who carried me across the ford. When you lifted me a little while ago, I knew your arms. It was you who gave Dick the matter for his speech, the speech that made him



foreman in your place . . . I saw you start towards the men that day and—and see me and turn back. Oh, Timothy, Timothy, everything about him that I loved, that I admired"—she used the past tense with a sorrowful finality—"is you . . . except his face . . . and—" She stopped herself.

Timothy stood above her without words.

Again she hid her eyes and again she looked up. "I am going to say a terribly cruel thing. Heaven forgive me for it. But at this height, in this air, I feel as if even a cruel truth was part of His mercy. Timothy Blair, I would give my very heart if I could make you—"

She checked herself before the actual words, looked up at him and made a helpless gesture with her hands. How could she express to this man, after all, standing there in this solemn mountain night, what was in truth the small vulgarity of her thought, that he was not part of her own world, that he was not completely what that world would call a "gentleman"? She would have been wounded in her pride if she had guessed how completely her broken words, her little gesture, had betrayed her thought.

He stood up a little straighter. She stared at him until the tall and splendid statue seemed to tower there, immobile and detached, so that she remembered the mountain head that had watched her night of terror and she began to feel the same nervous hatred, the same nervous fear. Just as she was gathering all her force to whisper something, he moved, drew two great logs across the fire and walked away.

When he came back she was asleep, close to the fire, which had burned down to a great bed of scarlet coals. Her small hand lay curled upwards in the ashes. He leaned over and touched her cheek. Instantly her eyes opened with the wide, gentle gravity of a child's.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"Up higher." He smiled crookedly. "I hadn't no choice but to go higher up, lady. I surely couldn't have got no lower than where you put me. Better creep in between these blankets, Miss Ladislav, the night has turned almighty cold."

They saw very little of each other until the day of her departure, when he drove her out over the mountain pass to the station, forty miles away. All day Marion struggled in silence with timidity, watching his silence with suspenseful looks. His mask was more inscrutable than rocky walls.

Just before she boarded the train, she found courage to say what she had planned. She came close beside him on the platform, touched his arm without looking up and spoke with a tremble in her voice.

"I want you to forgive me. I want to make my apology to you. I have been very unhappy. Tim, my dear, you are only . . . too great a gentleman." And to this she added something which was for many years a matter of his bewildered uncomprehension and at last for his rather glorious enlightenment: "I am sure, my Cyrano, that when you sweep the floor of Heaven's court it will be with as untarnished a panache as his—Roxane's Cyrano!"

She stumbled up into the moving train.

From her window she watched his figure detach itself from a broad sunset sky, the day sweeping back across its vacant plains. He stood up, dark and lonely, with a hint of heart-break in his outline but with more than a hint of fiery courage and of gaiety unquenchable.

After he was lost there remained her mountain. Against that fading sky, cold and unforgettable, it kept staring after her, seeming to rise taller, more portentous, more significant with every mile of her futile journeying. It stood against the stars. It taunted the rails to speak. They beat words against her ears.

"You will—come back . . ." they hampered evenly. "You will . . . come back . . . to him . . . and me . . . to me . . . and him . . . When life has taught you to look behind its mask, you will come back . . . to him and me . . . if only in your dreams . . . you will . . . come back . . ."

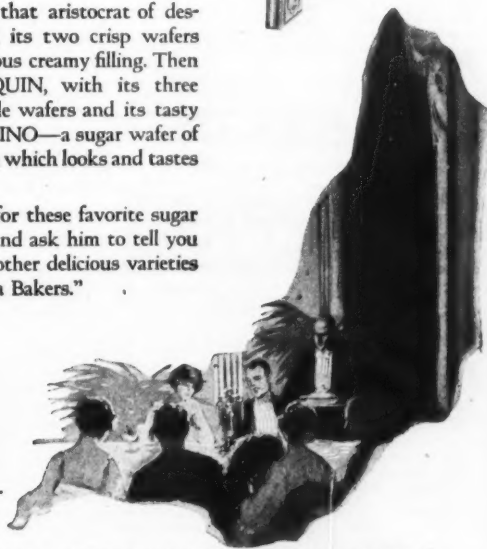
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## The Man Four-Square

(Continued from page 75)

the snow was gone, grass sprang up lush green, and flowers that budded while the earth was still white began to bloom. Sap dripped from broken limbs, and the whispered breath of a wakening life, of growing things, and of matehood, hope and happiness seemed to rise between the earth and the sky night and day.

Both Peter and Carter sensed the thrill of these things, yet neither felt their joy. The floods held them back, so that at first their loss was in hours, and then in days. Carter was glad, but he gave no betrayal of that fact. His face in these last weeks had grown quietly and splendidly different than the old Carter's. But in the secrecy of his own thoughts was a dread of the day they would arrive at Five Fingers. Dread—and yet not fear.

Peter did not reveal his own fears except as they became a part of his face and eyes in certain moments. These fears were not inspired by visions of personal danger. What he dreaded were the changes which nearly two years might have brought to Five Fingers, and the evil which Aleck Curry could have accomplished in that time.

On the last day before crossing the Height of Land Carter spoke of what he knew to be in Peter's mind. "You will find Mona safe and well, and as true as the day you left her," he said. "And lovelier, too, Peter, for she needed these two years to round out her glorious womanhood. I'm not worrying about her. I'm putting all my faith in another gamble."

"And that?"  
Carter gave his thin shoulders a suggestive shrug. "Has it occurred to you how nice it will be if something infernally calamitous has happened to Aleck Curry? Death, for instance?"

Peter looked at his companion to see if he was joking. Carter's face was set and unsmiling. "Why not?" he argued. "Aleck, although a brother of the Devil, isn't calamity-proof. Maybe it's only a dream I've had—but I seem to see Aleck Curry safely out of your way, now or very soon. If he has tried to take advantage of Mona Guyon during your absence—"

"Simon McQuarrie or Pierre Gourdon would kill him!"

"Exactly!"—and Carter lighted his pipe and said no more, nor did he raise his eyes to see the strained look which he knew was in Peter's face.

That night they slept on the northward slope of the ridge that separated the waterways of a continent. Two days later, on the first of June, they crossed the southern line of rail and camped in the deep wilderness between it and Lake Superior. Carter made his bed with more than usual care.

"Our last night," he said. "Tomorrow we should pass the high ridge country before dark and reach Five Fingers in the early light of the moon. Are you a little excited?"

"I should like to go on," said Peter.

Carter smiled a bit wistfully. Now and then this flash of gentleness had crept into his face of late. "I'd be willing to give up the rest of my life if for a few hours I could have someone waiting for me as Mona Guyon is waiting for you," he answered in a low voice. "Strange that I've let all the years go by without thinking of that, isn't it? But I'm thinking now. And I'm sorry—for a lot of things."

"You say you are going to resign from the police as soon as you can," said Peter. "When you do that—come to Five Fingers. Simon McQuarrie and Pierre Gourdon and Joe and Facher Albanel and all the others will make it home for you. And Mona and Marie Antoinette and Josette will love you because you were four-square and helped us. And after that—somewhere—maybe at Five Fingers—there will be a girl—"

A cough came from the gloom behind Peter, a thick and husky cough as if Carter was choking something back that was in his throat.

"One of the few things I remember from years ago is a song called 'The City Four-Square,'" he said. "And when you, of all men, call me four-square—why—" Darkness hid his face.

"Good night, Peter!"

"Good night," said Peter.

Carter, as usual, had made his bed in deep shadow, and there after a time he slept. The moon rose, but still the shadow enveloped him, while Peter lay in a glow of light when the man-hunter roused himself. He looked at his watch and found the hour a little after midnight. A second time he slept, and a second time he awakened, and thick darkness had come in place of the moon-glow. This he knew to be the dark prelude to dawn, and he rose out of his blanket and crept cautiously away from the camp. In a quarter of an hour darkness and distance had swallowed him. He waited then. Dawn broke first over the tree tops and filtered down softly and swiftly until he could see to travel. He lighted a last match to look at his watch and compass and struck due south.

He traveled fast, free of pack and gun. Peter would be awakening now, he thought, or very soon. In an hour, or two at the most, he would know he had been tricked. Even with his advantage Carter sensed the thrill of an impending race and the tragedy of it if he should lose. Peter was swift and sure in the woods and it was a long way to Five Fingers.

High up in the sky a fleet of white clouds took on a crimson flush. The sun rose, and it found Carter's face settling into the hard and grim lines of the hunter whose game had so frequently been the lives of men. In a small leather pouch he had stored some food, and a part of this he ate as he traveled. He lost no time in seeking log and driftwood dams to pave his way over streams but plunged waist-deep into water that was still cold with the chill of snow and ice. It was noon before he stopped to rest and eat what was left of his food.

A second time a miracle of change swept over him, and in his face, his eyes and the lithe swiftness with which he moved he was the ferret again, hot on the trail of game. Late in the afternoon he felt the cool breath of Lake Superior in his face. The sun sank lower. Dusk came. In the beginning of that dusk he emerged from the last rim of the forest and stood with the water of the big inland sea moaning under the dark cliffs at his feet.

Thickening darkness made these last miles more difficult, and for two hours Carter progressed slowly. When the moon came up he had reached the huge cliff whose sheer walls rose two hundred feet above the sea, less than half a mile from Five Fingers.

A last time he sat down, and with a strange smile on his thin lips watched the full moon as it rose swiftly over the forests. He was tired and wet and his clothes were torn. His eyes closed. In half a dozen minutes he could have slept, but each time that his body wavered he roused himself into rigid wakefulness. The temptation persisted, and at last he gave himself five minutes—and slept thirty.

The rattle of a stone roused him, and he gathered himself up, blinking at the moon. Then he heard iron nails scraping on rock. Instantly he was wide awake. Someone was advancing along the face of the cliff from the direction of Five Fingers. He could see first the shadow of that person, growing in the illusive light-mist of moon and stars. It was big and grotesque and the tread of its substance was slow and heavy. A few steps more brought the advancing figure to the little plateau of rock where he sat. Not until then did he rise. The other stopped. A dozen paces separated them. Then, uncertainly, they shortened it to half the distance. Carter's heart gave a great throb. He would not have to go down to Five Fingers now, for this was his man!

"Curry!" he greeted.

The other stared, half disbelieving. "Is

that you—Carter?" he gasped. He advanced again, peering into the other's face. "By Heaven, it is!"

Carter was very white and thin and strange looking in the moonlight, and Aleck Curry was heavy and huge, even to his neck and face. He thrust out a hand, but Carter did not touch it.

"Yes, it's me," he said, in a voice cold as ice. "Queer why you should be coming this way, Curry. I was going down there to find you."

Aleck's eyes pierced the blanket of moonlight behind him. "What luck?" he asked. His voice thrilled with nervous eagerness. He bent his big shoulders toward Carter, looking into his face. "Any?"

Carter's slowness was an insult, and with that insult his eyes and lips were smiling.

"Yes, I've had luck," he said, when the tenseness of the other's silence seemed about to break. "Donald McKae is dead, and Peter is back there—my prisoner!"

Half an hour later, down in Five Fingers, the bell over the little log church rang out sweetly and softly the good news that Father Albanel had come in from his monthly trip into the farther wilderness, and that services would be held tomorrow, which was Sunday.

Peter heard it, far back in the hollows between the ridges, and he paused to offer his gratitude to God for this voice that was welcoming him home.

And at the edge of the cliff where the moonlight and the starlight made a vivid arena of the table of rock its message seemed to beat with the clearness of a silvery drum. Then it stopped. Its echoes melted away. And the two men who had heard it there remained unchanged. Carter seemed straighter and harder, his face more like carved stone. But he was ready. And Aleck Curry was like a huge gorilla gathering himself for a leap.

"Carter—if you mean that—I'll kill you!" he said in a voice that was thick with passion.

"I mean it," replied Carter, biting his words short. "I've taken the trouble to tell you the whole story. But you can't understand and you never will. You're a snake. You're a traitor to both justice and the law. You think your power over Peter will give you vengeance and something from Mona. But it won't. And I warn you again that if you try to use your knowledge, if you offer Peter as a price to Mona, if you give him up to the law when she strikes you in the face—as she will!—then I shall go to the highest authorities and strip you to the skin. The truth will blast you. I will tell how you offered me bribes, and then threatened; I will tell of your affair in the home of Jacques Gautier up on God's Lake; I will break you and ruin you by laying naked the horrible trail you have left wherever your slimy soul has gone. I shall investigate the death of the young Indian girl on the Arrowhead. I—"

He did not finish. Curry, the man who had waited, the fiend who had kept the fires of hatred and passion burning until they were madness, saw more than the threatened ruin for himself. Reputation, family, his place in the service meant nothing to him. What he saw now in the white and almost deathlike face and gleaming eyes of the Ferret was the end of the dream he had built up—the end not only of his power over Peter but of his last chance to possess Mona. If Carter carried out his threat, then all that he might say against Peter would be discounted in the eyes of the law, and punishment would fall upon himself.

But he was not thinking of this punishment. At times the evil mind in his heavy head worked with amazing swiftness—and in this last moment he saw the yawning abyss of the cliff behind the Ferret, and its overwhelming temptation. With Carter down there, dead, and Peter walking straight into the trap at Five Fingers his own power and triumph would be more complete than he had ever dreamed it could be—for he would make Peter also the Ferret's murderer!

The moon revealed the monstrous thought



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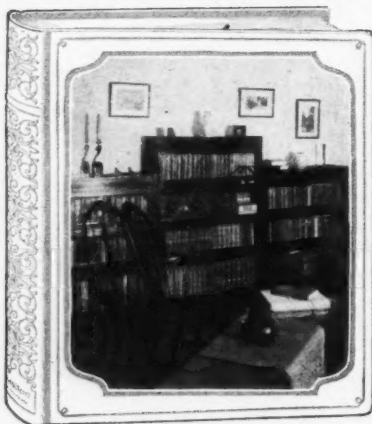
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that leaped like flame into his face, and it was then Carter cut his words short to meet the avalanche of flesh and fury that descended upon him.

Swift as a flash he twined his arms about his enemy's neck as they crashed upon the rock. For a moment after that a great shadow of fear darkened the Ferret's soul. A hundred times he had witnessed the tests and measured the possibilities of Aleck's huge body and herculean strength. And now he was at death grips with it. That day he had seen a wood-mouse in the fangs of a weasel, and he was the wood-mouse now. And then he thought of Peter—of Peter and Mona and the battle at the pool two years ago when they had beaten this great hulk of a man. Fear went out of him swifter than it had entered.

A queer thought shot into his head, a surging back of his old pride. He was not the wood-mouse, nor was he the weasel. He was the ferret, and Aleck Curry was an unknown beast, ponderous and mighty, but with that vulnerable spot which the ferret always found in its prey. And this time Carter knew he was fighting for more than himself. He was fighting for a man who was dead, and whose spirit was there on the rock watching him. He was fighting for Peter. And he was fighting for a woman.

There was something merciless and horrible in the struggle. A little cloud ran under the face of the moon. It was followed by a larger and darker one, as if spirit hands were drawing a curtain between it and the tragedy on the rock. Minutes were hours. Gasps, chokings, blows and the panting of breaths were the ticking of the seconds. Moments of stillness, when the two lay crumpled and twisted as if they had died together, were like eternities. And foot by foot they had rolled until they were close to the edge of the cliff.

Then it was that a shudder of deeper horror seemed to creep through the night. A black cloud swept under the moon, hiding entirely what was happening at the cliff's edge, and this cloud moved away with appalling slowness. When the moon looked out again one object remained where there had been two. For a long time it lay crumpled there, sobbing for breath. Then it crawled away slowly, dragging itself painfully over the rock, and disappeared into the thick growth of the burned-over lands which reached far to the north.

Under that same moon, hours later, Peter came to the edge of Five Fingers. Out of the sky all sign of cloud was gone and the stars glowed in radiant constellations. Peter knew that it was midnight, and as he looked down from the crest of the slope where he had first walked hand in hand with Mona when he was a boy a strange and gentle silence rose up from the bottom-lands to greet him. Five Fingers was asleep. He could see no light and at first he heard no sound. Then came to him the old, familiar tinkle of silvery bells on distant cattle, and the soft murmur of the sea.

For a space he stood looking down where the dark shadows of the cabins lay in a great pool of mellow light that was like a gossamer mist of silver and gold. His heart beat fast. Down there, within sound of his voice, was Mona—and all at once his manhood seemed to leave him and he wanted to shout wildly through his hands like a boy, calling her name, rousing her from sleep, shrieking at the top of his voice that he had come back.

He walked down the slope and he saw Pierre Gourdon's home among the scattered cabins. It was there he would find Mona, if— His heart skipped a beat. If anything had happened, anything—since—accident—if she had gone away. Two years was a long time.

His feet seemed to stir the earth and then suddenly he slipped and fell upon his lips. For he had come to the edge of a little patch of green meadow where Mona had made the men of Five Fingers bury the scores of marauding porcupines they killed each year, and he saw here and there freshly made little mounds of soil. Near one of these, which was scarcely dried by a day's sun, was a spade. Eagerly he

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seized it in his hands. It was *their* spade, Mona was in Five Fingers! She was alive—well—sleeping in her little room where he had visioned her at prayer every night of his life!

He took off his pack and dropped it near the freshly made mound. Then he went on, and stopped under Mona's window. It was partly open. He could hear the soft flutter of a curtain in the breath of wind that came up from the shore. Almost afraid to break the stillness he called her name in a low voice.

"Mona!"

The curtain fluttered back at him. It seemed laughing at him, seemed to be signaling to him like a hand from the window.

Then he saw on their nails against the log wall the long bamboo poles which Pierre Gourdon used in his fishing. A hundred times when he had come in from the woods late at night he had tapped at Mona's window with one of these poles, and she had thrust out her head to blow him down a kiss and say good night. And now he seized one of the poles and tapped the old signal on the window-pane. And all at once the curtain ceased its fluttering.

He tapped again—*tap-tap-tappety-tap!*—and stepped back into the shadow.

He heard the curtain fluttering again. Sound came from her room. It continued for a few moments, and ceased with the quiet opening of a door. Then he heard footsteps, quick, light, almost frightened footsteps, and a slim figure came around the end of Pierre Gourdon's cabin and stood white-faced and trembling in the moonlight.

It was Mona—Mona as he had left her an hour ago—yesterday—two years ago—unchanged—except that she seemed taller to him, more beautiful. She had thrown a long cloak about her and her wide eyes strained to solve the mystery which the misty chaos of the moonlight was hiding from her. For a space he seemed powerless to move. Then he tried to speak as he revealed himself, ragged and torn and bronzed to Indian darkness by his long fight through the wilderness, but it was only an incoherent cry that stumbled on his lips. Mona saw him. For an instant she swayed like a tall flower, with the whiteness of lily petals in her face as he went to her. And then she gave a cry—and Peter's arms closed about her.

A minute later she held back his face with her two hands. Her eyes were filled with the glory of the stars and her lips were red with the wild, sweet passion of their kisses. Slowly a shadow came, and with it an unutterable tenderness in the words she whispered.

"Peter, I know. Carter sent me word—about your father—and you—" She drew his head down until she was holding it against her breast. "Only you—you and God—know how sorry I am," she whispered. And holding his head close, she told him how Carter had sent word to her all the way down through the wilderness, and how she had kept Carter's message to herself—as he had asked her to do—and had waited night and day for Peter's coming with prayers of gratitude in her heart, and sorrow for him. "And Carter promised to bring you to me," she whispered, "because he said that in the end he had learned to love your father—and you."

Where the shadow of Pierre Gourdon's cabin fell deepest a man had dragged himself and lay like a dark and lifeless blot. Since Peter had tapped at the window this man had scarcely moved, except to breathe and change his position a little as he watched the lovers. They were very near to him; he heard the girl speak of Carter, and of what Carter had done.

It was then he drew himself slowly away, moving with the stealth and caution of one to whom freedom from discovery meant a great deal. Not until the cabin was fully between him and those he had spied upon did he rise to his feet. This movement was slow and brought a gasp of pain from him. He did not stand straight. His shoulders were bent. He was hatless and ragged and his arms and breast were half stripped of clothing. In his hand he

carried a heavy stick, and with this stick he helped himself to walk.

He tried to hurry, but at best his progress was not fast, and to make up for lack of speed he kept the cabin between him and the two from whom he was running away. In the shadow of a second cabin he stopped to rest, breathing deeply, as if what he had accomplished had cost him great effort. One at a time he passed the dwellings in the settlement and made his way to the little log church.

The door of Father Albanel's church was never locked, but he bolted it carefully behind him. Then he groped his way through the moonlit seats and opened a window. After that he found the rope which rang the bell.

Never in its history had Five Fingers roused itself to the ringing of the bell as it was rung tonight. It was a wild exultation, an almost savage triumph, a pealing alarm that called upon every soul in the settlement to rise up in instant wakefulness. Men rose out of their sleep and stumbled for matches; a light appeared here, another there, and still the bell continued to ring until not a cabin in Five Fingers remained in darkness.

Not until then did the man who had rung the bell drop from the window of the little church and steal through the shadows of the trees into the forest.

Pierre Gourdon came first out into the night, bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves, and in front of his cabin he found Mona ahead of him with her long hair streaming down her back and a strange man's arms tightly about her. Almost fiercely he tore them apart—and then he saw it was Peter.

Jame Clamart came running up a moment later, and it was Jame who first sent the news abroad in a shout which, next to the mad ringing of the bell, was the wildest thing ever heard in Five Fingers between the hour of midnight and one o'clock in the morning.

"Peter McRae has come back!" he yelled. "Peter McRae—has—come—back!"

Swifter almost than men could travel word passed that this was the reason for the ringing of the bell—Peter McRae had come home, and Father Albanel, or some other, had awakened them from their sleep to welcome him.

Pierre's women were first to take Peter away from Mona—Josette, his wife, coming first, and then Marie Antoinette, his son Joe's wife. And after them came Adette Clamart. When she saw Peter she gave a little screech and threw her arms around his neck, and then she fell upon Mona and cried in her gladness. The little group grew larger; voices, glad laughter, tremulous excitement filled the air, but suddenly a hush fell as a tall and gaunt-faced figure stalked up and old Simon McQuarrie shouldered his way among them.

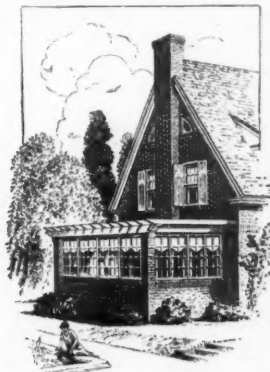
He said nothing when he came face to face with Peter, but for a moment held him off at arm's length, his stern face working in a strange sort of way, and then, as Mona crept in to his side, he clasped them both in his arms and stood for a few moments with his head bowed close down to theirs.

And then a whisper of gladness ran among the women, for Father Albanel stood beside Mona and Peter and the little gray missionary's face was streaming with tears of happiness as he, too, put his arms gently about them.

"It was Father Albanel who rang the bell," the women whispered softly. And to this day the people of Five Fingers believe that he did. But on this night Father Albanel was neither crooked nor bent, nor did he walk with the aid of a stick.

To Peter it was like a dream, a glorious dream of friendship and of a love that lifted his soul above all thought of fear and tragedy, and not until he was alone with Simon in the cabin which had been his home for so many years before he went away with his father did he think of Aleck Curry. But the thing which happiness had held back came out now.

The old Scotchman heard Peter's story from the night of their flight almost two years ago, when the forests were burning in the great fire



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about Five Fingers. And then Peter learned that Aleck Curry had built himself a shack in the edge of the timber and was quite frequently at Five Fingers, usually remaining for a week or two at a time. Simon was surprised that the ringing of the bell and the excitement had not brought Curry upon the scene.

"And you haven't an idea what became of Carter?" Simon asked.

Peter shook his head. "He simply disappeared. I cannot guess why. Maybe he will show up tomorrow."

"Peter, who rang the bell?"

Peter flushed under his darkened skin. "I think Father Albanel saw Mona and I in the moonlight. He always loved to wander about late at night, when the moon was bright."

Simon's gaunt face broke into a strange smile. "It wasn't Father Albanel who rang the bell," he said.

"No?" Peter looked at him sharply. "Then it was you, Simon! You saw us?"

"No. I was asleep. Sound asleep. But I know who rang the bell. It was Carter!"

A little thrill leaped through Peter. "It is impossible. Carter would not have run away from me for that. Besides—"

He did not finish, for Simon had risen and was looking out through the window in a way that puzzled him. "I'm going down to the church," he said. "And I'm going the back way, along the edge of the woods, so that no one will see me. Want to go?"

They stole forth through the moonlight into the shadows of the forest. When they came to the church Simon tried the door.

"Locked!" he said. "That is unusual!"

A few seconds later they stood at the open window. Through this they climbed and one after another the Scotchman lighted a dozen matches until they knew that no one could have remained hidden inside. Simon then closed the window and led the way out through the door, leaving it unlocked.

"Careless of him," he grunted. "We'll leave the place just as he found it. Fewer questions will be asked."

He did not speak again until they were once more in their own cabin.

"Boy," he whispered, "whatever happens after this, forget that Carter came down from the north with you and that he ran away from you back there on the trail. Understand, laddie? Forget it! Lie about it if you have to. For I believe it was Carter who rang that bell tonight, and if he did, and it should so turn out that something has happened to Aleck Curry—why—you see—it might be a suspicious circumstance pointing to a thing which you and I, with God's blessing on us, will always know could never be true!"

Even these words, making significantly clear the suspicion which was in Simon's mind, could not keep Peter from thinking of Mona, and of Mona alone, when he went to bed. But he awoke with the first crowing of Simon McQuarrie's roosters, three hours later. He was going to take breakfast with Mona, he told Simon, and as he was an appalling mess, he needed a lot of time to prepare for it.

It was only a quarter of six when he finished, but an hour before he had seen a light in Mona's room and now smoke was rising from the chimney over Josette Gourdon's kitchen.

He went out the back way, as he and Simon had gone a few hours earlier, and was sure he had succeeded in coming up behind Pierre's cabin without giving any evidence of himself. But Mona's eyes were bright and her cheeks were flushed as he stood very still for a few moments in the doorway, though her back was toward him and she seemed to be absorbed in a number of purposeless little details at the kitchen table.

There was a change, after all—a change which the silvery radiance of the moon had veiled from him last night. Mona was taller, and—even as he was looking at her now, without clearly seeing her face—she was so much lovelier than when he had left Five Fingers that he was a little frightened. Carter was

right. It had taken those two years to make her even more beautiful than Marie Antoinette.

Mona's cheeks grew pinker and her eyes brighter. Then she turned upon him so suddenly and with such an unexpected knowledge of his presence filling her eyes with laughter and joy that in one swift moment Peter had her in his arms, and kissed her so wildly on eyes and lips and hair that she was compelled to hide her face against his breast to get breath.

"You are—breaking me," she protested. "You have grown so strong, Peter. And you are tumbling my hair down that I put up with so much care, because this is Sunday!"

"The two happiest days of my life have been Sundays," he said, holding her more gently.

"This is one, Peter?"

"Yes."

"And the other?" she asked, as if she had forgotten it entirely.

"Was that first day you took me to church, when I thought you were a little white angel, and sang with you, and dared to take a tress of your hair in my fingers when I thought you didn't know it?"

"And since that day I've loved you, Peter. Yes, I loved you in that very hour when you bit Aleck Curry's ear!"

"Kiss me."

"Sh-h!" She put a finger to his lips. "It is Aunt Josette! I hear her coming! I must run up the back way and fix my hair!"

"Kiss me!"

She pressed her warm lips to his, and he let her go. Scarcely had she escaped when Josette's light footsteps sounded in the dining room, and a moment later she appeared in the kitchen. Peter was stirring pancake batter. "Mona gave me this job," he tried to explain. "She'll be back in a minute."

Josette smiled at him sweetly, and then quite innocently picked up several hairpins from the floor. "How careless of me to lose these!" she exclaimed, but there was a roguish light in her dark eyes.

To Peter it was as if he had gone away yesterday, and returned today. Pierre came in yawning, and found him helping with the breakfast. When Mona reappeared her hair was in a long braid. Never had he seen such lovely velvety softness in her eyes or such sweet color in her face.

Josette maneuvered them to the open door. "When we are ready for you children we'll call you," she said.

They walked toward the forest. And there, in the edge of the beautiful green meadow which had always been hallowed as their playground, he saw for the first time a new cabin nearly finished. Mona was looking at him. She saw the surprise and then the cloud that gathered in his face. She took his hand.

"You don't like it?" she asked.

"It is a nice cabin, but—"

He did not know how to finish. She looked down, very demurely, so that he could not see her eyes for the long lashes that hid them.

"It is my cabin."

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine. Maybe I shouldn't tell you the secret, Peter, but I'm going to be married."

It seemed impossible that a human heart could rise up and choke one as quickly as Peter's did.

Mona was still looking at the ground.

"You see, Carter told me in his letter to confide in Simon. And when Simon knew you were coming, we planned this cabin together and Simon is going to give it to me as a wedding present. Then I'm going to let you live in it. Don't you think I'm nice?"

Peter stopped. Mona looked up, frightened.

"Don't, Peter—don't!" she entreated. "Aunt Josette is looking, and Uncle Pierre will see you, and all the rest of Five Fingers—"

But all the rest of the world could not have stopped Peter. He crumpled her in his arms.

That day was one in which Peter could not bring himself to reveal to Mona the uncertainty which had been a part of his homecoming. Her happiness completely possessed





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him, and as hour after hour passed he found himself further than at the beginning from carrying out his resolution to tell her the price which he fully expected the law would ask of him. That he could expect no mercy from Aleck Curry he assured himself through Simon.

But Aleck did not appear. It was not until after morning service in the little church that Mona mentioned him quite casually. He was bigger and coarser and more detestable than ever, she told Peter. He had tried to pay some attentions to her, and she knew that he and Simon had frequently had words.

In the afternoon Peter met Simon alone. The lines in the old Scotchman's face seemed to have grown deeper since morning.

"I have been over to the surveyors' camp," he said. "Curry hasn't been there since yesterday morning. And he didn't sleep in his bed last night."

"He has gone to the settlements," suggested Peter.

"His pack and traveling dunnage are in his shack," answered Simon. "He hasn't gone to the settlements." Simon did not once let his eyes meet Peter's squarely. He spoke even carelessly as he looked away. "You haven't forgotten what I told you about Carter?"

"No."

"That is well. I wouldn't be surprised if something happened to Curry last night. I saw him dead drunk at dusk—starting out alone along the cliff to the west. I told him to come back, and he cursed me."

Simon McQuarrie could not hide a lie. And Peter knew he was lying.

A little later Simon struck off into the woods to the east and did not return until after dark. At bedtime Peter asked if he had found anything of interest.

"Only a hungry man. I happened to have a lunch in my pocket. The poor fellow was so weak he was hobbling along with a stick."

"Who was he?"

"I didn't ask his name. Queer I didn't ask his name—but I didn't."

On the third day after this night Five Fingers received a stupendous shock. Simon McQuarrie and Father Albanel, in seeking for lost net buoys under the Big Cliff, had found the body of a dead man. It was Aleck Curry. He was terribly broken and almost unrecognizable by the pounding of his body in the surf.

The story of his end was quite clear. He had evidently stumbled over the edge of the cliff while drunk, inasmuch as Simon had seen him staggering in its direction on the night he had disappeared.

"We'll take him to the nearest railroad settlement and let his friends have him," Simon said to the men of Five Fingers. But to Father Albanel he added, in a voice which others did not hear, "It would be unpleasant, *mon père*, to have him always in our own little cemetery where only those we love are at rest."

And so, on that same day, all that was left of Aleck Curry was borne northward through the hills and ridges to his people.

Three weeks later Mona and Peter were married. Five Fingers will never forget that day. It was in the full glory of June, and the robins and thrushes were singing outside the little church. In spite of Peter's protest Mona would not tell him where she wanted to spend her honeymoon until the little missioner had said the last words, and they were man and wife. And then, putting her soft mouth to Peter's ear, she whispered, "I want to stay in the new cabin which Simon is giving us."

So there, from the beginning, they found their new happiness, and Pierre Gourdon and Josette would walk in the twilights of summer evenings, lovers still, and never grow tired of painting for each other the beautiful and unforgettable pictures of many years ago when they had come through the pathless wilderness to make this paradise in which God, in His

great goodness, had made the last of their dreams come true.

It was on an afternoon in August that Adette Clamart came to Mona's home with her cousin Adele, who had come from the French country of Quebec to live with her, and announced that a stranger had arrived in Five Fingers and was talking with Simon in his cabin.

"Adele met him on the settlement trail," she said. "He carried a basket of flowers for her, and was so very nice that she has fallen in love with him. Haven't you, Adele?"

"He was very stiff and frightened every time I looked at him," replied Adele, "and I felt sorry for him. But he was nice—yes. And he had—how do I say it, Adette?—such a strange, stern face, with sadness in it—and—"

"Whoever he is—he is coming!" said Mona looking through the open door.

And so he was, with the old Scotchman on one side of him and Peter on the other, as if they were pulling him along against his will. And as they came nearer Mona's heart gave a sudden flutter, and then a great jump, for this stranger who had carried Adele's flowers was Carter the man-hunter.

She ran out to meet him, and though she said only a few trembling words of welcome a light which Carter saw in her eyes made him draw in a quick breath of gratitude and joy.

"The new superintendent of the mill," announced Simon a little pompously, when Adette and Adele had joined them. "I'm getting lazy and he is taking my place. Quite a surprise! But we've been planning it a long time, haven't we, Carter?" and Simon laughed mysteriously.

Then came a sudden interruption. The bell over the little church began to ring as it had rung on a certain midnight weeks ago. And this time it was surely Father Albanel who was tugging at the rope. In his face was a flush of benevolent joy.

Nudging Carter, Simon chuckled softly at his shoulder: "Someone rang the bell like that on the night Peter came home. And now, Carter, it is ringing our welcome to you!"

Observing Mona a few moments later Adette wondered what had happened to make her eyelashes wet with tears.

Peter understood, and his hand found Mona's and held it tenderly. With an inspiration born of words which Carter had once said to him about a girl waiting at the end of the trail, he found the opportunity to whisper, "Ask Carter to have supper with us, and also Adele."

This Mona did in her own sweet fashion. Simon looked shrewdly at Mona and Adette. Then he turned toward the green ridges to the north over which billowy white clouds were rising.

"It's going to rain," he said. "I smell it in the air. It will come tonight."

"The crops need it," said Peter.

"And most of all—the flowers," added Adele, looking at Carter.

"Yes, the flowers—and the woods," he nodded. "It is very dry in the timber for this season of the year."

Mona and Peter turned toward their cabin, and Mona's eyes shot a sly signal to Adette. Jame's wife took firm hold of Simon's arm. "If you know what is good for you—come with me!" she whispered.

For a moment Carter stood helplessly. Then he moved to Adele's side and they followed Mona and Peter.

"You like flowers, Miss Adele?"

"I love them, Mr. Carter!"

As they passed through the door Mona squeezed her husband's hand.

"It was a wonderful thought, Peter. Do you think you can kiss me very quickly before they come in?"

"I am sure that I can," replied Peter—and kissed her.

THE END

A whale of a Western story awaits you in "Sheriff Jack Flood" by Frederick R. Becholdt—April COSMOPOLITAN, on sale at all news-stands March the tenth

## Drink

(Continued from page 37)

necessity concentrated egotism. There is no way to communicate to other fellow men what it is you have experienced. There is no language for it. Drunkenness is inarticulate. Seldom does one bring back even the memory, for drink obliterates even its own dreams.

It was, as nearly as I can describe it, as though my body suffered partial dissolution, as though each particle of me had been rent from each other particle that through the riven flesh my spirit might see more clearly.

See what? There is no answer. The mystics have been able to put their visions into words. They have described the intangible and ineffable joys of the spirit so that other mystics of all ages and of all countries are comprehensible one to another.

And so, too, the drinkers of all time enter into fellowship.

"I don't know if I'm coming or going. I don't know if it's night or morning," is the inadequate expression of a deep philosophical truth. One who says that, has approached a state where the terrestrial body is but a strange garment worn but loosely as the soul wings through the spaces of the infinite.

With stuttering lips and drunken tongues the drinkers try to express newly discovered truths, to describe far and awful horizons; they weep over fathomless abysses. With maudlin voices they reveal to you inadequately, tenderness so fragile that tears must accompany them.

During my lifetime I have tested the various phases of drink.

I have been a temperate drinker who enjoys the mild glow of his frugal glass of wine. By drink I have kept fatigue at bay. I have cultivated friendship in the company of the mild, steady drinker. I have ridden an uneasy water wagon and fallen off to the wrecking of my body for a day to find my soul saved. I have thrown inhibitions over the windmill and enjoyed for a few hours the companionship of a liberated self who believed the world was still young. I have lived in the realm of the unexpected where my blood ran like fire and where nothing but a drink stood between me and a swift Hell—and yet where even in that Hell there was some recompense as difficult to express as the dream of the mystic.

But I have snatched my most perilous joys when I have lived in the strange country full of strange intimations of immortality.

In this land I have gathered some flowers that do not grow in the homely kitchen gardens. I have seen far-off visions of high beauty and glimpsed strange beatitudes. I have, in this far-off place, been for a moment beyond good and evil, and again the mighty wind of the world, the wind of life itself, has taken me up and whirled me away in the breath of desire. I have known the meaning of life for the length of time one could draw a breath. I have forgotten I was a work-a-day person and left my burden of sorry responsibility as Christian left his pack.

Someone may object that these things are not real, these glimpses and visions, these moments of understanding. But where does the reality of beauty lie—in the seeing eye or in nature?

And love, what is it? Where can you in this shifting scheme of things point to any of the emotions that have made life worth living and say, "This one is real." Life has value according to the emotion it has permitted one to feel.

Through drink man realizes what manner of man he is and gathers knowledge concerning the strange, bloodthirsty race of men. More than this, one learns from drink the enthralling beauties of sobriety, hidden forever from the forever sober.

What rapture to return to the place where duties fall into their places like the bits of an easy puzzle instead of being more baffling than



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## Pert Rouge

an enigma. One turns to work with abandon; one is as new arisen from the dead; one has come out of the house of bondage, as the blind given sight.

"Oh, beautiful sobriety," cries the ravished soul, "have I found you again? Oh, fair and pure companion of my youth, you were not gone forever!"

Each trivial and separate act of life suddenly assumes the significance it might have for the dweller of a celestial sphere. The circle of one's friends widens magnificently. Return to sobriety is a homecoming after a perilous journey.

There is one painful phase of the return which lies in the congratulatory looks of one's over-solicitous friends, and the obstinate attempts of the drinkers to make you join their potations.

Sir or Madam, if you have friends who drink more than is wise, do not, when they cease drinking, be too approving. No flowers, please. This approval is the height of impertinence. Your friend does not wish to be treated as one rescued from a drunkard's grave. Your approval is tactless and unmannerly. Have you ever looked in your heart to see from what obscure and unlovely origin sprang your desire to pat your friend loudly on the back for returning to the fold of the temperate?

Is there something superior in your attitude? Anyway, be sure that your friend does not value your hosannas. Be sure that your congratulatory smiles would drive him back to his bootlegger if anything could.

During the first days of his complete sobriety, the drinker is compelled to think more about drink than when he was drinking; the idea is kept perpetually floating in his brain, and if he has attained the psychology of the truly sober he resents this limitation; he resents also the impertinent, ill-bred intimation that he has been snatched only just in time from the gutter. If he has not attained the psychology of sobriety but is haunted by the drink desire, then each suggestion is torment.

For you are not free from the drink desire if you are not free from it spiritually. It is not enough that you abstain from drinking. It is even probable that you are doing yourself harm if each invitation to drink costs you a fresh conflict, if the fatigue of evening again finds you at war with yourself.

There is no question more intimate than the question of drink, and there is no question where privacy is more relentlessly invaded.

If the moralists were right, if drink were the sordid drab they picture it, then we would find the fruits of the spirit where drink is not. We can point to spots of earth where fair and virtuous women and God-fearing men have lived for generations in sobriety; they have lost their physiological tolerance for drink, so long have they lived sober. Yet is this land happier than others? Do we look in New England or among the Methodist prohibitionists for the flower of the race? Does life blossom among these people with full profusion? Do love and charity there flow like the river of life? Do the great heroic virtues abound? The philosophers and seers, the great artists, do they live here?

Censor walks abroad. The sweet intelligence of understanding flowers rarely. The sins of the Decalogue and of the Police Gazette are not so many. For in our country people do not risk prison because they sin the sins of the spirit, and we do not arrest people for the sin against the Holy Ghost.

It has been easy to mistake a shrunken horizon for morality; easy for a man who fears life to fancy himself virtuous, never having dared, but it is strange that these people have never looked at the sinister shadow cast by their virtuous negations.

It is unfortunate that the public mind should have been obscured by making drink a moral issue. During the last century, while science considered other great questions, that of drink



## Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

**E**DNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever. She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deprecated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

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was confused by sentiment and morality. Those puritans and sentimentalists who strove to lead public opinion and finally enforced legislation went no further on the road to the comprehension of drink than to coin the phrase "The Demon Rum."

"Drink is dreadful," was their watchword. So instead of comprehension, an unintelligent drink phobia was born. Instead of an attempt at reasonable understanding, an hysterical complex governed those who dealt with drink. How much harm has been done by this lack of intelligence we can never know. How many men identified with the most unlovely phases of drink? How many women turned into self-righteous martyrs by a horrid sense of virtuous superiority?

Have you ever gotten on a train when life had pressed you so closely that your reason threatened to take the path already followed by your good disposition—gotten on the train and had your past, your fears drop from you like a garment? You were suddenly free of your everyday personality. The past was dead. Youth, whose face had so long been a stranger, returned to you. You rediscovered peace and joy.

Drink does these things for the weary human heart. The blinking eyes of the saloon, in former days, cried out to the tired wayfarer: "Here you can find rest, yes, and joy and illusion of vision and the mirage of friendship. Lonely, tired soul, come to me. Shy spirit who cannot speak to other souls except across the anguished mask of self-consciousness, with me you shall forget yourself and see face to face those fellow beings for whom you so yearn in the prison-house of you!"

It is not for nothing that we have used the words "lit" and "illuminated" in regard to drunkenness. There are some drinkers I have known who become lit as with an inner light, whose bodies seemed to radiate some godly ether.

Drink releases both God and Beast in man and while God's message is spoken in a jabbering tongue, the Beast is not always as violent a criminal as the moralists would have us believe; he is often a harmless rollicking creature and would no more beat his wife than you.

Drink may bring forth from dark hiding-places passions and violences of which you know nothing, and these you may translate into acts, and you will then be identified with these acts in the censorious eyes of your friends. If these acts are extreme enough the law will identify you with them also. If sudden generosity, far-flung insight, a liberated sense of beauty is what drink releases in you—tomorrow nothing may remain of it but a headache, disordered nerves, a subconscious memory, and you will learn maybe that you expressed unutterable emotion by a maudlin tear.

There are drinkers who pick flowers of the spirit; there are others who only pick quarrels, while some there are who pick the lock of eternity.

No drink will put into drunkenness anything that you yourself have not in your own soul. If you are a philosopher you will find sudden answers to your wistful questions of life, though these answers will be engulfed in the oblivion of tomorrow. If you are a low sensualist you may translate into acts the imaginings of your secret heart.

It is hard to see why people so readily forgive themselves the things they do when they are drunk. They accept their unmannerly violences with the indifference with which they might view the act of a stranger. John sober refuses to accept responsibility concerning John drunk. He is more ashamed of his drunkenness than of his acts.

This is one of the things which complicates the whole question, this lack of communication between these two personalities. If John sober

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1924

were more tolerant, John drunk could help to a better understanding of the whole situation.

We drink, and we unlock the doors of the unconscious; through drink we go back through the ages; old forgotten desires surge in us. We join ourselves again to the great and monstrous race of which we are a part. We forget for a while those last come-by attributes of the human race, judgment, responsibility, to be followed, perhaps, by reticence and modesty.

Who are the drunkards of the world? The lowest types, to whom the upright posture of mankind is most tiring, and the highly evolved souls, the Poes and Baudelaires, whose nerves are too sensitively attuned to life, whose eyes see too far and too much—these types return through drink to the All-mother oblivion.

The extremes, the rich man and the poor man. The man of whom work demands the long shift—spiritual or mental. The hungry man, whether his stomach be empty or his life be starved of interest or of love. These all troop through the open door. Some people drink because they are lonely and some because they are social, but man also drinks because, as the great philosopher William James has pointed out, man needs his saturnalia.

It is probable that those who read this with most aversion need their saturnalia most of all, or else have had all the saturnalia one life can endure.

Women are the sober race. It may be that sobriety is what ails women. They too may need a change of rhythm.

Why women are drink's fierce enemies it is easy to see. Not because they are good, but because drink is the enemy of domesticity, even as religion, love and art are all domesticity's enemies.

All of the cultural part of many men's lives was in the old days centered in the saloon, and your Y. M. C. A.'s with their games and their hot coffee never could replace it with its glamorous breath of release and fellowship. The high visions and the hot voices of the red gods do not live in the Y. M. C. A., which is the refuge of frightened souls who have reason to fear drink and timorous ones who have never dared it.

Do you dare to be drunk? Unless you have been drunk in one way or another you do not know yourself, you have not dared to look down the abyss of your soul or gaze upward awe-struck into the shimmering path of the northern light. Unless you have been drunk in one way or another the doors of love and beauty and religion have remained closed to you.

Yet in spite of all this I would be glad never to drink again. I would find my drunkenness without alcohol.

I have been far enough down the road that turns sharply to the left. I fear the furthest confines of drink—as all drinkers in their hearts fear it. Drunkenness is a journey into a far country; it is true that in its oblivion exists a deep repose, but I fear the blank.

I cannot face with an unshaken spirit those hours of lost consciousness marked only with the point of interrogation. There are other places I have never penetrated, dark spots demon-haunted. There are nameless horrors of hallucinations and delusions I have not dared. So I too am a coward, perhaps as much a coward as the completely sober. So, since I prefer sobriety to drunkenness, since I despise the slight gratifications of the so-called temperate drinker, why do I ever drink?

I agree to all that the most temperate of temperance advocates can say. I am better off without drink. I know what harm it can do to the human spirit. I know it is as hard to make out a case for drink as for war. Yet I know that the filthy animal, Man, is a Dreamer and a Mystic. He must have his dream even if he gets drunk to get it.

Ludwig Lewisohn talks from the heart about marriage—including his own—in "Enslaved in a Free Country" in April—a human document such as rarely gets into print



## Birds of Prey

(Continued from page 23)

yet there's something quare about her too. He was after tellin' me—"

"Never mind, Pat. Take my advice and don't pass on all the back-door gossip you hear." Allison turned away. A few minutes later he announced: "That's enough for today. Have Henry saddle the little mare."

It was with a feeling almost of guilt that Roger rode through the woods towards his neighbor's place, but he argued speciously that Ballard had urged him to drop in. How was he to know that the owner was out? After all, it was merely an informal call, and if Ballard was not at home he would naturally ask for his secretary. They could have a chat together. Perhaps she would invite him to have a cup of tea. No harm in that. It was a long time since he had seen her and—

Allison had arrived at the boundary of his property and he reined in his horse to stare in surprise at what he saw. The crumbling stone wall marking the dividing line of the two estates had been replaced since his last ride by a seven foot chain link fence, the heavy galvanized posts of which were securely planted in concrete. It was a substantial, forbidding structure, for the interwoven links were of a thickness to defy anything less powerful than bolt cutters and its top bristled with a triple line of barbed wire supported upon overhanging metal arms. It ran in a stiff line as far as the eye could see, but where the woods road crossed provision had been made for a gate.

With a glow of resentment Allison asked himself why Ballard had not consulted him about the erection of such a disfiguring landmark; then upon looking closer he saw that the fence was not directly on the boundary line but a foot or two inside. So! It was none of his business! Well, if the man chose to spend an absurd amount of money to ruin the appearance of his place, it was his own affair. Yes, and if the barrier would serve to keep trespassers off of Ballard's premises it would serve the double purpose of protecting Allison's land from Ballard and his crowd.

He passed through the opening and on towards the big house, the towers of which could be seen above the tree tops.

He discovered Miss Holland before he arrived at the mansion; he spied her in the rose garden and quickly dismounted. She was absorbed in the task of filling a basket with roses; she was bareheaded and her hair was charmingly disarranged; she wore a stunning garden apron the color of which was becoming, and at sight of her unconscious beauty, Roger experienced a peculiar excitement. It thrilled him pleasantly to see the color rush into her face when she became aware of his presence.

"Why, Mr. Allison!" she exclaimed as she came forward and extended her hand. "Did you ride up on a phantom horse or did you drop out of the clouds?"

"Neither! I came in by the old back road and I was on my way up to the house to pay my respects to Mr. Ballard. I always loved this old garden and I suspected that a fairy queen lived in it but I never actually surprised her here until today."

"No! You didn't ride up." The girl shook her head and smiled at him. "There is some magic about it or I would have heard you. Real horses aren't shod with velvet." The ardor of his gaze must have warned her, for her eyes suddenly left his face and she said: "It is a lovely old garden, isn't it? The others are all so formal. Here I can worship every rose and talk to it. Mr. Ballard has gone to town with—with some of his friends; he'll be terribly disappointed at missing you. Mr. Dunn and the others are here. Won't you come up to the house and meet them?"

The invitation was politely given; but there was no warmth in it, and Allison as coolly declined.

"He flattered me by praising my place—a weak point with me—and I promised to drop

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in and see some of his improvements. Is that fence back yonder one of them, I wonder?"

"Oh, I hope you're not angry about that! I begged him not to put it up, but—he wouldn't listen to me. I looked for you to tell you about it, but you haven't been riding lately."

"No. And I'm not angry, either. Why should I be angry? It is on his land. On the contrary, I got an agreeable thrill out of that fence; I thought maybe it had been built to keep me out." Invariably the presence of this girl went to Allison's head; he heard himself saying now in a tone intended to be jocular but which he succeeded only in making audacious, "I'm not sure it isn't a wise precaution."

The remark fell rather flat. Miss Holland did not respond and only by a slight flush did she indicate that she appreciated Roger's attempt at gallantry. "Perhaps you'd like to look around?" she suggested.

"I would indeed, if you will guide me."

They left the basket of roses with one of the gardeners, then together they set out.

The Templeton place had long been famous for its view, for the house itself stands upon a hill commanding that impressive northward sweep of the Hudson where it widens out into the Tappan Zee so called. To the west the eye of the beholder travels for fifty miles or more over rolling country to where the Poconos raise their rounded crests. Lawns, rockeries, formal gardens, banks of shiny laurel and rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs, winding walks, combine to lend it enchantment; high elms, massive oaks and extensive plantings of evergreens give it dignity. Ballard, it appeared, was spending a fortune in developing to the fullest such possibilities as the former owner had neglected, and his neighbor showed a keen appreciation.

"Wait until you see the swimming pool," Mildred said. "That is Mr. Ballard's pride."

"Do you swim?"

"Oh, yes! It is a great luxury these hot days."

"You should take up golf, too."

"I do play! Quite well, for a girl."

"I've never seen you out."

"I—no. I've given it up lately for riding and swimming."

Allison suspected the reason for this; probably she shrank from associating publicly with Ballard's friends.

During the next half-hour that suspicion became a certainty in Roger's mind, for in spite of his companion's efforts to conceal her true feelings she divulged in more ways than one the fact that she loathed the life she was living and the people with whom she was forced to associate. She betrayed this not so much by what she said as by what she avoided saying. Perhaps it was Roger's interest in her that quickened his intuition; be that as it may, it required the exercise of no sixth sense to convince him that she was desperately unhappy.

It is pitiful to see youth, mirth, high spirits crushed, and yet that was precisely what was happening to this girl; there were times even when he fancied he could detect in her eyes the shadow of some brooding terror. During the war he had seen much the same look in the eyes of French girls liberated from the zone of enemy occupation, and it awakened in his breast a blacker fury now than then; he conceived extravagant and terrible plans of vengeance. Fortunately, however, common sense came to his rescue and a cynical inner voice told him that he was a foolish, old-fashioned sentimentalist. These were not feudal days when maidens could be borne away by force to castles on the hills. *Droit du seigneur?* Nonsense!

Allison had always done his best to dull that razor edge of cynicism concealed in him, as in every man; he refused now to let it sever his belief in this girl. She must have been fond of Ballard to do what she had done; possibly she had trusted him too far. But who can believe in appearances? This was a deeper, truer voice speaking now. The District Attorney had seen too much of circumstantial evidence to accept it offhand, and after all there is something stronger, finer, more conclusive than any

evidence of eye or ear; namely, faith. To this he clung. Of one thing more he made certain—she did not love Stuyvesant Ballard. Whatever may have been her feelings at one time, there was no such affection left. Granting this, her position must be horribly humiliating.

The crowning extravagance of the new owner of the Templeton estate had taken form in a magnificent Roman pool finished in glazed white tile and banked by the wooded and flowering slopes of a natural amphitheater. To this Mildred finally led her companion.

"By Jove!" the latter exclaimed as he paused at the head of the marble stairs leading down to it. "That is superb!"

It was a spacious bath; parallel with one side ran a pergola covered with vines, the opposite side was faced by a charming pavilion, long and narrow, with a roof of deeply serrated and brilliantly colored tile. The floor of this pavilion was laid in large squares of similar material and over it were spread bright-hued straw mats upon which stood wicker chairs and tables. The water for the pool, Miss Holland explained, was carried along the ridge of the roof and discharged upon the tiles, an arrangement which served to warm and to aerate it as well as to cool the interior of the summer-house itself.

"My friend Templeton used to talk about putting in a pool, but he never conceived anything so splendid as this. I'm glad he didn't spoil this place the way he spoiled the house."

"The house is gloomy."

"I don't mean he spoiled it, but—"

"I know. It is depressing. I stay outdoors as much as I can; it is so much lovelier, so much more friendly."

"Do you find it depressing, up there?"

"Oh—!" Miss Holland made a hopeless little affirmative gesture. "Perhaps because it is so different from anything I ever knew."

"You are unhappy here, aren't you?" The tone of this inquiry brought the girl's eyes swiftly to Allison's; for an instant she met his earnest gaze and he looked into two troubled wells of blue.

"Why—no. It's a pleasant place to work. I have very little to do and I practically run the place. Mr. Ballard leaves it more to me than to the housekeeper. Why should I be unhappy?" Again Roger detected the strained look, the shadow of fear. With an effort she changed the subject. "Now that you've seen this plunge, doesn't it make you want to get in it?"

"It does. These days are beastly hot."

"Why don't you run over some time and take a swim? There are suits of all sorts in the dressing rooms and Mr. Ballard would be delighted."

"It's awfully nice of you." There was a pause and Allison could have kicked himself for the polite refusal carried by his chilly tone.

"We have some lively parties here at times. There's a phonograph and a radio set in the pavilion and we—they dance. The place is all lighted up at night. It is charming, really."

"Will you dance with me if I come?"

Mildred shook her head. "In the house; not here. I'm too—quiet for Mr. Ballard's friends and for—that sort of thing."

"I too."

"Then you won't come?"

"No." Again there was a moment of silence. Roger broke it by asking abruptly: "Miss Holland, why do you stay here? It's not like you to do so. You don't belong here. You shouldn't allow it to continue."

"Allow what to continue?"

"This!"

The girl's eyes had widened, her lips were white when she said: "You are a bold man, Mr. Allison, or a—cruel man, to persist in speaking like this. I know what you mean, of course. But—you don't understand."

"I'm persistent, yes—but not cruel. I may not understand much, but I understand this—you are the dearest girl I ever met. You've been in my thoughts every hour—" Allison choked. "I know you're in trouble, and—"

"Don't!" Miss Holland gasped. "Oh, don't!"

"And if I'm bold it's simply because I want



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to tell you that I'd like to help. Cruel? Good Lord, I stayed away as long as I could, then when I saw Ballard leaving I simply couldn't stand it another hour! I never intended to accept his invitation to call, but—here I am. I refused yours to come again, but I'll have to come if you stay here. I won't be able to help myself. But I hope you won't remain."

"I must. There's no escape," the girl murmured faintly. Then more loudly: "What am I saying? You—took me off guard. I think you'd better go now."

"Yes. But allow me to say one word more. I respect you too deeply to hurt you. I don't believe you have many friends here. Let me prove that I can be one. Please!" He took her hand and waited for her to speak.

"Friends? I have but one other," she told him finally. "No girl ever needed friends as I need them."

"You're not offended?" Mildred shook her head listlessly and Allison kissed her hand. His voice was husky when he declared: "I don't understand and I shan't try to understand. I shall just know." He walked away dizzily.

He had gone but a few paces when he heard a man's voice and looked up to behold a sight, an apparition rather, so utterly incongruous, so startling, that it brought him back to himself with a jerk. Descending the wide stairway was one of the tallest, one of the queerest looking men Allison had ever seen. His skin was swarthy, his hair was long and black and shiny, his brows were bushy and they overhung a pair of burning eyes of peculiar intensity. The whites of those eyes were more than ever conspicuous because of their dusky setting. His features were large and prominent; the nose, for instance, was abnormally long and highly arched and it lent him the mien of an eagle.

Altogether he was a figure to challenge attention anywhere, but his method of dress rendered him positively theatrical. He wore a long black frock coat lined with purple silk and richly trimmed on collar and sleeve with gold braid; upon his breast were the insignia of several orders of some sort. A sash of magnificent colors girdled his waist and upon his head, adding enormously to the impression of height, sat a huge snow-white turban.

Allison paused in his tracks and blinked. No bandmaster was ever so splendid; no exalted potentate of any secret order boasted regalia such as this.

The stranger appeared to be quite unconscious of his appearance, however; on he came, smiling, his hands outstretched toward Miss Holland; he moved with the dignity of some great actor. Everything about him was foreign, Oriental; nevertheless his English, when he spoke, was singularly concise.

"My dear lady, I knew perfectly well where I would find you."

"Prince Adhikari!" Mildred exclaimed. "I'm so glad to see you." The newcomer took her hand, bowed ceremoniously over it, pressed it to his lips. "Let me present Mr. Allison, one of our neighbors. Prince Sarath Adhikari. The Prince has a great many names, but some of them I don't pronounce very well and others I don't even attempt."

The Prince touched his brow and his heart in a graceful gesture before he took Allison's hand. To Mildred he said: "At the house they informed me positively that you were in the rose garden, but I knew better. I closed my eyes and went in search of you. I said, 'No! She is beside clear waters; she is not alone. I shall arrive as another leaves!' Well! You see?" The speaker smiled broadly, exposing a row of very large, very firm, very white teeth.

The girl turned to Roger and explained: "Prince Adhikari is a remarkable man. He is always doing the queerest things."

"You mean to say that nobody told you where we were? That you came directly here?" inquired the District Attorney.

"Precisely."

Mildred nodded. "Oh, he's genuinely psychic! He has proved it in a thousand ways." Then to the man himself: "I'm so glad you

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were not offended. I was afraid you would never come back."

"For him, dear lady, I never would have returned; for you I would go through fire. He offends me every time we meet, but a message arrived from you, and I—"

"From me? I sent no message."

"No spoken message, true. But your spirit was troubled and it called, so I came." The Prince turned sharply upon Allison. "Fakir? Why do you call me that?"

Roger started. "I said nothing."

"Not with the lips, of course; you are a gentleman and therefore courteous. But with the lips of the mind, if I may say so, you said, 'This fantastic stranger is a fraud, a fakir.' Am I right? Were not those your words? Never mind; I do not mean to embarrass you and I am not offended. To you 'fakir' is a term of derision; that is because you do not understand the language of our Eastern philosophy. In reality it is nothing of the sort. A fakir—fakir, to be precise—is a religious man. He has attained only to the lowest order in the priesthood of the Yesidis, to be sure, but after all he is a priest and an ascetic, hence no odium attaches to the word. As to fraud—I shall be happy sometime to demonstrate for you a few phenomena, to execute a few—what you would call tricks. I am sure they would amuse you."

"Amuse him!" Mildred exclaimed. "They would do more than that, Mr. Allison. I like to tell myself that Prince Adhikari is a seer, a clairvoyant and a prophet—indeed he has proved it—but all the same I more than half believe he is merely a delightful charlatan. Am I right, Prince?"

The object of her inquiry laughed. "How shall I answer? Whatever I claimed, you would not believe me. How can any man prove that he is not a charlatan? Impossible! The physical senses are utterly unreliable. It is only the unseen that is certain and that is capable of proof. Friendship, for instance—there is something that can be demonstrated, something the heart can recognize as true. Charlatan or seer—what is the difference? I came here today not as a wizard with the power to turn wine to water and such childish things, but as a friend who has been summoned."

"I was thinking about you this morning."

"Ha!" Adhikari exclaimed.

"I must be going," Allison said and extended his hand. The Prince took it, held it briefly while he closed his eyes and a deep furrow of concentration appeared between his shaggy brows. He raised his lids to say:

"Take no concern over the pain in your back. It is nothing. You have been sitting too much at your desk of late. Exercise. Eliminate. You are sound—you have a good heart."

A moment later, as Roger mounted the steps to the lawn above, he said aloud: "Well, I'll be confounded!" That last remark of Adhikari's was extraordinary—it had given him a start. He turned at the top to wave adieu, but Mildred and the Prince were walking hand in hand down the flowered path that led away from the pool; they were talking earnestly.

"I wonder if he is her other friend?" Allison muttered. There was a scowl upon his face.

Three days after Roger's call Stuyvesant Ballard returned it and with him he brought Jack Dunn and the ash-blond beauty in whose company of late he had so often been seen. She was an excessively ornamental creature of about twenty-eight and her name was Eaton. Her two companions addressed her as Marge.

"Sorry I wasn't home when you dropped in," the broker said, "but Mildred told me you liked the way I'm fixing up the place and I was so pleased that I came right over to hear you say so." The big man laughed boyishly and his eyes sparkled when Allison praised the results of his efforts.

"Stuyvie always has a hobby, and just now it's landscaping that place," Miss Eaton observed languidly. "He'll follow at your heels for hours if you'll only talk about it."

"I hope you don't mind that new fence. It's not ornamental, but I hate to have people

snooping around, and it certainly is a protection. It's what Jack calls 'horse high, hog tight and bull stout.'"

"I don't mind it in the least. I merely envy your extravagance."

Ballard laughed. "You can't offend me that way. I love to be extravagant—in everything. I've discovered that anything an average man really enjoys doing is either unhealthy, immoral or expensive. Now, won't you show us your place?"

The owner rose. "Gladly. But I'm a little bit surprised that it interests you. I rather imagined you to be the sort of man who wouldn't find much pleasure in beholding something that belongs to another. That sounds uncomplimentary, but I don't mean it that way."

"Frankly, I think you've read me pretty well. But I'm fond of the history of this section, and your house has associations. It's a jewel and of course in ten times better taste than mine. It has traditions, and you belong in it. I belong in the sort of place I have. Nothing against either of us, eh? That, by the way, is a compliment, and I mean it."

Allison led his visitors through the rambling old house; through its low-ceilinged rooms with their worn, uneven floors. He showed them his family silver, the Allison portraits, the splendid Colonial furniture, and he was gratified at the intelligent appreciation of the Wall Street man. The other two were polite but bored, and not until they had explored the house and the grounds and had finally come to the stables did they evince more than a perfunctory interest in what they saw. Then, however, they became alert, enthusiastic.

Allison was a lonely bachelor; his horses were his most intimate companions and he had provided for them even more luxuriously than he had provided for himself. His entire group of farm buildings had been laid out and erected by a competent architect, and while they were not large their arrangement and their furnishings were about as perfect as money and ingenuity could make them. All the live stock on his place was thoroughbred, but Dunn and Miss Eaton had eyes only for the horses. These they examined critically.

The young woman was particularly taken with one mare so Allison had his stableman lead the animal out into the paddock for inspection. As if conscious of the admiration she provoked, the mare coquetted shamelessly and her owner explained:

"She's an outrageous little flirt, and utterly spoiled."

"What a stunning creature!" the girl cried. "She's a darling! Have you ever shown her?"

"Several times. That's what ails her. She was never beaten."

"I can believe that. She's the best looking thing I've seen in the East."

Ballard turned to the speaker and inquired quickly: "Would you like to have her, Marge?"

"Would I? But perhaps Mr. Allison wouldn't part with her."

"How about it, Allison? What will you take for her?"

Roger colored slightly, but managed to say pleasantly enough, "She's not for sale."

His neighbor, however, was insistent. "Nonsense! Anything, everything is for sale. Marge is crazy about her, so name your own price. I'll throw in that black horse of Mildred's. Or you can have the pick of my stable."

"She's not for sale."

"Chance for you to pick up a piece of change," Dunn said a few minutes later when he and Roger found themselves alone in the harness room. "Stuyvie will pay five thousand as quick as he'll pay one thousand to make a hit with a woman."

Allison vented his annoyance with a grunt. "No doubt I could get a good price for my mother's silver, too!"

He was surprised when the impassive Dunn emitted a chuckle. "I'd sell him my mother's silver, if she had any, but I'm hanged if I'd sell him a horse. I wouldn't sell any horse to a



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guy like him. There ain't many people I would sell a horse to."

Roger looked sharply at the speaker. "You must like horses."

"I ought to. They've been good to me, and I talk their language." Dunn was staring out through a window which framed a picture of Ballard and Miss Eaton still absorbed in the antics of the mare. Miss Eaton's body was close to Ballard's, one of her hands was in his. When the visitor resumed it was in a peculiarly flat tone. "He doesn't care for the mare. He wants her because she's yours—because you love her. Some men are like that. He'd pay any price, but—he'd rather steal her."

Again on their way back to the house Ballard renewed his proposal to buy the mare and he pressed it insistently until Allison declined firmly and changed the subject by asking:

"Who is that extraordinary person I met at your house the other day? That purple rajah?"

"Oh, Sarath Adhikari! He's a magician, a prestidigitator."

"Isn't he a prince?"

"Blessed if I know. He's a great entertainer, and his stuff is all new. Come over Saturday evening and I'll make him do his tricks. Come to dinner, won't you?"

"I'm sorry, but I'm dining out," Allison lied.

"Then drop in later during the evening. No matter how late. We're having a swimming party and a lawn dance. You like pretty women, don't you? Well, there's a crowd coming out from the city after the show."

Miss Eaton joined in the invitation: "Don't miss it. One-piece suits and everything! Stuyvie's Winter Garden girls on a hot night are like some of these Westchester country places—they must be seen to be appreciated. And of course the Diving Venus will be there."

"Indeed?" Roger looked up curiously.

"I suppose she means the Countess," Ballard explained.

"You know I mean the Countess," Miss Eaton snapped. "She's worth the price of admission. You're sure to get a thrill. All the men are crazy about her."

Ballard smiled widely. "And all the women hate her, as you see. If you stay away after this, old man, you're no bachelor. Come when you get through—it won't get good until midnight." Still smiling at his companion's spite, he helped her into the waiting car. The impassive Dunn climbed in after them, but there was a smoldering fire in his eyes.

Roger Allison dined alone Saturday evening and although he resolutely tried to banish all thought of Stuyvesant Ballard, of Mildred Holland and of the party going on nearby he had poor success. Once already he had weakly yielded to the desire to see the girl, and that weakness had brought its own punishment; ever since that day he had been unable to get her out of his mind. He had a pretty good idea what sort of revel was due for this evening and he wondered what part she would take in it. The visions he conjured up were not pleasant, and in order to escape them he rose from the table and ordered his coffee served under the pergola outside.

But there was no running away from the questions that persisted in obtruding themselves. What had she meant by saying there was "no escape"? Those were words to stir any man's imagination. She was in trouble. Had not Prince Adhikari heard her silent call for help? The explanation of everything was simple, of course, if one chose to accept the common gossip of the neighborhood, but Roger could not accept it. Queer how a man's emotions, his selfish desires, blinded him to perfectly obvious facts. Here was an unfortunate young woman who had fallen a victim to an overpowering personality, and here was he, Roger Allison, a respectable, level-headed bachelor, working himself up into a fine state of indignation over her plight.

But no! There was more to her trouble than that; there was something dark and mysterious going on over there, and—he wondered if he hadn't better change his mind, after all, and drop in. Just for a half-hour. If indeed the

girl was what he believed her to be, perhaps tonight would prove it. If not—well, anyhow this uncertainty was becoming intolerable.

He smoked a cigar, then some cigarettes, finally a pipe; and meanwhile he paced back and forth beneath the wistaria vines in a state of irresolution utterly foreign to him. A fine thing for the District Attorney of Westchester County, a member of one of the oldest families, to consider joining a saturnalia such as had shocked the whole countryside! It might imperil his entire future. Worse, it would probably prove that he had been a fool. A sudden reckless impulse overcame him; viciously he knocked a shower of sparks from his pipe and hurried down to the garage. He climbed into his runabout. As the warm night air rushed into his face, a greater satisfaction than he had known for several days stole over him.

Ballard's sylvan pool presented a scene of fairy-like beauty when Roger came out above it, for the whole amphitheater was illuminated by scores of lights that silvered the leaves of the forest round about and shut out the night beyond as with a velvet curtain. The pavilion was aglow and the brilliant colorings of its floor coverings and furnishings lent it an Oriental splendor and a carnival gaiety. The close clipped lawn that bordered the very water's edge was like a damp, cool carpet laid for bare feet.

Across this, as Allison paused spellbound by the witchery of the sight, scampered a nymph with slender, flashing limbs. Swiftly she mounted the steps to the diving platform, then for a moment she stood poised, a ravishing statue, a revelation; the next instant she soared downward, her head flung back, her feet together, her arms outstretched like the pinions of a bird. She clove the water like a dart, and Allison gasped. There was a burst of laughter and applause.

"Hello, neighbor!" Stuyvesant Ballard rose. "I thought this heat would bring you over." When they had exchanged hand-claps he turned to the group behind him, which included Miss Eaton, Dunn, Cruickshank and Prince Adhikari, saying: "You have met most of these people; I want you to know my partner, Dave Harman. Yes, and the divinity of the pool, Countess Andrieffsky. Mira, allow me to present our distinguished District Attorney, Mr. Allison."

The Nereid who had just executed the swan dive had mounted the steps leading out of the bath and now came forward with a rush. Water streamed from her form, her one-piece garment was tightly glued to her figure and it glistened like the skin of a seal. She wore a smooth-fitting rubber diving cap that completely hid her hair, but her eyes were black and brilliant and her brows had been drawn with ink. She was small, perfectly proportioned, and vibrant with an electric energy. Never had Roger seen a creature so intensely alive, so galvanic, so rippling with nervous animation as this Aphrodite.

She placed a slim, wet hand in his and laughed boldly up at him. "You saw me dive. What you think now? Nice, eh?"

"Beautiful! You astonished me so that I nearly fell down those steps."

"Pooh! That is nothing. I am full of more astonishments. You come to swim, eh? Good! You have life. These pipples are full of food; they burst with eating, and I must swim alone. You have a fine figure too; you will look good, like me. I can do a thousand dives, eh, Stuyvie? Oh, believe me! Ever since I am that long—she measured half the length of one slim finger—"I can swim better than a feesh."

Ballard was enjoying his neighbor's surprise and he chuckled. "Didn't I say she'd hand you a thrill? Look out she doesn't push you into the pool. Any time you want to go in, by the way, there are suits of all sorts."

"Thanks. Later, perhaps."

"My idea, too. You'll have plenty of company by and by, for there's quite a crowd coming out from the city. We'll have an orchestra pretty soon, too."

"You don't come along with me, eh?" the



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Countess inquired of Roger. When he shook his head she shrugged her bare shoulders, then flung herself into a wicker chair and lighted a cigarette. "Well, at least I am cool. We have some music. Hey, Crooky, make the ghost machine play something!"

Cruikshank began to turn the knobs of the big radio receiving set and in a moment there issued from the appliance the wailing notes of a violin.

"No, no!" With her palms the Countess shut out the mournful sounds; she stamped her bare feet. "Jazz! Jazz! Jazz! Jazz!"

Again Cruikshank experimented and this time the result was more pleasing to the damp beauty. She lolled back, swayed her dimpled shoulders, snapped her fingers and kicked a bare leg in time to the music.

Meanwhile Ballard had called his butler and now directed him to fix a highball for the late comer. He explained to the latter: "It's pre-war stuff—nothing green about this liquor. Of course you're a limb of the law hence you're denied the acquaintance of bootleggers but if you ever run short of anything let me know and I'll send over a few cases."

When he had returned to the side of Miss Eaton, Roger spoke to the butler, an old servant of the Templetons: "It is some time since I saw you, Graves."

"Yes, sir. More than two years."

"Quite a change, this. Not much like the old days, is it?"

Graves rolled his eyes eloquently. "Oh, Mr. Allison! I—you'll pardon me—but I nearly dropped dead I was that surprised to see you in this place."

"Why?"

"You, of all people! It's impossible here. We're all quitting. He's offered to double our wages, but my heavens! there's a limit to what flesh and blood can undergo."

There followed for Roger Allison one of the strangest evenings he had ever put in. Other people began coming soon after he arrived, and before long twenty or more couples had assembled. It was a riotous crowd and most of the new arrivals sought prompt relief from the sultry heat. An orchestra had also made its appearance and the glade beneath the giant elms and massive oaks took on a vivacity utterly foreign to the staid old Templeton place. There was music, laughter, dancing; the pool was filled with shouting, splashing Naiads. It was not a sober crowd; Dionysos ruled it in the person of Stuyvesant Ballard.

Allison had come of his own accord, therefore he did not permit himself to be a wet blanket. He found it easy to join in the revel, as a matter of fact, for a restless, reckless mood was upon him, and that mood grew stronger when Mildred Holland failed to appear.

The little Countess did her best to monopolize his attention and in the most obvious manner undertook to intoxicate him with her charms. She made no secret of her intent; she was refreshingly immodest in the way she set about it. She was utterly spoiled. She flirted outrageously; she talked with a startling frankness and recited her whole fantastic life's history—or so she pretended. Just how much truth and how much fiction she made use of, Roger was uncertain, but he felt a conviction that she was lying to him with all the imaginative fervor of her perfervid being and he was highly entertained thereby. She was a character. He put her down as a conceited, wilful, wicked little bundle of impudence, as dangerous as a charge of nitroglycerin and as delightful as she was dangerous.

She confided to him, with childlike simplicity, that she hated the other women present. Did she not have reason to detest women when all of them were jealous of her? They had good reason for jealousy, of course, for men were her slaves, and rightly so. Spiteful cats were women! They were selfish, scheming, covetous creatures. Look at that Eaton person, for instance. The way she hung upon Stuyvie was enough to turn a person sick.

But Stuyvie was rich and easily flattered. Only mercenary women would stoop to flatter

a man. Not once in a thousand had temperament and not one in ten thousand could love. Love, after all, was the test of a woman. Not so? As for herself, she was that one in ten thousand; she was the sort of woman who made history—a divine combination of flaming passion and melting tenderness—like Cleopatra or DuBarry, only better looking. Ordinary women could only accept, but she could give! Oh, good heavens! The generous possibilities within her! The unawakened, undreamed of possibilities waiting only the kiss of her magic prince. She clasped her hands between her bare, dimpled knees and shuddered ecstatically.

With a smile Roger told her that such a man was here tonight—Adhikari was a magic prince, or at least a Prince of Magic. He was surprised when the divine blending of passion and tenderness at his side actually spat.

"Pah! That greasy black pig-snake! That fake! So, you make fun to me, eh?" The speaker's eyes blazed. "No man makes fun to me. Make love to me, yes! But don't trifle. I am a dangerous person to be trifled."

"My charming little mermaid," he told her with a broader grin, "I'm not making fun of you. I'm merely ridiculing the statement that you are unawakened. You are a third rail and I'm too timid to short-circuit you. Death from electric shock is a horrible fate."

Countess Mira melted, became suddenly radiant; she laid a hand upon his and gave his fingers a squeeze. "If I am that, it is you who have sent the current through me. You are a wonderful man. You have such effect upon me! You—stir me so! Strange, eh?"

"It's more than that—it's incredible!" Roger gravely assured her.

"Other men amuse me, of you I—I am afraid. Come! Find a bath suit and let us swim together."

This invitation afforded an excuse to get away from the siren, so Allison nodded and rose. As he strolled through the pavilion he recalled what his gardener had told him about these clipping shears and the incident in the greenhouse and the story no longer sounded fantastic. This vixen was capable of anything.

Even yet Miss Holland was nowhere to be seen and Allison began to hope now that she was not coming. Her absence argued that she did not approve of these goings on; it was evidence to strengthen his belief in her.

Ballard had been drinking heavily all through the evening and Allison observed for the first time the change that intoxication wrought in the man. Ordinarily suave, gracious, pleasing, he had become red of face and boisterous of speech and into his eyes had crept a peculiar expression that completely altered him. It was a distinct metamorphosis. Roger was observing it from a distance when he was startled by a voice at his ear.

"A pity, isn't it? The man has a demon in him."

It was Prince Adhikari speaking; he had approached silently across the grass. Roger was surprised to see that he had changed his clothes and was clad now in a splendid Oriental robe; he was still more surprised when the latter continued in the same confidential tone:

"She will be here directly."

"Who?"

"She whom you are awaiting. Poor child!"

"See here! Who are you? What are you?" Adhikari answered simply and touched his embroidered garment: "I am a poor magician and this is my robe of office. It was made by a theatrical costumer in Forty-fourth Street. I am paid five hundred dollars an evening; to do my tricks. From that swine yonder I exact double."

"You're more than that. You actually seem to read my thoughts."

"Yes. And I read your heart that day we met. She told me afterwards what you had said to her. She needs your friendship, Mr. Allison. Something impends, and she has but one other upon whom she can count."

"Meaning—you?"

"No. I can plant a mango seed and make it sprout before your eyes, but I cannot plant the

seed of absolute trust in her heart. She is afraid of me, or perhaps she remembers that I am a trickster. She fears my power."

"How can you have any real power if you're a trickster?"

Adhikari did not bother to answer. "The other man is here and, like you, he is in torment. Between you two, and perhaps with my help, we can save that girl. So I read the crystal."

"What's going on here? What is the truth? I've got to know." The words were wrenched forth from Roger's throat.

"It is very confused. I see other people—conflicting forces at work—"

Adhikari was interrupted by a loud call from Stuyvesant Ballard: "Hey, Prince! Where are you? Sarah! Oh, S-a-a-rah! Where's that clown in the Mother Hubbard?"

"I must do my turn," the Prince announced.

Roger sauntered after him and entered the summer-house in time to hear Ballard say: "What's more, I want you to give us your whole show, Sarah. I'm boiled, but I can tell if you leave anything out." Then to the bystanders: "I'm giving him a thousand dollars for his performance and I'm going to give another thousand to anybody who can show up one of his tricks."

The magician protested at this. "No, no! That is not fair. Is it not enough if I succeed in mystifying—"

"It isn't enough for me. I'm running this show to suit myself. My offer goes. Show him up and get a thousand dollars." It was the alcohol speaking, of course, but the tone, the manner of the man was an affront.

Adhikari maintained a fixed smile; nevertheless beneath his bushy brows his eyes were smoldering. "Very well," he exclaimed shortly. "I too shall amuse myself. Listen! I will wager with you on the side five thousand dollars that nobody claims your reward. Come! You are a sporting man."

There was a noisy outburst at this; Ballard was urged to accept. Plainly he was annoyed, for with insulting curtness he refused:

"Nothing doing for five. I might not be able to collect; but I'll make it one thousand. Come along, Sarah! Two thousand if you put it over; nothing if we can show up your magic."

David Harman turned to Allison who had joined him and exclaimed: "Gad! What a thing to do! He's nothing like this when he's sober." It was evident that the junior partner was deeply distressed.

Adhikari began his exhibition with card tricks and in these he showed a bewildering dexterity. Once or twice somebody undertook to forestall or to frustrate him, but he managed adroitly to turn the laugh upon the meddler. His success was a challenge; Ballard hitched forward in his chair and watched him like a cat. The entertainment became more than a mere exhibition of legerdemain; it became a battle of wit and quickness between these two.

The Prince made no use of mechanical devices; he contented himself with card manipulations, prestidigitation, thought-reading and the like. His results were astonishing. He could translate writing as rapidly as it was put down, even when the writer was at a distance from him—no doubt he did this by watching the movements of the upper end of the pencil; he could name the day of the week upon which any great historical event had fallen or upon which anyone present had been born.

He told people their middle names and the names of their parents. He mystified and he amused. He had remarkable hands and he proved his ability to palm almost anything, or at least to cause it to disappear.

While he was thus engaged Ballard broke out irritably: "That's the cheapest hokum I ever saw. You've got pockets in that kimono. If I see where you hide the next article I'm going to grab it."

The Oriental retorted sharply: "Do not lay your hands upon me or you will regret it. I warn you. Besides, that is no part of our wager."

"Well, I'm warning you. If I find it I'll claim that two thousand, understand?"

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"Is there a pipe smoker here?" Adhikari inquired. "Anybody who will give me a handful of loose tobacco?" Someone produced a pouch and emptied it into the Prince's palm. "You believe that I concealed upon my person all of those objects that vanished in front of your eyes but it is not so. According to our Indian Philosophy the entire universe is composed of two materials. One of those materials we call Akasá. Everything that has form and substance is evolved out of this Akasá. It itself cannot be perceived; it is so subtle, its nature is such that it is beyond all ordinary perception and assumes visibility only when it becomes gross and has taken form.

"At the end of the natural cycle all so-called matter again melts into the Akasá. The true Yogi has acquired a certain control over the infinite, omnipresent power that transforms this Akasá into visible matter and resolves visible matter back into invisibility. That power we call Prana. I will demonstrate that power by causing this heaping handful of loose tobacco particles—something that no prestidigitator could palm or pocket—by causing it to change instantly into nothingness."

The speaker closed his abnormally long fingers over the tobacco and made a swift movement—it was a lightning-like pass—then with the sound of a pistol shot he clapped his empty palms together and held them up. The tobacco was gone, true enough, but to more than one of his audience it seemed that he had executed his maneuver so clumsily that the eye had almost detected him fling the particles into one of his flowing sleeves.

Too bad, thought Allison. The fellow's patter had failed of its purpose; he would have done better not to essay this particular trick.

With a triumphant exclamation Stuyvesant Ballard lunged out of his chair and seized the fakir. Adhikari tried to avoid him but Ballard was too quick; with one hand he seized the Prince's robe at the throat, the other hand he plunged into the latter's open sleeve. He fumbled there for an instant, his face ablaze with malice, then with a cry he jerked his hand forth and fell back. His mouth flew open, his eyes bulged, started from their sockets, and with good reason, for tightly coiled about his wrist was a thin, live, wriggling snake. It was banded with brilliant colors, its eyes glittered like tiny jewels, its forked tongue licked and flickered along the skin above the veins in Ballard's wrist.

The man yelled, he tried to shake it loose but it clung to him; he finally stripped it away and it fell writhing at Adhikari's feet. The magician stooped swiftly and reclaimed it.

There were screams from the women, barelimbed figures scrambled upon chairs, somebody overturned a table.

The Prince was grinning mirthlessly; his face had become diabolical, venomous, when he said: "I warned you! Only fools trifle with forces greater than they. Calm yourselves, ladies and gentlemen, the serpent has gone, changed its form. Behold! Prana resolves it back into what it was." Out of his palm he let fall a trickle of dry particles of tobacco.

"Lord Almighty!" Stuyvesant Ballard shuddered weakly. "I hate snakes. Look here, you! Was that thing poisonous? I—I wouldn't put it past you." He scrubbed his wrist with his handkerchief and glared at the faces around him. "I don't know yet whether it bit me. Give me a drink, somebody—can't you see I'm all shot to pieces?" He took a glass from the nearest hand and drank its contents shakily.

"Shall we proceed?" Prince Adhikari inquired. "You asked me to give 'the whole show.'"

"I've had enough. You win. Tell the girls their fortunes, read their futures for 'em if they want it."

"As you wish." The tall turbaned figure bowed. "I can read the hour of birth and foretell the hour of death. There is a fascination, Mr. Ballard, in knowing when we must meet the One Adventure. Would you not like to learn when death will visit you? The very hour?"

"Cut that out, d'you hear?" Ballard shouted. "What d'you mean scaring these people? Death! Snakes!" He pushed his way out of the crowd and lurched unsteadily to the other end of the long summer-house, where he flung himself into a chair.

Roger Allison had been an absorbed spectator of this amazing scene; he turned now to speak to Harman and found Mildred Holland standing at his elbow.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"I'm sure you weren't lonesome," she said with a shadow of a smile. Like most of the other women she was in bathing costume but over it she wore a long loose beach cape of some soft white downy material. Her feet were in thin sandals, the arm she extended to him was bare to the shoulder.

Harman addressed her excitedly. "Say, Mildred! Did you see that snake? Jove! That fellow gives me the creeps."

"I saw the whole thing." "Stuyvie behaved like a beast. He's getting worse every—"

"Dave!" Mildred interrupted him. "Have you met Mr. Allison? He is our next door neighbor, you know."

The broker took her hint. "Yes, yes! Of course. I'm afraid the party shocks him a little bit. How about it, Allison?"

"Not at all. I'm enjoying myself immensely. Now that Miss Holland has appeared I think I shall become utterly reckless and join the bathing beauties."

"The water is lovely." Mildred again smiled mirthlessly.

"But you must promise to protect me from that—that electric eel." Roger nodded towards the pool where Countess Mira at the moment was poised upon the interlocked hands of two laughing mermen. "Her voltage is altogether too high for me."

Together the three of them walked the length of the pavilion. As they passed Ballard he looked up and exclaimed: "Say, Allison! Can you beat that fakir? Carrying live snakes in his pocket! The more I think of it the sorer I get. I've a notion to kick him off the place."

Mildred protested sharply. "You can't do that. You asked me to invite him here."

For the first time Ballard appeared to notice the presence of his secretary. "Hello! You finally showed up, eh? Why didn't you come the first time I sent for you?"

"I had retired."

"Did you see that business with the snake? I grabbed it—right in my fingers!"

The girl spoke with unexpected force and boldness. "You brought it on yourself. You treated him outrageously and you ought to apologize."

"Who? Me? Apologize to a hired hand? A—mulatto?"

"Then I shall apologize for you."

"Look here!" Ballard's angry color deepened; he was upon the verge of an irritated outburst but managed to control it and finished suddenly, "Apologize if you want to. I won't."

"I shall. He is our guest."

There was an awkward moment during which the master of the place slowly focused his bloodshot eyes upon the young woman. He experienced some difficulty in doing so but of a sudden his face lighted up with malice. "Say! What's the idea of the cape? Trying to show up these other women? Trying to make them look immodest? Is that it?"

"Why—no. I—"

With a laugh the man reached up and snatched the garment from Miss Holland's shoulders; ripped it away from her and left her standing in her scanty knitted swimming suit. The suit itself was not so daring as many others here tonight; nevertheless by that one proprietary gesture it seemed exactly as if Ballard had stripped her even of that and left her stark naked before the eyes of his two companions.

The world went black before Roger Allison's eyes. For a moment he was held in the paralysis of a murderous rage. Then his vision cleared. Mildred had stooped and picked up

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A NEW vision has come to the modern mother. With the simplification of home activities, she has at last begun to have time for a new outlook on life.

She is striving now to be more than a housewife—to be a mother in the fullest sense—to keep in the swing of youthful interests.

Keeping young involves more than looking young. It comes from the buoyancy of *feeling* young. It necessitates, first of all, the prevention of sickness.

Every illness breaks down your reserve energy, weakens your system. The sickly, weak mother is hardly an inspiring companion for her intense, eager children.

## Feminine hygiene— a health measure

MODERN physicians find that most feminine illnesses are caused by bacterial infections—which can be prevented. Regular feminine hygiene has come to be a recognized health measure for women.

Soap-and-water cleanliness for feminine hygiene is insufficient. Complete antiseptic cleanliness is vital. "Lysol" Disinfectant is to-

day the leading antiseptic for this purpose, because it is both *effective and safe*.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. Tests made by pouring "Lysol" into water, stirring well and then examining this solution under the microscope show that every single drop is clear and transparent—there are no undissolved globules. This means that "Lysol" is 100 per cent effective in destroying harmful germ life.

At the same time "Lysol" is *neutral*. It contains no free alkali nor free acid. Diluted in correct proportions, it is non-caustic. It does not irritate. No antiseptic could be safer for the delicate internal tissues.

And "Lysol" is economical; one-half teaspoonful to one quart of water is all that is required to make the proper antiseptic solution for feminine hygiene.

## Send for Booklet

CORRECT, vital facts about feminine hygiene are included in a new booklet, which gives complete information and directions for the many personal and household uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant. Every woman should know and follow the rules of personal hygiene contained in this booklet. Mail coupon for free copy.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY

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COMPLETE directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. The 3 ounce bottle also comes in a special non-breakable package for travelers. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant. Sold by all drug stores.



**Lysol**  
Disinfectant

*The ideal personal antiseptic*



"I DON'T want to be relegated to the background in my children's lives," says a modern mother. "So I keep myself young, alert, interested."

Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution

One-half teaspoonful to one quart water

For feminine hygiene

When baby comes

For wounds

For the sickroom

For the bathroom

Use "Lysol" as a disinfecting solution

Two teaspoonfuls to one quart water

For the kitchen

In the toilet

For sweeping

For floors, cellars, dark corridors

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Mail me, without charge, your booklet which gives complete information about the use of "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

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—and just beginning to grow!

Only one hundred a month—that was what Charles S. Jones, of El Paso, Texas, was drawing when he first took up home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method.

Three years later comes a letter from "Henry & Jones, Certified Public Accountants, El Paso, Texas." "My income is a trifle in excess of \$8,000 a year," writes Jones, "and I am just beginning to grow. I can hardly find words to tell you of the inspiration that the course has given me. I have recently enrolled for your full Law course and expect to complete my business education with LaSalle."

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A. J. Klick, for example, writes that in three years' time his training in Higher Accountancy lifted him from a book-keeper's job, at \$22 a week, to the position of comptroller of a good-sized New York corporation, at a salary of \$4,500 a year. Arthur J. Hammerl writes that LaSalle training increased his income 70 per cent in eight months. Other LaSalle members, thousands of them, tell of incomes doubled, tripled, even quadrupled, thru home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method. During a period of only three months as many as 1193 members reported definite salary increases totaling \$1,248,526. *The average increase per man was 89 per cent.*

If you are in earnest when you say you want to make more money, check the training that interests you, sign and mail the coupon NOW. It will bring you full particulars of the LaSalle Problem Method, together with details of our convenient payment plan; also your copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it free.

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the robe. She folded it carelessly over her arm and said without emotion:

"You are terribly rude when you are drinking. Are you coming in for a swim, Mr. Allison?"

*Next month—a mysterious drama on Ballard's estate that will thrill you*

## Our Very Best People

(Continued from page 35)

This trip had all the flavor of a stolen holiday, for the truth of it is that at the last moment she had not been able to tell her plans to Hilda. She lacked the courage to write to her twin, there in the Adirondacks at the Kanes' elaborately rustic lodge, "I am going West to be a Harvey hired girl." Instead, she had given Hilda to understand that her mission at San Querto was to teach school. She dilated on it, in her guilt, and made it sound quite picturesque and charming. Much nicer, she said, than the Eldorado school, about which she had decided adversely. Hannah had been in San Querto almost ten days before her twin's reply reached her.

"I suppose," wrote Hilda, among other things, "you'll be the pretty Western school-teacher of fiction and be rescued from Indians by a rancher in chaps and frijoles, or whatever it is they wear, and marry him and live happily ever after. Can you possibly spare me some money, Cartoon deer?"

Hannah, in her black uniform and white apron, read the letter as she stood behind the counter in a quiet hour at the San Querto station lunch room. She had just emerged from the bewilderment, shock and chaos of the past ten days. A certain accustomed serenity again sat on her brow. In those ten days she had learned much, suffered much, wept much, slept little. She had learned and suffered in the Harvey lunch room; wept and lain awake in the little bare clean white-washed bedroom on the top floor of the Santa Fé station, with the engines puffing, hissing, snorting, clanging in her racked head; grinding, it seemed, over her very knees. And yet now, so miraculously do we adjust ourselves to environment—if we are Hannahs—that the white-tiled lunch room seemed a zestful, cheery place and the little white-walled bedroom a snug refuge where she could be alone. The trains, after a fortnight, bothered her no more than does the chirping of birds the country dweller.

Now she read her letter in a quiet moment between trains, seated on a little stool behind the horseshoe of the counter. It had just been handed her by the hotel manager.

"Letter from home?" asked Louise, the red-haired girl who was on duty with her.

"From my twin sister."

"Twins! Don't say! Do you look just alike?"

"Oh, no!" Hannah said, rather absently, dipping into her letter again. "Not a bit. My sister's a beauty."

Louise looked at her sharply as she sat there in her neat black and white, her hair done in the smooth, simple fashion that the Harvey rules decreed, her throat rising so firm and white from the flat collar that finished the neck line of her blouse. "Well, you're no eyesore!" she exclaimed.

Hannah had smiled quietly. "You ought to see Hilda."

She sent Hilda another two hundred dollars of the tiny sum that now remained of her original nine hundred twenty.

By the end of the month Hannah had learned so much that it seemed to her that her life until now had been merely marking time. She had learned things pleasant and disagreeable; interesting and dull; exhilarating and depressing. She learned to call scheduled trains by their first names as if they were individuals—Nine—Thirteen—Five. Eight's due in from the West. There's Eleven from the East. She learned to remember six orders taken at one time in the rush of the crowd just off a waiting train. She learned to keep her head under a fire of orders volleyed at her like hail.

The District Attorney nodded. He believed, he spoke but he was not sure. As he turned to leave his gaze fell upon the countenance of Dave Harman and rested there. What he saw was the face of a man in Hell.

"Ham'n eggs!"

"Apple pie! Glass milk!"

"Coffee!"

"Cheese on rye!"

"Liver'n onions!"

Short. Sharp. Relentless. Unescapable. Stinging.

She learned that San Querto itself, though an important Santa Fé railroad division point, was an ugly little Mexican town, squatting flat on the mesa, its new houses staring and unlovely, its Old Town, where the Mexicans lived, squalid and unpicturesque. Its roads were mud wallows, its main street sordid, its Mexicans lazy, dirty and thieving. Yet there was the Western mountain air, and there was the Western sky, and there, beyond the town, were the Spanish Peaks, those mysterious purple-black twin mountains rising abruptly, without warning, magically, from the flat mesa itself. They were, Hannah thought, like no other mountain peaks in the world. They thrilled her, bewitched her. When first they had loomed up before her as she gazed out of her train window she had given a little cry and had sat forward in her seat, staring. There stretched the sage-green mesa, for miles. Not a foothill. Not even a hillock. Then suddenly, without preparation, rising out of this flat plateau and soaring straight up to snow loomed the purple Spanish Peaks against the sunset sky. The tears had come to Hannah's eyes. She felt as if she had come home.

Now she had learned to look at them the first thing in the morning; to peer into the darkness in their direction the last thing at night. She learned to wash and iron her own shirtwaists. She learned to ride a Western horse on mountain roads. She learned to work "nights one week, days one week" without feeling sleepy during night-work week. She learned that cowboys, though picturesque, do not change their shirts as often as they might. She learned those feats of legerdemain which all waitresses acquire through experience—a certain swing of the ketchup bottle—a juggling of hot coffee cups—a whisk of the towel.

And she learned to watch for the entrance of Dan Yard. Dan Yard was substitute brakeman on a branch line freight-train running into San Querto four nights a week. Substitute brakeman on a branch line freight-train is the lowest possible position in the railroad world.

She had first seen him in the second week of her coming to San Querto. She was working nights that week. He had come off his train at two A. M., and had dropped into the lunch room after washing up, as was the custom of brakemen, engineers and conductors at the end of a run, for a cup of coffee and a sandwich or a couple of doughnuts. It was against rules for Harvey girls to carry on social conversation with lunch-counter patrons. No pretense of swishing imaginary crumbs off the slab while exchanging flirtatious pleasantries with the willing cowboys, ranchmen or railroad men was allowed here. A greeting, yes. An amiable word or two. But that was all. Yet Hannah noticed a little intangible change come over the two girls on duty with her that night as Dan Yard swung open the screen door and, entering, threw one leg over a stool at the counter, pushed back his cap and smiled. His smile was not the fictional smile of rare sweetness, lighting up his whole face. It was a school-boy grin, engaging but somewhat tough. "Any raspberries?" inquired Dan of the girl at whose station he was seated.

"Yes."

"Well, I don't want any."



# Is there a greater war story than this?

What is the great story of the War? Is it the story of Joffre at the first Marne or of Foch at the second? Or the story of "They shall not pass" at Verdun? Is it the story of the first gas attack at Ypres? Or of Belleau Wood? Or of the Lost Battalion? These are all great stories of super-achievements on the field of battle.

But a different sort of story stands comparison with these. It concerns a side of the war the public knows little about. It is the story of a fight by the soldiers that the science of medicine called to the colors against a countless and implacable foe. The winning of that fight saved hundreds of thousands

of wounded from torture and death during the period of the war alone. Since the end of the war it has saved uncounted thousands in addition. Its total saving of lives in homes, factories, hospitals throughout the civilized world will, as the years go on, amount to millions more.

To tell the story properly it is necessary to go back more than half a century to that wizard of the microscope and test tube, Louis Pasteur. In 1852 Pasteur discovered germs and subsequently proved that contagious diseases and the infection of wounds are caused by malignant bacteria.

From then on medical science did its utmost to guard mankind from germ attack. During the next sixty years the new school of preventive medicine was born. Sanitation was developed. All known microbes were studied and classified. By 1914 the medical profession felt that modern surgical methods could cope with and prevent infection of wounds.

## A Grim Disillusionment

Then war engulfed the world, and oh, what a grim disillusionment followed! Early in that war it became appallingly clear that the goal pointed out by Pasteur had not yet been reached; that man was still helpless before the savage, invisible, all-conquering germ.

The wounded poured into the Allied hospitals in overwhelming streams. The hospitals were thoroughly aseptic, no microbes could get in but the soldiers were covered with the indescribable dirt of the trenches. A bullet, a shell fragment, a bayonet thrust would gather bacteria as it passed through the clothing and deposit them deep within the vital parts of the body, there to breed galloping putrefaction while the wounded man lay on the field or in a shell hole waiting to be picked up. A simple scratch from a barbed wire barricade in the morning developed into a pus pocket by evening and amputation or death frequently followed within the week.

## The Surgeons' Problem

The surgeons turned to antiseptics. In the years since Pasteur's discovery, only two types of antiseptics had been developed. One was the mild non-poisonous type. All it did was to make the surface of a wound an unpleasant resting place for the microbe. If the microbe had already started raising his family, it could do no more to prevent it than so much rainwater. The other type was the poisonous burning disinfectant. Though it would kill germs, it would also destroy flesh and tissue; if introduced into gaping wounds at sufficient strength to destroy germs it would eat through cells and membranes and create conditions as bad as the infection itself. In mild dilutions



these poisons were not powerful enough to check infection.

## A Fearful Crisis

In this crisis the Allied surgeons appealed to the scientific world. Back from the war hospitals through all branches of the medical profession came the cry: "Find, oh find us something that will check this fearful horror! We are helpless before such infection; we must have something to check it!"

Among those who heard the call was the Franco-American surgeon, Dr. Alexis Carrel, who in 1912 had received the Nobel Prize for medicine. Dr. Carrel, who was then serving with the French armies, secured the assistance of the famous English chemist, H. K. Dakin. Backed with money and equipment provided by a great American philanthropic institution, the two scientists went to work in an effort to find a new antiseptic. They experimented day and night, for every hour was precious, at first at Beaujon Hospital, Paris, and later at Military Hospital 21, Compeigne. In an incredibly short time, when the magnitude of their task is considered, the two scientists made an announcement: "We think we have what you want," they said, "Try it and see."

## The Turning Point

The surgeons of the Allied armies tried it and saw. They saw the fulfillment of the teachings of Pasteur. Here was the ideal antiseptic. It was non-poisonous and non-irritating. It could be used constantly in the deepest wounds without harm, yet it would destroy bacteria with an effectiveness undreamed of heretofore. Man had beaten the germ at last!

They named the new antiseptic the Carrel-Dakin Solution, in honor of its co-discoverers, and put it to work in all the Allied hospitals. Its triumph was complete. It drove the horror and agony of suppurating wounds from those hospitals as sunlight dispels shadows. Where sev-

enty per cent of the wounded had been dying from infection, now less than one per cent died from that cause. Hundreds of thousands of men alive and whole today would be hopeless cripples or under the soil of France if the Carrel-Dakin Solution had not been found.

Is there a greater war story than this?

## SEQUEL

After the extraordinary success of the Carrel-Dakin Solution in the war zone, it was quickly adapted for hospital use throughout the civilized world. It has performed the same miracles for surgical and civil wounds that it accomplished in the wounds of war. But it is limited to hospital and professional use for the following reason: The Carrel-Dakin Solution is unstable, it will not "keep." It has to be freshly made by experts every day and the mass of humanity has been denied its protection.

Ever since its discovery, however, chemists in all parts of the world have been trying to stabilize the Carrel-Dakin Solution, and American chemists finally succeeded in doing so. This meant that Zonite, as the improved Carrel-Dakin Solution is called, would keep indefinitely and could be put up in containers ready for household use.

Zonite has been distributed to druggists throughout the United States as rapidly as possible.

Placed on the market little more than a year ago, it is now guarding close to ten million people from infection and disease.

## Facts About Zonite

Zonite is a non-poisonous, non-irritating, colorless liquid.

By scientific laboratory tests it has far greater germ-killing power than pure carbolic acid yet it may be used in a scratch or cut absolutely pure.

Physicians and health authorities are urging the use of Zonite as a mouth wash, throat and nasal spray, to prevent colds and more serious contagious diseases.

Dental authorities say that the use of Zonite as a mouth wash is the most effective home preventive of pyorrhea, trench mouth and infected gums known to dental science.

"The Zonite Handbook on the Use of Antiseptics in the Home" describes the many uses for this new form of antiseptic. A copy will be mailed free of charge upon request. Address Division "G," Zonite Products Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York.



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he asked, "when I'd rather watch your lovely eyes?"

Do your eyes excite such admiration? They will, if you heighten their beauty and increase their expressiveness by darkening the lashes with WINX. Apply WINX with the glass rod attached to the stopper—it makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly. Harmless, waterproof. Lasts for days, unaffected by perspiration or weeping at the theatre.

WINX (black or brown), 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless), 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.

Write today for samples of WINX and of PERT Rouge—enough of each to last a week. Samples are a dime each. Enclose coins.

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# WINX

Waterproof

"Thought you didn't." Having taken her part in this brilliant dialogue, which was evidently a formula, she set before him a cup of smoking coffee and his plate of doughnuts. Hannah by now was hardened to seeing monstrous food consumed at unseemly hours. Half hidden by the nickel coffee urn she turned to look at him. He dumped three generous spoonfuls of sugar into his cup, emptied the contents of his cream pitcher, stirred the mixture and took a great swallow of the scalding, revivifying liquid. The size of that great gulp brought his head up and back so that he found himself staring at Hannah over the rim of his inverted cup. Hannah's gaze met his. *Ting!* went something like a bell inside her.

She saw a slim, hard, rather pugnacious looking young Irishman of perhaps twenty-four or -five. Freckled. His eyes were wide apart, clear and singularly bright. She thought she had never seen anyone so wide awake at two A.M. He evidently had just washed with strong soap and slicked his hair after coming in off his run. His head was damp where the pocket comb had tidied it. Later Hannah learned that he was bow-legged and some three inches shorter than she. All their married life—for she married Dan Yard—she tried not to let him feel this difference in their height; did her hair flat and wore low-heeled shoes, for she loved him terribly and he was a sensitive and somewhat vain Irishman, as all good Irishmen are.

What Dan Yard saw of Hannah over the rim of his upturned coffee cup she never quite knew. He never seemed able to put it into coherent words. He would begin, when she asked him: "I said to myself, 'There she is!' like that. 'There's Mrs. Dan Yard.' I felt all the blood up in my head, fit to smother me."

"It was the hot coffee."

"It was the hot love," said Dan, being the reverse of mincing.

He had finished his coffee that night, had reached for his glass of ice-water, swallowed it in one long draught, sliding one piece of conveniently sized ice into his mouth along with the fluid, and had walked out, crunching the ice between his strong yellow teeth.

"Why!" said the girl who had waited on him. "Look! Dan Yard hardly touched his doughnuts at all."

For six weeks Hannah withstood him. In those six weeks she learned much about Dan Yard. He came from a family of railroad workers. When he talked of this it was as though he were descended from a long line of aristocrats. His father had been Engineman John Yard, killed in the wreck at Algodones on the Santa Fé. Another uncle killed acting as yardmaster at La Junta. Two cousins were brakemen. Another a conductor. His family tree, and proud of it. He had almost gone through high school. Quit his third year because he had to go to work. By next January he would have his job as regular brakeman on the main line. Then they could be married.

"No!" said Hannah, trying to laugh. Terribly frightened, yet with a certain crazy feeling of warmth and happiness suffusing her whole being. Then, "No," faintly, his eyes on hers and her own closing flutteringly as she felt his strong, oil-grimed hand on her arm.

Hilda was in Europe. In January Hannah wrote her, fearfully yet boldly—and certainly baldly—"I am going to be married."

They had been married some weeks before Hilda's reply reached them. "I hope he's one of those millionaire ranchers or oil kings that seem to grow exclusively out there in the West where men are men, or whatever it is the poem says."

The hot tears of resentment and indignation came to Hannah's eyes. She spent hard-earned dollars to cable her answer, unthrifly worded: "He's a king, all right, but not the kind you mean. Dan's a brakeman on the Santa Fé railroad."

A cable from Hilda: "You must be insane. Cable if a joke."

Hannah replied tersely, "No joke."

Silence. Silence that lasted twenty years.

They went housekeeping in one of the ugly little San Querto houses and became part of the little bare railroad town, where caste lines were drawn as definitely as in Mayfair. Brakemen's wives were beneath freight train conductors' wives in the social scale. Station masters' wives patronized conductors' wives. The wife of a division superintendent queened it over the wives of both station masters and passenger train conductors. As for the wife of a district superintendent! Royalty.

Hannah busied herself in the little house with its mission furniture and its Navajo rugs, but while Dan was gone she found time heavy on her hands, now that she had left the lunch room. She decided to learn to be a telegrapher, acquired this with amazing speed, and was telegrapher at San Querto for two years, until her first child was born. They had two boys. Always there was with her that little fear ever present in the heart of the railroad worker's wife.

"Dan, I wish you'd stop ra'lroading."

"Stop! What for?"

"I'm afraid you'll get k—hurt."

"Me! Naw! I won't get killed."

"They did."

"Not me."

The sound of the trains striding and elbowing their way in and out of this little railroad town, out to the prairies and mountains beyond, no longer disturbed her as mere noise. But she used to lie awake, always, on the nights when he was out on his run—wide awake, listening, until she heard the whistle of Seven, Dan's train. He had a special signal for her; two long blasts, two short, sharp ones. Dangerous work, braking. She knew that. They made him freight-train conductor one year later. Not so dangerous, and better pay. A step up the ladder. By the time she had got accustomed to her duties as telegrapher in the little station at San Querto he was promoted to yardmaster at that point. Dangerous again.

Sitting in the little bay window of the shabby red brick station, her subconscious ear intent on the click of the keys, she would watch for him. It was his duty to shunt freight, direct the tangle of loaded and unloaded cars, see that they got in and out of the spider-web of tracks on their way East or West. When she saw the small, wiry, bow-legged figure crossing the tracks toward the station she would go to meet him, the old red sweater buttoned up tight about her full, firm figure. It seemed to her that all her married life she was watching for that little, wiry, bow-legged figure from some window or other, all the way from the dilapidated station at San Querto to the window of the great Spanish hacienda that they built in 1920, within magnificent view of the Spanish Peaks. He never failed to appear just before fear had got its icy fingers on her heart. And she never let him know that she had been fearful.

The rise of Dan Yard is history in the annals of the Santa Fé road. They tell it as a sort of saga. Yet it all seemed natural enough in the actual happening. From brakeman to freight-train conductor; conductor to yardmaster; yardmaster to station master at San Querto. Hannah with him all the time, toning down his roughness—"Tuning him down," she called it; saying quietly, "Now, Dan!" when he became too coltish. He liked a pretty face and a trim figure, and she knew it, and kept her figure trim, for she knew that to hold an Irishman you must be vigilant and wary. He was the kind of husband who breaks out occasionally into playful tousling of hair and pinching of cheeks and bruising squeezes of shoulders. When he got too rough—"Now, Dan!" with fine dignity and composure. He would subside. But she enjoyed it nevertheless. Just enough Tune in her to keep him impressed. Plenty of her spirited mother to hold him.

At thirty he became an "office man"; clerk to the division superintendent at San Querto. At thirty-three he was division superintendent. Hannah, if she wanted, could now queen it over the conductors' wives. For the division superintendent has a private car, if you please. Not



## 4 Men in 7 Bald at 40 yet 91% needlessly

Science discovers falling hair most always due to simple infection (Sebum). Now usually overcomes it.

### Written Guarantee to grow hair this new way—or money refunded

This is to offer you, under money-back guarantee, the new Van Ess treatment, which, under actual test, grew hair on 91 heads in 100.

Now high authorities say baldness soon may be a rarity. For hair roots seldom die in early stages. And this method revives them. Test it yourself at our risk.

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Records show 4 men in 7 are bald, or partially bald, at 40. Modern science proves this to be unnecessary. Proves only about 9 men in 100 need ever be bald! Baldness is not a disease. Note this fact and mark it. It is merely a symptom of infection—of an infectious scalp oil, known as Sebum.

Remove this infected Sebum and hair will almost always grow. The hair roots are generally alive. This is true in about 90% of all cases of falling hair or baldness.

This new method reaches the roots. It makes hair grow. But the public has often been deceived. So we guarantee it. You take no chance of loss.

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We make our guarantee without reservation—without strings. It is absolute. We guarantee to stop falling hair. We guarantee to grow new hair in 90 days. Sometimes much sooner. But usually this treatment requires about 3 bottles of Van Ess. If we fail, your money back without question.

Note that your own druggist signs the guarantee with each 3-bottle purchase. Thus you assume no risk. It is safe for us to guarantee the treatment. For experiments of years prove it effective on 91 heads in 100. Foremost authorities approve it. World noted dermatologists now employ it—some charge as much as \$300.00 for the same basic treatment. We offer it, in correct form for home use, at the price of an ordinary "tonic."

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About 90% of all hair troubles are traced to infected

Sebum. It is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil. But it cakes on the scalp. It forms a breeding place for bacteria. It clings to hair and destroys it. It lodges in hair follicles and plugs them. Then germs by the millions start to feed upon the hair. Semi-baldness soon is marked. Then comes total baldness. You can see this Sebum on your scalp, in the form of an oily excretion. Or, when dried, as dandruff. But it does not kill the roots. Hence when you remove it, new hair grows. This is scientific fact—medical authorities will tell you so. You must remove the infected Sebum.

#### Now We Remove It

For years, science experimented to combat infected Sebum. Finally a 90% effective treatment was found. Now we have embodied it in a home treatment. It is called Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage.

It is applied a new way—a scientific way. (Note illustration at right.) It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It combats the Sebum and removes it. Results are marked. They are quick. It stops falling hair. It grows new hair.

We urge you to try this new way. We know the statements we make are amazing—almost incredible. But remember, we back them with an absolute guarantee. There is a guarantee in the top of each package. Read it first before you buy. Note its fairness. Note that we let you be the judge.

Then note the results yourself. Mark the healthy condition of your scalp—the freedom from dandruff. Look in your mirror—see for yourself.

Go today to any druggist. Obtain the Van Ess 3-bottle treatment. Or by mail—if your dealer cannot supply you. \$1.50 for a single bottle—or \$4.50 for 3 bottles with which we send you a written money-back guarantee. Send no money, we will supply by parcel post, collect. Orders from outside U.S.A. must be accompanied by postal money order.

#### Use the Coupon

If your usual department store or druggist cannot supply you with the new Van Ess Treatment use coupon below. Enclose no money—we will send the treatment parcel post, collect. Or, if you prefer, enclose check or cash.



#### Note This New Way

—It Massages the Treatment Directly to the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from the illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic." It combines a massage and lotion. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

VAN ESS LABORATORIES, Inc.  
83 East Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Liquid  
Scalp Massage



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Please send \_\_\_\_\_ bottles Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, parcel post. I enclose no money, but agree to pay the postman when he calls.

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749 Fifth Avenue New York

a very good private car, it is true. An old passenger coach usually, carefully gutted out and made over, fitted with compartments and finished in the old redwood and gimcracky scrollwork of a past era in railroad decoration. But a private car nevertheless. They could use it to run to Omaha or to Kansas City if they wanted to. Hannah Yard could take a carload of conductors' wives to the opera, if opera there happened to be within a distance of five hundred miles. But she never did.

From division superintendent he was promoted to district superintendent. No trifling about it now. Dan Yard was an important man in the road. They say his wife had a lot to do with it. A smart woman, Mrs. Yard. And handsome isn't the name for it. They say she was the daughter of Rutger G. Tune. Don't you remember? Did you never hear of old Tune, of Kansas City? Yeh. Used to be a big bug and a sport. Went through his wife's millions and died pretty shady. Well, nothing shady about this Mrs. Yard. And Dan! Say, he'll be general manager yet. Watch him.

From district superintendent to assistant general superintendent. Then, inevitably, general superintendent. There is, after that, only one step; but it is a momentous step, a seven-league stride. It is the unrealized dream of every railroad official. It is not only the Chair at His Right Hand. It is the Right Hand.

Dan Yard at forty-six was general manager of the Santa Fé road. The Yards' private car now was a thing of rosewood and silken hangings and finest steel. They were Royalty. Yet, twenty years later, if you happened to be a guest in this private movable palace of theirs, and if, peering out of the window in the darkness, you asked, "Where are we now, I wonder? What's this place we're coming to?" Hannah Yard could close her eyes and, listening intently a moment, open them to say: "We're just coming into Trinidad. I can tell by the bump of the wheels over the rails. I was here when Dan laid out these yards."

During these twenty years she had thought of Hilda thousands of times, and sadly. She took a New York paper as soon as they could afford it in the hope of seeing Hilda's name mentioned in the society columns, perhaps. She wrote her often. Her letters were unanswered. When she placed a return address on these letters they came back rubber-stamped, "Not at address given."

Though Dan's position took him frequently to New York, Hannah rarely accompanied him. She dreaded it, somehow. Once she had tried to trace Hilda there, but had not succeeded. She thought of a detective agency, but shrank from the idea. After all, Hilda had not wanted her; Hilda had deserted her, ridiculed her just when she needed her love most. She seldom spoke to Dan of Hilda; as the years went on Hilda's name was never mentioned. The two boys were at college, the elder at a school of engineering—"Like his pa," laughed Dan Yard; the other at agricultural school. He wanted to be a rancher and raise stock and alfalfa and oranges and sugar beets and cantaloupes.

"All on one ranch?" laughed his mother. "That isn't a ranch. That's a paradise."

The Yard place, a great glowing creamy Spanish pile situated in the valley, but on a slight rise; and almost in the shadow of the purple and glowingly mysterious Spanish Peaks, was known throughout the West. You were likely to find as guests there anyone from the President of the United States to a flock of Harvey waitresses on a ten days' vacation. A Sorolla over the fireplace in the living room; a gorgeous old vestment of brocade and velvet thrown over this screen bought in Granada.

"Come on along to New York with me," said Dan Yard, in touting mood. "Come on, old girl. Do you good. They sent me a catalog of that Spanish stuff to be sold at Barrios'. There's one old tapestry velvet that sounds like the thing you want for that balcony railing exactly. Come on. Let's take a look at it, anyway."

The General Manager's private car, sum-



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moned casually, like an automobile. Thousands of miles over mountain passes, mesas, plains, prairies, corn fields. Omaha, Chicago, New York. "I wired Barrios," said Dan, at breakfast in New York, "and he just called up to say he was sending some stuff over here to the hotel. I thought as long as your head didn't feel so good this morning—"

A lean, wiry, pugnacious, bow-legged little Irishman, looking, in spite of graying hair and his carefully tailored suit and the dignity of his office, incredibly like the tough young brakeman of the San Querto lunch room twenty years ago.

Like a cue in a play then the telephone rang. Barrios' representative calling. And "Oh, dear!" said Hannah, glancing down at a foamy but informal negligée, "you talk to him for a minute, Dan. I'll do my hair and get into something. Don't let him sell you anything till I—remember that terrible table you—"

As she dressed hurriedly she could hear him in the adjoining room.

"Well, say, that's pretty . . . No, I don't like that one . . . I don't know, I just don't like it. It doesn't look Spanish to me. My wife knows. She'll be in in a minute. She's—she may like it . . . It don't look to me . . ."

A man's voice in low protest; then a woman's voice—high, hard, nervous, icy. "Not authentically Spanish! There are only two other pieces like it in the world. The other two were sold yesterday to a family representing our very best people. You will like it, I know, if you will just live with it awhile—"

Hannah, at her dressing-table, stood up, clutching her dressing-gown to her breast. She whirled to face her husband, who had just come in. He was grinning. He dropped his voice to a rasping whisper. He even tiptoed, in some absurd delusion of increased secrecy.

"Say, Hannah, there's three of 'em sent up with the stuff from Barrios! A regular troupe. A kid to carry the bundles and a young Spanish feller, and he's got on a lavender shirt and perfume, so help me! But listen. Don't get mad at me, Hannah, when you see her—the woman— Say—she looks enough like you, in a kind of awful way, to be a cartoon of you. By golly, she does! A kind of snaky dress, and red stuff on her mouth, and talks about 'our best people—'"

A sob of premonition shook Hannah Yard as she ran past her husband and into the next room to face the woman sent up by Barrios.

## Persons Unknown

(Continued from page 99)

"Who is it?" Ruth asked again.

"Sometimes he calls himself Mark Harrington," laughed Doyle triumphantly. "At others he calls himself Sam Overholt."

He rose from the body of his victim. Overholt scrambled to his feet.

"I call you to witness, Mrs. Reverly, that I was taking a walk when this man without provocation attacked me."

She shrank away from him. She looked at Doyle. "You said that Ross and Harrington were the only two men who had opportunity to kill Mr. Armstrong. Is this the man who killed him?"

### CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE darkness Doyle's teeth gleamed. "Do you think, Mrs. Reverly, that I'd be letting Armstrong's murderer roam around loose?" he asked.

Overholt pulled his jacket into place. "You'll answer to me for this, Mr. Doyle. You've admitted that you have someone spying upon me. You've assaulted me."

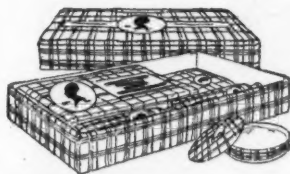
"I'll do worse than that to you before I'm through," laughed Doyle. "Meanwhile, if you'll take a friendly tip, you'll go back to your house."

"I'll do what I please," declared Overholt. Nevertheless, after glaring at the detective

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No matter where purchased—if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

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Are the Parisian boulevards calling you? See page 185.

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Biliousness and constipation are the direct cause of listlessness, bad breath, sallow skin and loss of appetite, and lessen the resistance to disease.

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**NR JUNIORS, Little Nrs—Chips off the old block** are made specially for children; small, candy-coated tablets one-third the size and strength of the regular **Nrs**. Your druggist has them at 25c a box. A liberal sample, with copy of "Well and Happy" will be sent on receipt of a stamp for postage.



All Druggists Sell the Dainty Blue and Yellow Box.

**A. H. LEWIS MED. CO., Dept. 3-C, St. Louis, Mo.**

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1924

for a moment, he turned abruptly on his heel and strode away quickly in the darkness.

"He didn't kill Armstrong, then?" demanded Ruth.

"I'm letting him go free," replied Doyle.

"Then what is his part in this mystery?"

"It would take too long to explain now. Let it suffice that he knows the murderer."

"But you may need him as a witness."

"He got away from his house, but he won't get away from Beaulieu," retorted Doyle confidently. "Come on in, Mrs. Reverly."

Once again they mounted the steps of the Armstrong house. Ruth's knees trembled violently; she clutched at Doyle for support, and as her fingers gripped his arm she understood why Overholt had been so easily subdued. For the muscles were like wire cables.

"Lost your nerve?" he asked.

"I—I'm afraid so," she admitted.

"No, you haven't," he said kindly. "You have more sand than anyone I ever met. And now that you're no longer going to be a part of a performance but are going to occupy a nice reserved seat—why, you're not going to break down now. Still, if you'd rather go home—"

She released his arm. "I'm all right."

"You've always been all right. You're the most wonderful woman in the world," he told her. And she knew he wasn't making love.

He opened the door of the cottage. A flashlight gleamed in his hand as he led the way to the cellar stairs. He descended and she followed him. On the stone flooring of the cellar he paused. The torch played upon a watch which he took from a waistcoat pocket.

"We have ten minutes yet," he stated.

"Ten minutes before what?" she demanded.

"Before you take your reserved seat."

She looked around the cellar. "Where is the seat? Here?"

He shook his head; she could see his teeth shine. Patrick H. Doyle was in his element.

"You have brains; you've proved you have them. Exercise them, Mrs. Reverly."

She shook her head. "We're in this cellar, but why I can't imagine."

"Because you're thinking of this cellar just a cellar. If you'd think of it as a link in a chain, what then?"

"It's the cellar of a house that Mr. Armstrong owned."

"Go further back," he advised.

"Stevens built the house," she said, perplexed.

"And what was Stevens?" he asked.

She reached suddenly for the torch in his hand. She played it on the huge furnace.

"He was an inventor who claimed to have found out a new method of boring tunnels. That furnace is too large. Do you mean to tell me—"

"I prefer to have you tell me," laughed Doyle. "Think of other things."

"Dyce's Head!" she cried.

"Exactly," said Doyle.

"Then Stevens had succeeded in his invention!" she cried.

"Perhaps not to the extent that he caused the investing public to believe," suggested Doyle. "But in a measure—yes. Stevens may not have completed a machine capable of boring beneath the Hudson—"

"But his machine would bore from here to Dyce's Head!"

"What did I tell you about using your brain?" he asked triumphantly.

"But even if there is a tunnel here, what has it to do with the murders? With Lacy? With Lescure? With all the other things?"

"One question at a time, and none of them until later. You know now that there is a tunnel from this cellar—"

"It begins in the furnace," she interjected.

"Right. It runs from here to the face of the cliff. Inside that tunnel, tonight, within a few minutes, we'll find the man who killed Armstrong; who killed Lescure. He won't escape. He and his companions do not know it, but the base of the cliff and its top are guarded by a dozen men."

He bent slightly and tugged at a handle on



one of the furnace doors. It opened. He flashed his torch so that it illuminated the interior. A grate showed, but he pulled at that; it came out, and there was a huge opening.

He stooped and stepped inside the furnace. She could see him fumbling at the far wall, and then his torch illumined a passage that turned to the left. Over his shoulder he whispered to her: "Remember that you commented on the thickness of the walls? The tunnel begins in them. The walls must be thick to let a person pass through them."

Bending at the waist, she stepped inside the furnace. Doyle's groping fingers touched her wrist, closed upon it and drew her toward him. Over her shoulder she glanced back at the dim outlines of the cellar. Contrasted with the unknown into which she followed Doyle, it seemed a place of desirable security.

Later she learned that she had walked approximately three hundred yards before they stopped. At the time it seemed to her that they had traversed at least a mile.

Doyle had pointed the flashlight at the ground during their journey, but now he held it level with his waist and its rays rested upon an obstruction in their path.

"We have arrived at the reserved seat, only it isn't a seat; you must stand," he whispered.

She looked at the object that barred their progress. It was an iron door. The light rested upon a handle below which were stout bolts. These were secured now. Doyle moved closer to the door. He stooped and played his torch upon her legs and feet.

"Short skirt and rubber soled shoes. All right, you could run if you had to. I mean if you wanted to," he corrected.

"I won't want to run," she said.

He nodded approvingly. Leaning over he unfasted the bolts of the iron door.

Even in that tense moment curiosity mastered her. "Why on earth did Stevens put a door here?" she asked.

"He didn't. That was done later," he told her. He opened the door.

## CHAPTER XXIV

IT SWUNG easily, noiselessly. She had not known just what to expect but certainly had held the feeling that excitement lurked on the other side of the barrier. The silent darkness was in the nature of an anticlimax.

She laughed nervously. "When does the performance begin?" she asked.

"Any minute," he replied.

"Won't they fight?" she demanded.

He shook his head. "I promise you that no foul fly will hit you; there'll be no bullets."

"But if they're trapped at the other end, won't they retreat in this direction?"

"Don't worry about that," he said. He raised his voice. "Did you tell anyone where you were going?"

She stared at him in wonderment. "Dick was there when you telephoned and he knew I was coming to the Armstrong cottage."

"But you didn't tell him we were going down in this tunnel?" he persisted.

"How could I? I didn't know there was any tunnel." She was completely perplexed.

"Then not a soul knows where you are at this moment?" He was strangely eager, and in his eagerness his voice was loud. In the narrow tunnel his tones reverberated.

"Certainly not," she answered.

"You're sure of that?" he asked. His questions were so meaningless and his voice was so strange that neither seemed normal.

"Of course I am," she told him.

"And I've told no one about my discovery of this tunnel," he said, "so no one knows where I am."

"But you said that your men were guarding the mouth of the tunnel," she protested.

He laughed and there was something uncanny in his mirth. "You ought to know me by this time, Mrs. Reverly. I play a lone hand. My men may be guarding the mouth of this tunnel but they don't know what it is they are



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guarding. They're stationed on the beach and they're on the top of the cliff. But they don't know about the opening in the face of the cliff any more than they know about the opening in Armstrong's cellar."

"But why on earth haven't you told them?"

"Because I play a lone hand," he replied.

"But that isn't sane. Suppose those men by the tunnel's mouth—"

He interrupted her rudely. "Forget about them. I told you that there was no danger, and I'm Patrick H. Doyle who never makes a mistake. I've told you that I play a lone hand. Must I also tell you that I always play the right card, that I never lose a trick?"

She was aghast at this incredible vanity of his which had led him into taking such a reckless chance. For if none of his men knew of the existence of this tunnel, how could aid come to him if, like trapped rats, his quarry turned upon him?

"I'm afraid," she gasped.

"What! With Patrick H. Doyle to protect you? Don't be in the least alarmed." He continued speaking in the same loud voice. "I've built up a perfect case, Mrs. Reverly. I know why Armstrong was killed; I know why Lescure was murdered. And I know who did the killings. I know all the men who were the murderer's accomplices. I even know the murderer's name."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Kennedy—Franklin Kenney."

"But who is he?"

"The biggest counterfeiter in the United States. The man who has given the federal authorities more trouble than any other criminal of his type. You haven't traveled the full length of this tunnel, Mrs. Reverly. There are other doors in the sides. And there are chambers in which are stored dies, bank-note paper and all the paraphernalia of a counterfeiting profession, as well as millions of dollars that would pass muster across the counter of any bank. Oh, this tunnel is the most elaborate plant yet devised to swindle the government! And deep water within fifty yards of the base of the cliff. Night time; a ship anchored a few rods off the rocks; a rowboat conveying a bale of bills to the ship—do you see it all?"

His words were simple, but as always his rendition was dramatic. She seemed to see shadowy figures on a beach, to hear muffled hails, to see the gleam of an unguarded lantern upon scowling faces.

"But who is Kennedy?" she asked.

He laughed triumphantly. "Only I know that."

"Don't your men know?" she asked incredulously.

"If anything happened to me he'd never be caught," he replied.

"You're mad," she gasped.

"I play a lone hand," he boasted.

"And this time you haven't got the cards," said a voice from the darkness. "Put up your hands, Doyle! No, don't point that torch toward me. Put it on the ground."

Ruth's senses had never been so keen as in this moment of shock. And it seemed to her that there was something out of place in Doyle's petulant reply. In this moment of defeat he should have been bigger, not a whining braggart whose bluff was called.

"How can I lift my hands and put the torch on the ground at the same time?" he asked.

"Put it on the ground, then lift your hands. Right! Now back down the tunnel. Stop!"

His braggadocio gone, Doyle did as he was ordered. Ruth shrank back with him. And into the half circular pool of light upon the tunnel's floor she saw the lower half of a man's body step. Then the flashlight was picked up and she felt its radiance blinding her eyes. It passed on to the face of Doyle, and even though she was dazed by both light and shock she could see his crestfallen, frightened chagrin.

"What are you going to do to us?" demanded Doyle quaveringly.

Now her senses, dulled heretofore, recognized the tones of their captor. It was Overholt.

"Do? Can't you guess?"

His voice was hardly sane. It rose and fell. She saw Doyle shrink and cover against the tunnel wall.

"Not what you did to Armstrong! Not what you did to Lesœur! My men—"

Overholt laughed. "You conceited little fop! I've been listening to your brag for the last ten minutes. Not a soul knows where you are. And your cheap sleuths of whom you're so proud—they don't know where I am."

"But you can't kill us. You'll be caught—"

Ruth forgot her own terror in sickening contempt for Doyle.

"Caught?" Overholt laughed again. "Who's going to catch me? I haven't been caught for killing Armstrong, have I? I haven't been caught for killing Lesœur, have I?"

Doyle straightened. "Then you did kill those two?"

"Just as I'm going to kill you two."

And then, to Ruth's amazement, Doyle laughed. "It won't be quite the same, Kennedy. You see, you surprised Armstrong and Lesœur. But you haven't surprised me. You might as well put down your gun. It's empty, Kennedy. Have you forgotten our little wrestling match of half an hour ago? Did you think I'd be fool enough to leave a loaded gun in your pocket? I left a gun there, but not the one you placed there. Kennedy, I think I have the cards."

He advanced toward the bigger man. The torchlight shook in Overholt's hand.

"I had a case against you, Kennedy," said Doyle. "I knew who was guilty of the deaths of Armstrong and Lesœur. But it might have taken me a few days longer to prove my case. But if I could make you confess, in the presence of a witness—why, you fool, to think that Patrick H. Doyle could be tricked by a man like yourself! You haven't been ten feet from one of my men tonight. But you arrived at Armstrong's cottage a bit too early for my purposes. So I chased you away. You see, it was essential that you come upon me while I was boasting. Like begets like. If I boasted, you might boast." His laugh was triumphant. "You see, I knew you'd come back to the tunnel, finding that all your pals were rounded up. At least there was a chance that you would, and that chance was my only hope of getting you to confess. Mrs. Reverly here accuses me of being consciously dramatic. Occasionally I am. But always with purpose."

Deliberately Overholt—or Kennedy, as Doyle called him—raised his revolver. But the hammer clicked impotently. He gripped his revolver like a short club and, catlike, moved toward Doyle. But Doyle smiled.

"Aren't you convinced, Kennedy?" he asked.

For answer Overholt uttered an animal-like growl. The sound added to the impression of madness which his breaking voice had made upon Ruth. She trembled for Doyle. But the little man, seizing her wrist, swung her into a slight recess in the tunnel wall. Then the two men clashed.

But not with the shock which Ruth had expected. For, cunningly, in the moment of impact, Overholt stepped aside. The movement brought him past Doyle. He raced down the tunnel.

Bewildered, but only momentarily, Doyle let the man get ten yards' start; then he was off in pursuit. Ruth started after them.

Straight ahead, hearing in front of her the pounding feet of the two men, careless of any possible obstruction, she raced.

She wanted to be in at the death even though, so swiftly had events transpired, she was not consciously prepared to witness a tragic ending to this race.

Ahead of her gleamed at length something that seemed like a pin-point torch. But when outstretched arms grasped her and a breath of cool air smote her face she knew what that light was. It was a star visible through the opening, in the cliffside, of the tunnel. And from somewhere far below came cries.

"We'd better go back, Mrs. Reverly," said Doyle gently.

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"Did he—" She could not phrase the question.

Soberly Doyle nodded, the movement of his head faintly visible in the gloom.

"Believe me, please, Mrs. Reverly, I didn't dream of this. I thought there might be a fight but not that he'd kill himself, that he'd jump. But inasmuch as he did what I wanted him to do, talked, perhaps it's better so."

Ruth, thinking of Sadie Overholt, who after all was a neighbor, nodded assent. Slowly they walked back through the tunnel. They had not gone far when men met them and asked Doyle eager questions.

Their tones were respectfully congratulatory and Doyle's voice was filled with vanity as he replied to them. She could not blame him. But at the moment she could not feel as these others undoubtedly did. Overholt was a cruel murderer and yet she felt the same pity for him that one must feel for any trapped vermin.

She was glad that she was not the one to have exacted payment. Then as she shrank away from Doyle she remembered that if the detective had not exacted payment from Overholt an unjust debt might have been collected from her own husband.

In a complete revulsion of feeling, so overwhelmed by emotion that she was not conscious what she did, she threw her arms about Doyle's neck and kissed him.

"I told you," grinned Doyle, "that I'd exact a heavy fee. I'm paid. In the morning I'll send you a receipted bill. Now let's get your husband."

## CHAPTER XXV

OUTSIDE the Armstrong cottage a motor-car was waiting. Doyle assisted Ruth into the tonneau and climbed in after her. Silently they rode down into the little village. The driver seemed to know, without instructions, his destination. For he pulled up before the office of the selectmen.

The office was thronged as Ruth crossed the threshold. But she saw only one face, that of Bent. For a moment time and things and people had no existence as she was gathered into her husband's embrace.

Then Doyle broke the spell; he touched her gently on the shoulder. She colored faintly as she turned to him. But the eyes of Doyle were wet and her momentary shame vanished.

"May I present Judge Erskine?" asked Doyle. A gray-haired man, whose mustache looked as though it had been bitten instead of trimmed, bowed over her hand.

"District Attorney Vogel of Southfield," said Doyle, presenting a younger man.

There were other men present but Doyle did not bother to make introductions. These other men looked to her like policemen, although they wore no uniforms. And the watchful attitude which several of them maintained toward John Gerlach and Sanderson strengthened her impression.

Gerlach's ordinarily red face was pale tonight; the good humor that used to characterize his countenance was replaced by a cringing fear. And the light eyes, too close set, of Sanderson, held terror. His big-knuckled hands twined and untwined with each other.

Judge Erskine spoke. "This is a most unusual proceeding, Mr. Doyle. But you promised to produce in this office the murderer of Armstrong and Lesœur. Only because of that promise did I consent to come over here. Where is the man?"

"Dead," said Doyle. "He leaped from the cliff at Dyce's Head. I imagine that my men are bringing his body to the undertaker's rooms. Although perhaps they may wait until the coroner has viewed the scene."

"Who is the man?" demanded the judge.

"Franklin Kennedy, although he was better known in this neighborhood as Samuel Overholt. Mrs. Reverly heard his own confession. Although that was not absolutely essential. By tomorrow morning a witness who knows Kennedy well will be here. Franklin Kennedy was the most notorious counterfeiter in America. For years the government has



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been trying to apprehend him. A reward was offered for his capture. A very substantial reward. The Bryan Detective Agency received a hint that Kennedy was located in Beaulieu and that he had murdered a man here. Thinking of the government reward, the agency made some inquiries and learned that a man named Armstrong had come to a violent death at Beaulieu.

"The agency sent one of its men down to investigate the hint. That man was Sanderson. Now Sanderson receives a salary of a hundred dollars a week. He became acquainted with John Gerlach. Gerlach thought that Sanderson might discover something. And Gerlach, having guilty knowledge of Armstrong's death, sized up his man. He showed Sanderson how it was possible for Sanderson to make a fortune. Sanderson listened to Gerlach's specious argument.

"Unfortunately, while Sanderson was still honest, he had met me on a train. He had told me of the case. He interested me. I stopped over in Beaulieu.

"A man named Lesœur received a threatening letter. I was able to compare that letter with other specimens of typewriting. Before I had done that an effort was made by Overholt's wife to steal the threatening letter. This in itself was evidence, though not proof. Proof came later.

"Now only three men had seen Armstrong on the night of his murder after he had left the Beaulieu Club House. One of these was Benton Revery, another was Buchanan Ross and the third was Samuel Overholt.

"I eliminated Ross very early in this investigation. If my information—which I had obtained from Sanderson—was correct, and only three men had had opportunity to kill Armstrong, then either Overholt-Kennedy or Reveryly was the murderer.

"I am a normal man in many ways. I have my prejudices, yet I have never failed to justify my preconceived prejudices by later facts. I liked Reveryly. Of course it might prove that he was one of a counterfeiting gang that had killed Armstrong. But as soon as Lesœur was killed I knew that Reveryly had not killed Armstrong. For the motive for Lesœur's death was to insure his silence. The man who insured his silence was unquestionably the same man who had killed Armstrong."

"But how could you be sure that Reveryly was not this man?" demanded the District Attorney.

"Common sense told me that Reveryly wouldn't use one of his own game knives and leave the knife in the body. So I made inquiries and learned that John Gerlach had had opportunity to steal a game knife from the Reverylys' silver chest. He was in the Reveryly house telephoning a day or so before I entered into my investigation."

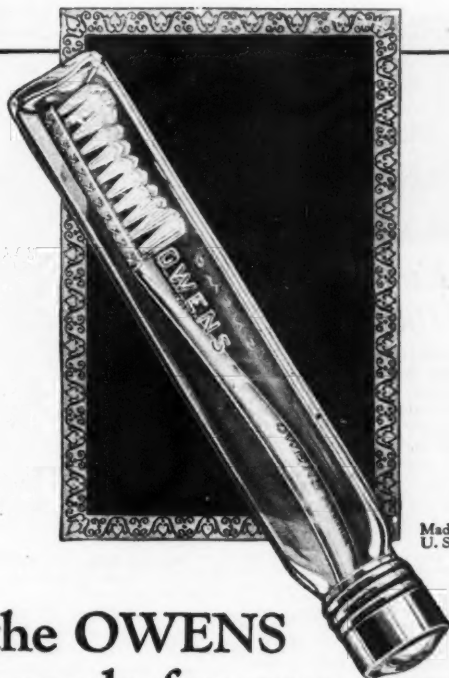
"I didn't take it to commit a murder!" cried Gerlach. "It was lying around and I thought what a good knife it would be to carve ducks with—I just picked it up."

"Being a natural thief," said Doyle. "But after Lesœur was killed you and Kennedy wondered how you could fix this murder on someone else. You thought of the knife which you had. You went and got it. You see, Gerlach, your footprints showed two trips to the spot where Lesœur lay. Why the second trip? I knew as soon as I discovered that the wound in Lesœur's body was deeper than the game knife's blade was long, that Lesœur had been murdered with another knife. Never thought that I'd question the coroner, eh? It never occurred to you that I would examine every footprint, every mark in the neighborhood of Lesœur's body."

"But why did you suspect Gerlach?" asked the Judge.

"His manner was suspicious. He was too anxious to convict Reveryly. Sanderson's attitude had become strange. Also, I'd been investigating in Southfield. The underworld talks kindly about Gerlach. I wondered why."

"But not until I examined the cellar of the Armstrong house did I begin to understand



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the reason why Beaulieu had been chosen as the scene of the activities of Kennedy. Accidentally I learned that Armstrong's house had been built by Stevens, the inventor of tunnel machinery. I learned then that a tunnel ran from his house to an opening in the cliff at Dyce's Head. Then I learned that Gerlach and Sanderson were aware of that tunnel. They must know its purpose as well as I knew it. Their knowledge would explain their anxiety to convict Reverly. They wanted investigations quashed.

"Now all I had to do, having learned that the tunnel was used for the storage and manufacture of counterfeit money, was to discover why Kennedy should have wanted Armstrong out of the way. Was it because he wished to acquire the house in which the tunnel began? But in that case he could buy the house. But if Armstrong knew of the existence of the tunnel he might suspect why Kennedy wished the house. And then, perhaps the two men had held business relations and quarreled over them. I decided to find out. I forced Gerlach to admit me to the presence of Reverly. I knew that Reverly could tell me about Armstrong. He did. He told me that in his business of handling municipal bonds he had come across some that were forgeries; that he had traced them to Armstrong.

"That seemed to establish the fact that Kennedy and Armstrong were in league. I had become convinced, by the evidence of the typewritten letter which Mrs. Overholt had stolen, that Overholt was Kennedy. I would be able, I thought, to prove that Overholt, engaged in a criminal activity with Armstrong, had slain his partner in a quarrel.

"If I could trap him into a confession—I did so, and he killed himself."

"It doesn't seem to me that your case was very strong," objected the Judge.

Doyle shrugged. "One of three men had seen Armstrong on the night of his death. I'd eliminated two of them. The third must be the murderer."

The Judge nodded. "That seems logical enough," he remarked. He turned to District Attorney Vogel. "I think we are perfectly safe in releasing Mr. Reverly in the custody of"—he smiled—"his wife."

Vogel nodded. "And I think Mr. Doyle has told us enough to warrant the detention of Gerlach and Sanderson on the charge of being accessories after the fact."

The Judge nodded. "I suppose," he said to Doyle, "that you have much more evidence than you have outlined tonight?"

"The hour is late and I think that we can wait a day for the presentation of all my evidence," said Doyle. "I wanted you here in order that Mrs. Reverly should not be separated from her husband a moment longer than was necessary."

Judge Erskine smiled. Then he frowned. "But why, knowing that Armstrong had uttered forged securities, didn't Mr. Reverly make some complaint?"

Doyle smiled again. "Your Honor, Reverly thought that Armstrong had killed himself. Reverly had in fact accused Armstrong. That night Armstrong was killed. For reasons which do credit to Mr. Reverly's heart he pocketed a considerable loss rather than blacken the name of a dead man."

And Ruth, listening, knew what Doyle meant. As in a daze she heard herself give verbal guarantee that she would produce her husband before the Judge if and when required. She heard the smiling congratulations of Vogel. Then, as they started for the door, she seized Patrick H. Doyle by the arm.

"You're coming with us. You haven't told us a tenth of what we want to know. Why, there are a thousand things to be explained."

"Even the cuff link that disappeared?" Doyle's voice was sly.

She crimsoned painfully. "I never want an explanation of that," she declared.

"But if your husband doesn't give it to you I will," said Doyle. "I'm sure he appreciates

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1924

you and I'm going to be equally certain you appreciate him."

They were out in the street now and a crowd of friendly citizens overwhelmed them. Cheers, congratulations and assurances of faith burst upon them. She heard none of them. Doyle and her husband fought a way for her to their car. In a moment they had left the main street.

"I do appreciate my husband." She answered Doyle's implication.

"You ought to. Occasionally in the long journey of life one meets a gentleman. You are married to one, Mrs. Reverly."

### CHAPTER XXVI

DICK was eagerly awaiting them. The sight of Bent told him everything and his arms went around Ruth in a bear hug.

"What did I tell you about little old Patrick H. Doyle?" he cried triumphantly. "Is the wee laddie there or ain't he?"

Ruth returned his beaming smile. "Mr. Doyle is the most wonderful detective in the world. The only fault I find with him is his modesty. He told us that a Chinese mandarin knew more than he did. I don't believe it."

Doyle shrugged deprecatingly. "Perhaps I did praise the Chinese gentleman a bit too highly," he admitted. "Nevertheless, he is a very great man."

"If he's in your class at all he's a wonder," declared Dick.

"There ain't anyone in Doyle's class," piped up the voice of Lacy.

Ruth stared at him. "I wonder why you came to see me in the first place." She turned bewildered eyes to Doyle. "There's so much I don't begin to comprehend."

"Let's all sit down and I'll make things clear," said Doyle. "For instance, Lacy's part in the scheme—let's see how close I can come to explaining that. Lacy was in jail doing a little trick for bootlegging. Somehow or other he hears Lesœur's name mentioned. He learns that Lesœur has written a letter to Armstrong which describes the location of a tunnel. He learns that that tunnel is a storage place for a fortune in counterfeit money. Freed from jail, he calls upon Mrs. Reverly and tries to buy the letter from her.

"Lacy has only heard Lesœur's name mentioned, and it was mentioned by ignorant men. So that when he adopted the name as his own in the faint hope of thus proving authorship of the letter, he called himself Lacy, as close to Lesœur as he could come. Unable to obtain the letter from Mrs. Reverly, he sought for the tunnel. He found the opening in the cliff but was prevented from getting far into the tunnel by the iron door that blocks passage. But when he saw Gerlach and Sanderson emerge from the Armstrong house late at night he decided that the tunnel perhaps began in that building. A little later he decided that I was too close upon the trail. Instead of endeavoring to make away with a supply of counterfeit money he came over here tonight to turn State's evidence. He feared that he might be involved as an accessory after the fact."

Lacy nodded emphatically. "You bet your life! I'll risk a term in stir but I don't hanker for a nice comfortable seat in the electric chair. You guessed it pretty close, Mr. Doyle. The minute I found out that you had a flock of men noting every move that Overholt made I knew that his finish was in sight. But you ain't got a thing on me. It may look as though I intended to grab off what counterfeit money I could, but your tiny friend had a change of heart."

Doyle smiled. "Still, I might rig something up against you, you know."

"Unless I come through. You're a gentleman and I wouldn't think of driving a bargain with you," said Lacy. His impudence was almost funny.

"Who put up the cash bail for you?" asked Dick eagerly.

"I did," replied Lacy. "I'm a rich man



I am. That don't mean I won't take a chance to pick up a little more, but I got plenty. Boot-legging ain't so bad."

Doyle frowned. "You cut it pretty fine, Lacy," he commented. "I'm not sure but there's a case against you."

Lacy smiled ingratiatingly. "There would be if I didn't have something to sell. Overholt tipped me off to the secret ink process by which he made counterfeits. I'll surrender that."

"I think it's a bargain," said Doyle. "But just for fun we'll lock you up for a day or so."

"Anything you say, Mr. Doyle," said Lacy. Doyle turned to Dick. "Fetch Mike."

A moment later, having smiled ingratiatingly on everyone, Lacy was led away by Mike.

"What an amazing person!" said Ruth.

"All criminals are amazing in their foolishness. And nearly all of them are as ready to desert their friends as Lacy," said Doyle. "He blackmailed Overholt into taking him into partnership after discovering the secret of the tunnel. Then he ran here like a rat deserting a sinking ship. But we'll probably let him go in return for the secret process. But there'll be another time when we won't let him go." He smiled at Ruth. "What else do you want to know?"

"Why did John Gerlach go wrong?"

"He may have been in with Overholt for years. That we'll find out later. Unquestionably it was Overholt's brain that planned to foist the murder of Lescœur upon your husband, but Gerlach was wicked enough to think up a means whereby it might be done."

"And you never told me that you had examined the wound in Lescœur's body and traced the footsteps of John Gerlach," said Ruth reproachfully.

"It was difficult enough for me not to tell you too much, Mrs. Reverly," said Doyle. "So certain matters I never mentioned at all."

"But why did they kill Lescœur?"

"He had blackmailed Armstrong; that we know. Perhaps he had blackmailed Overholt. Or perhaps Overholt, suspecting the man, knew that his visit to this house meant confession."

Bewilderment appeared in Ruth's eyes. "You have mentioned Jim Armstrong so much—what does it mean?"

"I'll let your husband explain that. Meanwhile, is there anything else?" asked Doyle.

"For years to come questions will arise in my mind. But just now there's nothing."

Doyle rose and bowed to her. "Then let me thank you for your aid, Mrs. Reverly. If you hadn't leaned over the edge of that cliff and told me that you saw something like a great spike, even your later talk about Stevens and his tunnel would have meant nothing to me. Of course," and vanity sounded in his voice, "I would have solved the mystery, but you hastened my solution. I thank you."

"And we thank you," cried Reverly. "And we owe you—"

"Nothing. Mrs. Reverly has paid me."

Bent stared at his wife. Then, as she blushed, he smiled. "You may overpay him if you wish, Ruth," he said.

Before the little detective knew what was happening, her lips brushed his cheek. Criminally, she backed away.

"And that isn't all," she cried. "I know the loveliest girl—"

"I shall never be married!" cried Doyle.

"Until I meet a girl like you, Mrs. Reverly," he added. He looked at Dick. "Come on, Dick. I've a hundred and one things to do in the way of preparation for trial of Gerlach and Sanderson and others of the gang."

In a moment they were gone. Left alone, the reunited young couple avoided each other's eyes and each one wondered how first to say the things in the heart of each.

"Before you kiss me, Bent," said Ruth at last, "tell me what Doyle meant. I know, of course, that you are a gentleman. But the way he emphasized it— And what about Jim?"

"And the cuff links?" smiled Bent.

She nodded. "I distrusted you. I deserve to be hurt. Tell me."



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He sighed. "All right, although I never meant to tell you. But now—well, you heard Doyle mention the forged bonds. I went to Armstrong on the night of his death. He was approaching your cottage. I asked him to take a walk. We went up on the cliff. I accused him of being a counterfeiter. He struck me. I whipped him. I came home to change my collar, rumpled in the struggle. I found that half of one cuff link was gone, broken in the fight. I went back to the club. I learned that you had already accepted Armstrong. How could I tell you in that moment that he was a thief who would shortly be in jail?"

"Then he was found dead. I supposed he had killed himself because of my discovery. Then his will was opened. Crook though he was he had loved you in a decent way. How could I tell you what he was? And when you found the broken link I still could not explain. On the impulse I hid the links and later lied. Will you forgive me?"

Her joyous laugh was answer enough. Then her face sobered. "Do you know, Bent, that we don't understand yet exactly why Jim Armstrong was killed?"

"Even Doyle can only guess," he told her. "But one thing is certain—thieves fall out and when that happens blood is shed."

Her lids lowered. "I seem to see them on the cliff. Perhaps Jim Armstrong had told Overholt of your accusation. Perhaps Jim said that he was going to make a clean breast of the whole business, and Overholt killed him. I'd like to think Jim had repented."

"We shall think so," declared Bent. "No one can disprove it, now Overholt is dead. We will believe all that is kindly of Armstrong."

"There isn't a man like you on earth!" she cried.

"You're the only woman in the world," he declared.

"We aren't very original," she smiled.

"Let's leave originality to geniuses like Doyle," he laughed.

As he spoke she noticed something at their feet. Bent forestalled her quick movement. Leaning over he picked up an envelope across the flap of which Ruth's name was written.

"What's this?" asked Bent.

She laughed almost hysterically. "Always dramatic, our friend Patrick H. Doyle."

She opened the envelope. Inside was written the name "Samuel Overholt."

"What does it mean?" asked Bent.

"He wanted to prove that he knew the murderer. And wishing to seem modest, he did not remind me of the envelope. He just dropped it here. Bent, he's the quaintest thing on earth. But I like him."

"And I won't be jealous," smiled her husband.

She sighed. The envelope fluttered to the floor, as the last leaf falls from a tree. Only this fluttering descent did not mark the coming of winter; it marked the end of winter in their hearts. Simply they drifted, as inevitably and naturally as the envelope had fluttered to the ground, into each other's arms.

The End

## Keeping the Peace

(Continued from page 88)

Edward would find himself in a painfully embarrassing position.

They were French people. Therefore they were frank. They did not make of love and marriage the same mysteries that the more hypocritical Anglo-Saxon makes of them. And when both were sufficiently exasperated, neither left anything unsaid if the saying of it might score a point against the other.

Their reconciliations were as sudden as their quarrellings. And they were almost equally warm and frank and embarrassing to the puzzled spectator. When the opportunity presented itself Beaulieu would apologize for the quarrel and explain it.

"Every woman is a dramatist. She dramatizes herself and her surroundings. She likes to feel that something terrible is going on and that she is the center of it. No woman really likes the idea of being peaceful and contented and self-effacing. They do not admire good sense for its own sake. When a woman says 'I can't' she means 'I won't.' When she says 'never' she means 'not right now.' And when she says 'forever' she means nothing at all . . .

"I am not talking about bad, spoiled women. I am talking about good women . . . The good God must have made Adam in a hurry since He omitted from him so much that is petty and small and unreasonable; but when He came to make Eve He found that He had all those materials on His hands and He did not let any of them go to waste—not so much as one little malice or uncharitableness . . ."

Edward became uncomfortable in the Beaulieu's house. Where formerly there had been none there were now several quarrels a day. And in the course of these rows the entire history of Beaulieu's relations with Madame was gradually revealed.

They were not married—to each other. Beaulieu was not married at all. Madame Beaulieu had a husband, who because she had abandoned him and their small daughter felt vengeful and would not divorce her.

That didn't matter, Beaulieu said. "We are really married," he said, "because we have loved each other for so long and because we have been faithful to each other. And that, priest or no priest, is a true marriage."

Beaulieu and Madame Beaulieu's husband had been friends. Beaulieu had often stopped with them. Theirs had been a quiet, peaceful country life. Too quiet. Too peaceful. Madeleine's energies had begun to seek diversion. She had fallen in love with Beaulieu. She had finally made him believe that in private her husband was brutal to her and that his affectionate and even-tempered conduct in public was a mask of hypocrisy.

All this Edward picked up bit by bit as the couple in their irritation and anger flung reticence aside and insisted upon washing their dirty linen in public.

But on this point or that there was often disagreement. Had Madeleine's husband really been unkind? At the time Beaulieu had believed so. Now he did not. Whether he had been or not, Madeleine now believed that he had been. Only she could possibly know.

"He was a brute to me," she would say, "but his was a coarse, honest brutishness and not the refined cruelty of this fat painter."

Here Beaulieu almost in tears: "How dare you say that I am ever cruel to you? You know very well that I wouldn't hurt a fly. You shall judge, Edward. Do I strike you as a man capable of cruelty?"

Here Edward might smile faintly and shake his head. He was very miserable and he wanted to escape. He felt as if he was living on the top of a volcano. But when he suggested going they joined forces to prevent him from doing any such thing.

One day he learned about the final break between Madeleine and her husband and her elopement with Beaulieu. Beaulieu told him the story.

"I was much younger," he said, "and I believed all that she told me. I was not in love with her then, but she had touched my deepest sympathies. One night I heard them quarreling. Presently she began to scream as if she was being beaten. The next thing I knew she was hammering on my door with both fists calling upon me to save her. At the same time I could hear her husband saying in a hoarse, terrible voice: 'I shall not forgive you for this! I shall not be able to forgive you.'"

"I unlocked my door and opened it.

"I tried to pacify them. We were all in our nightgowns. We must have looked ridiculous.

"Madeleine flung herself into my arms. My embarrassment was pitiable. I tried to push her away from me. She only clung the closer . . . I give you my word of honor, Edward,

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that I had never so much as spoken a single word of love to her. Now I listened in a horrified silence while she in her rage and in her determination to hurt him told her husband that for a long time we had been lovers.

"At that awful moment I admired my old friend immensely. He looked for a space like a man who had been suddenly frozen into a statue. Then he spoke in a calm voice:

"You have accused Beaulieu," he said, 'of something which I for my part do not believe, but which it would be utterly impossible for a gentleman to deny. To your face and in your presence it would be impossible for him to deny the charge that you have made. But whether you have spoken the truth or whether you have lied, everything between us is over. I am through. If Beaulieu wishes to risk your selfish, dissatisfied, drama-loving nature he is welcome to. It is nothing to me. I shall not even be angry. You will, however, both of you leave this house in the morning. And you will not either of you come back—ever.'

"Then he said 'B-rrr! It is cold!' and turned on his bare heel and marched off. We could hear him locking and double-locking the door of their bedroom.

"See what you have done!" I said. And I tried to take her arms from about my neck. But she only clung the tighter. She said 'I love you—I love you.'

"When a woman sacrifices her home and her position and her honor for a man what can that man do? In nine cases out of ten he will end by playing her game. . . . I cannot tell you, Edward, how sweet she was and how good for years and years—during all the time of my poverty and unsuccess. And now that we have everything she is not contented. . . . The next thing we know she will be accusing you of being her lover."

"Oh," exclaimed Edward, his face paling a little, "she wouldn't do that!"

But she did—the very next night.

It seemed that Madame Beaulieu wished, once more before she died, to have something terrible going on of which she should be the center. All women, it seems, have this wish at times, but there are a few women who are able to resist the temptation. And it is to these few that the whole race of women owes its good reputation as wives and mothers.

Women, like horses, have long memories. Madame Beaulieu had such a memory. She never forgot any little trick or stratagem which she had once worked successfully, and she had supreme faith in her ability to make precisely the same trick work again.

Edward was waked that night by the sound of clenched fists pounding upon his door and the voice of Madame Beaulieu screaming to him for help. Edward was neither sophisticated nor worldly wise; nevertheless that which first flashed into his mind was the truth. His instinct told him that Madame Beaulieu had had a falling out with Beaulieu and that she was about to repeat the episode of long ago. If Edward could have trusted this instinct he would not have opened his door. But he could not trust it—not absolutely. It was just barely possible that Madame Beaulieu was in her right mind and really needed his help. It was possible that Beaulieu, who was fat and middle-aged, had had a stroke. It was possible that the house had caught fire. It was possible that thieves had made an entry. Incredible things were possible. All this flashed through his mind as he rushed to the door, fumbled a moment with the bolt and pulled it open.

Madame Beaulieu pitched forward into the room and Edward caught her as she was falling. If he had been carefully rehearsed he could not better have seconded her will to make trouble. She clung to him and when she began to call him her lover and to count aloud upon his protection he knew without looking that

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1924*

Beaulieu himself had arrived upon the scene. A lowered gas-jet which burned all night in the upper corridor of the house, and touches of the moon, lighted their faces.

Beaulieu's face was a violent red and a network of swollen veins made him look really terrible. He was so angry that at first he could not articulate.

Madame from the unwilling shelter of Edward's arms called him a brute and a monster and boasted how for weeks with Edward as her guilty partner she had deceived him.

It may be that she really wanted to end her long and happy relationship with Beaulieu and be driven from the house with Edward, who thereafter would be in honor bound to support her and care for her. It is more likely that she had simply lost her temper and preferred to make as many people as possible miserable and did not at the moment care what happened.

Edward was in a state of horrible embarrassment. He wished that the floor would open and swallow him, that he had never been born. Embarrassment began slowly to give place to disgust. The cold of the stone floor was rising through his feet and ankles. And then suddenly and without other warning he did the very wisest thing that he could have done under the circumstances. He screwed his eyes into two knots, opened his mouth wide, tipped his head back and then, with incredible violence, sneezed. He tried to speak and sneezed again.

The swollen veins in Beaulieu's face shrank and he began to speak in a hoarse jerky way.

"You once worked this game on me," he said, "but you shan't work it on him."

Here Edward sneezed again.

"I know exactly how innocent I was when you accused me of being your lover, and I know that Edward is just as innocent."

Edward's sneeze sounded like a blast of gratitude. Beaulieu went on:

"I've tried everything but one, in the hope of curing your temper. I've tried patience and generosity. That is no good with women. Our ancestors, the ancient Gauls and Romans, had a better way. Their slogan was kill or cure."

He stepped suddenly forward, and as Edward sneezed again and Madame Beaulieu turned her head to see what was going to happen, he hit her under the point of the chin with all his might and main. And for the next two hours Madame Beaulieu was like the dead in Ecclesiastes. She knew nothing.

Edward put on his slippers, stopped sneezing and helped carry Madame Beaulieu back to her bed. Her little face looked as sweet and gentle as a kitten's, and as innocent of wrongdoing.

Edward was for bathing her temples with cold water, but Beaulieu, who was still very angry, said: "Why revive her? She is better this way. She has what she deserves." And, he added, "If I've killed her this is of course the end, but if I haven't, then it is perhaps a—beginning." His face softened. "It will be best, my friend," he said, "for you to go back to Paris by the first train in the morning. Heaven knows I am very sorry for what has happened. But it was not my fault."

"And I don't see how it can be mine," said Edward. "I suppose it sounds silly to you, but I've never been any woman's lover."

"It doesn't sound silly," said Beaulieu. "If Solomon at the end of his days had been able to say as much I should have more respect for his wisdom."

Edward went back to his warm bed but he could not sleep. Mingled with the anger and disgust which he still felt were disturbing memories. Those moments during which he had held, however unwillingly, the charming body of Madame Beaulieu in his arms had marked the end of his childhood.

*Alice comes to Paris, and Edward, in a romantic background, learns a good deal more of the sweetness and bitterness that is woman—in next month's COSMOPOLITAN.*

# Dalla, the Lion-Cub

(Continued from page 44)

from her mists, "for in the gaining or the losing of these they shall be greatly changed."

Dalla heard the message, and though blinding tears sprang to her eyes she lifted her lips as to the kiss of a mother. But Clodah Kerrison turned pale and for a moment trembled, wondering what ghosts of the past might clutch her soul, what hopes for the future be strangled in this fatal land! Then everyone crowded to the taffrail to see who among the crowd already blackening the docks had come for their special welcome.

Dalla spied Oompie at once. He was a little older looking, a little more set of feature and spare of rib, but his seeking veldt eyes unerringly singled out their object, and there he sat, staring at her from an enormous landau behind a magnificent pair of white satin horses. Dalla waved a merry hand.

"There's Oompie—my husband!" she cried with an assurance that disarmed criticism.

Every eye focused itself in amazement upon the elderly wizened Boer with wide felt hat and pipe stuck stolidly in mouth. But comment remained behind closed teeth. After all, he was a millionaire! Only Lady Ferrers's eyes were full of malice and Clodah Kerrison permitted herself a derisive twist of the lip. But it must be remembered that both of them had suffered under Dalla's tyranny. The former's soul was still bitter with defeat, and the latter felt neglected and lonely. The face she hoped to see had not materialized among those crowding to the gangway; her brother appeared to think that his only duty in life was to keep off Felton from Mrs. de Beer; and the entirely eligible Felton seemed obsessed by a similar desire to obstruct Clon. The situation did not entertain Lady Kerrison, and she turned disdainfully to Diana Ferrers.

"We're all going to the Mount Nelson, I suppose? There's not much originality about any of us once we get out here!"

"It's not us, it's this rotten country," was the reply. "If there were more variety in hotels, would one choose to go where one is bound to meet the savages one's been penned up with for nineteen days?"

She gave a vicious glance at Dalla, but was careful not to be overheard. They were only conforming to custom in abusing Africa. It took a savage like Dalla to be laughing and trembling and sparkling as though the hot breath of her country intoxicated her, and presently whirling off the ship like a dust devil, carrying her companions with her to fill the enormous landau.

"That's what you brought it for, didn't you, Oompie?" she cried, and Oompie's grunt might have meant anything. Whether she actually kissed him or merely flicked her delicious nose against his, no one could be certain. He seemed too dazed to do anything but suck his pipe and stare with crafty but admiring eyes at the lovely vision that was his wife.

The carriage had to be stopped in Adderley Street for Felton and Biron to descend and buy bales of flowers from the native sellers lining the pavement; flowers plucked from the mountainside that morning, still dripping dew and fragrance. Dalla gathered them to her breast like babies, smelling and kissing them, jabbering in Dutch and Kafir, scattering laughter and blinking away tears.

"There are no flowers anywhere like Cape flowers! . . . Oh, Oompie, I could lie down in the dust and kiss Africa!"

She leaned forward shaking with excitement and gave her husband's hands a squeeze, bringing color to his leathery cheek and the sparkle of hope to his eye. But she soon doused that, for, arrived at the hotel and escorted by him to the best suite of rooms, which he had reserved for her and smothered with roses, she turned on him in the very doorway.

"Where are your rooms?"

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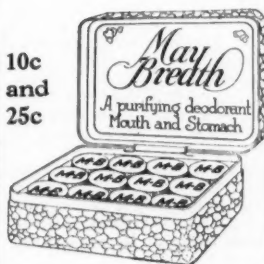
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"Och maar, Dalloc—" he began to stammer. Barend was a good tryer! but she flashed a claw at him and a gleam of little fierce teeth.

"You are still a 'slim' Boer, then?—who would cheat if I'd let you?"

"I am an old man, Dalloc—" he whimpered. "In four months' time you won't be much older," she said severely. "But with my help you will be able to call yourself honest—one who has kept his bond!"

Sad fare for an amorous husband, and Barend found the flavor of it dry enough, yet somehow his Dalloc had justice on her side and everything she did seemed right. So he went to seek rooms for himself on another floor and left her among the glory of roses, with the old mountain peering in at her.

The splendid panorama of the Indian Ocean spread before her balcony and just below lay the terraces of the garden, the lily pool, the flight of steps up which she had sped one night years ago . . . fleeing from the pain in a man's eyes and in her own heart!

And fleeing from it ever since! Yet here it met her on the threshold of her own land, struck at her with wounding, hurtful hands. All the beauty of the dear familiar scenes and scents and sounds made her tremble and turn sick, for under the veneer of Europe she was just primitive creature still, and the simple soul in her cried out for the happiness of which it had been cheated. She knew in that moment that, had it been possible to take the worldly possessions and advantages she had attained into her hands, she would have cast them into the sea for the sake of a hut on the veldt with the man who was her mate, for the right to share his blanket, boil his kettle and bear his children.

Standing there brooding wretchedly as often before on the enormity of her loss and the emptiness of her gains, desire suddenly seized her to revisit that spot where she and Valentia had tasted the cup of life at each other's lips. From the balcony the garden looked deserted.

Lady Kerrison and the two men had been left in the hall engaging with other travelers in a wrangle for rooms. Dalloc did not expect to see any of them again till luncheon time, but when she had stolen down the stair she found to her chagrin that they were clustered on the veranda through which she must pass to reach the garden—Clodah, her brother, a pretty nurse in pale blue uniform and a man in white ducks. There was nothing to do of course but abandon her secret quest and with a swiftly composed face saunter towards them. Then, too late to retreat, she saw that the man in white ducks was Valentia.

His lean brown face did not suggest ill health, but an expression of lassitude in the way he leaned back, smiling idly with the others, told Dalloc that it was for him the nurse hovered near. He must have been ill indeed to warrant that! It flashed across Dalloc's mind too that Clodah had known all the time, even expected to find him here, yet had never given it away by a murmur. Taken unawares, she managed by a terrific effort to clap on a smiling mask as she approached.

But when her glance and Valentia's met and locked she realized that he too had been taken by surprise. Something leaped out of his eyes at her, then they turned hard and he sat up, bowing stiffly like a soldier. Clon's sharp glance was traveling amusedly from one to the other, but Clodah subtly assumed a gentle, pensive little air as though something precious in the atmosphere had been destroyed by this intrusion. Dalloc could have killed her for that, and herself for being there. Sitting down with them she found herself politely inquiring about Valentia's illness and being carelessly informed that it was nothing—"only fever."

"Colonel Valentia is a most ungrateful patient," exclaimed the nurse. "We saved his life up at Broken Hill Hospital after a leopard had mauled all the flesh off his ribs while he lay sick of a fever and now he pretends he hasn't been ill at all."

"It isn't ingratitude, Nurse," said the patient. "It's only irreverence—for leopards!"

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1924*

"What about lions?" queried Biron, laughing. "No irreverence there, I guess? Personally I find"—with a whimsical glance at Dalloc—"that even lion-cubs are dangerous."

Astonished at this introduction of her nickname and wondering what he meant by it, unless to imply to Valentia that a certain intimacy existed between them, Dalloc bitterly regretted having told him the story of her childhood. It seemed somehow to cheapen the memory of that night when she had told it to Valentia. The latter, however, looking calmly before him, answered as though he had not understood the allusion.

"Lions as adversaries are always to be respected. Have you done any big game hunting, Biron?"

"Only a couple of tiger shoots in India. But I want to get some out here if possible."

"Yes, we must do a lion hunt," broke in Clodah. "We're counting on you for that, Colonel Val."

"Certainly, I'll arrange a shoot and pilot you. You'll have to go up north, of course."

"Of course," she cried eagerly. "It will be lovely. I've always longed to go on safari. Do make haste and get better."

Dalloc couldn't bear it. She who had ached and hungered all her life for this one thing, to hear another woman planning it *without* her! Her cheeks burned and her eyes filled with tears. Words burst from her.

"I want to come too. I shall come . . . Long ago, Colonel Valentia, you asked me to go lion hunting—" Then she stopped and could have bitten off her tongue.

Clonell Biron looked suddenly inquisitive, Valentia stared straight into the garden with hard eyes. It was Clodah who softly broke the silence:

"But of course! You two met at a certain ball in Bloemhof, didn't you?" She smiled reflectively. "What a funny, fierce little thing you were, Mrs. de Beer!"

It had been Dalloc on the ship—now it suddenly became Mrs. de Beer; and what distance immeasurable she managed to put into the light remark. In fact the handle of the tomahawk that lay buried between them stuck right out of its grave. And Dalloc needed no invitation to take firm hold of the weapon.

"I am still fierce," she said, and there was the brightness of an unsheathed blade in her smile. "But funny? It is not everyone who finds me funny, Lady Kerrison." She had risen leisurely, and as though tired of the subject of lion hunts turned a roaming glance from Clon Biron to the garden. "What I really came down for was to see if there were any goldfish in that lily pool," she said. "I adore goldfish."

She gave a childlike laugh and without so much as a look at Valentia sauntered away down the terrace steps with Clon at her heels. The eyes of the two left sitting in the veranda were held, whether they wished it or not, by the spectacle of a woman little more than a girl dabbling lovely hands in the lily pool and laughing happily with an extremely attractive man. Clodah Kerrison felt no less conscious at that moment of Dalloc's advantages over herself in youth and beauty than Valentia of Biron's confounded good looks and air of health.

Valentia, moreover, was staggered at the amazing poise of her, this woman who only a few years since had been an ignorant Bcer girl—"simple as they're made!" And the beauty of her, the russet and rose and gold of her, shook his soul. He sat there silent, and the woman at his side, beautiful too, sat silent also, with narrowed violet eyes and a heart ice-cold in her breast. But her words were gentle and regretful.

"That she is utterly spoiled and heartless I can forgive—but if she is going to break Clon's heart . . ." The little catch in her voice was intensely touching.

In summer all South Africa flocks to the sea; Cape Town for the time being represents the hub of the universe. Also the Mount Nelson Hotel is like a stage across which heroes and heroines march, villains and adventurers



lounge in its lounge, and beautiful ladies and millionaires, dressed in their most effective frocks and suits, sit upon its verandas.

Here many romances and melodramas have played themselves out. A bride was once hooted—undeservedly—at her wedding breakfast. A nice young man got ducked in the lily pool. A duke was once seen in the small hours of the morning shinning up a post that reached the balcony of number twenty-seven, wherein dwelt a lady indeed pretty—if not pretty in deed. In the dining room a furious step-daughter once threw vitriol at the face of her mother's husband, blinding him; while in the smoke room, during the Boer war, twelve officers used to sleep in a row on the floor and twelve pairs of chic and debonair boots stood without the door decorating the lounge; until one day came Kitchener and swept them all back to the fighting line, which he considered the proper place for officers in debonair boots.

Alas! that grace goes out of the soul and virtue from the reputation of those who act too long upon this fascinating stage. Nevertheless, there Dalla elected to take up her position, and thence flung herself into the forefront of the battle that calls itself Cape society.

She and Lady Ferrers—whose husband had gone on to Nigeria—formed hostile camps and vied with each other for popularity and pride of place, surrounding themselves with all the reckless and rapid ones of whom there is always a plenty in that sunny seaport. For be it remembered that Cape Town was then only a nineteen days' run from London—a happy distance for those who liked to get away sometimes from decorum, to dally in the primrose paths; and the climate has an extraordinary effect on people straight out from home—especially on women—stimulating them to strange deeds. Dalla was only behaving like hundreds of others before her when her fever for excitement and pursuit of vivid sensation made her the talk of Africa. For the country is just a huge whispering gallery, and what is done at the Cape is commented upon in Kimberley, Salisbury and Bloemfontein, and cried from the housetops of Johannesburg and Bulawayo.

If it had not been that her husband was always in evidence her name would soon have decorated the scrap-heap. It is easier in Africa than almost anywhere else in the world to sink in the mire and mire of scandal. And once reputation is gone you never get it back. You may retire to a convent, wash the feet of beggars in open repentance, grow old and gray in good works; but ever the evil story circulates and ever the finger of joyous derision is pointed.

However, Oompie, always at his wife's elbow, acted as a stay and a buffer. True that she was ungrateful for this protection, and true that he in the pursuance of his job fidgeted, fretted and often sulked. Not without cause, either. Publicly she treated him with pronounced regard and exacted everyone's respect for him; but privately she laughed at his sulks and left him in no doubt of her intention to do as she pleased until the fifty-ninth second of the eleventh hour. If he chose to stay and see his money made merry ducks and drakes of he could do so; but interference was forbidden and criticism sternly repressed.

Gaily she went her way, the fastest of the fast, the wildest of the wild. Her breakfast parties at Muizenberg after an hour's surf bathing were the most sensational distractions of the season and her moonlight picnics on the mountainside out-Heroded Herod in their extravagance and audacity. The pace she went was hard to keep and fast, with few to beat her to it even among the rapid crowd.

But Clon Biron was a good second. It might have been called a neck and neck race, indeed, if it hadn't been for Oompie's perpetual presence. Just that one thing kept people's tongues from wagging too much; that and the fact that Lady Kerrison, correct and cool, was at every crazy frolic inaugurated by Dalla. Whithersoever her brother went, there too went she. So it naturally looked to people as if the three were devoted and inseparable



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friends. Not for the world to know that the figures worked so charmingly in unison because Clon had the whip hand of his sister and Dalla the whip hand of him.

Valentia seldom came to her parties. He seemed to think it more suitable in a man recruiting his health to saunter by himself in the dawn or spend whole days fishing from a boat. Sometimes he just sat alone reading in the hotel gardens; and so that a woman should not bear him company Dalla was urgent in her conditions with that woman's brother.

"If you are coming today, Clon, your sister must come too—that is understood."

In her sweetness there was always a touch of smart; a glimmer of steel behind the alluring half-promise of her eyes. And the man who had twisted so many women to his desire found himself twisted in turn. She had power over him because he cared and she didn't. It had always been the other way about! So he had to wrestle with Clodah.

"Why you should always want me to look on at your crazy courtship, Clon! If it was to take charge of the husband and keep his eye off the ball I could understand—though who could flirt with that clodhopper I don't know!—but you seem to want nothing of me except to witness you groveling—"

"Don't be provoking, darling. 'The ways of Inky Pink are not the ways of Pinky Pooh,' but I have my methods and generally bring off my plans. All you've got to do is to be sweet and serene and back her up whatever she does. One of these days the old Dutchman will get fed up and clear out."

"And she will fall into your arms, I suppose? I don't see what good that is to me."

"Would it mean nothing to you to see me happy?"

So attractive he was, with his wistful liar's eyes of Irish blue and his musical lying voice. She would have given anything—except her own hope of happiness—to see him get what he wanted. But Dalla she could not trust.

"She'll never give you anything, my poor boy. There's a puritan strain behind that fire of hers. She's just playing you."

"You think so?" Biron's eyes looked dangerous for a moment. "That would be foolish of her. At any rate, Clo, I am too deep in now and I won't draw back. You must help. Your presence at these affairs of hers fulfils *les convenances*, keeps the old man quiet and the world from gossiping—"

"But Clon—I have plans of my own—it would suit me sometimes to be left here alone." She looked at him pleadingly. "You are very blind."

He smiled in the same subtle way she had herself, and kissed her.

"Not so blind, dear heart. On the contrary my vision is so clear that I am able to compute that your plans won't be safe until Dalla is out of your path." He said it very gently, watched it sink in and the faint stain of angry pride rise in her cheek, then added briskly: "And I know what I'm talking about, so you'd better work hand in glove with me, Clo, for the benefit of our joint happiness."

Dalla and Valentia came into daily contact, of course; it could not be avoided; but they seldom exchanged more than conventional phrases. She knew, though not from any hint in his courteous impassivity, that he did not approve of her goings on, nor did any word of hers convey that she cared a brass tack what he thought. Rather his presence in her neighborhood was a signal for her to be at her most flagrant. Only, they never looked each other directly in the eyes. Perhaps they were afraid of their souls communicating without their consent.

But sometimes she found an opportunity of snatching a glance at him, a swift conning of details to add to a secret portrait. His tie, the color of his socks and shape of his boots, the red-brown tints returning daily to his skin, the crisp strong way his dark hair grew, the tight line of his jaw and the little twitch it gave sometimes when she was near, as if he

suddenly bit on a bullet. Everything was precious to her, even the spotlessness of the white riding breeches he wore when he took to riding again, and the grace of his rough gray coat.

Once in a way Lady Kerrison rode with him, sitting her horse to perfection and looking glad and handsome in a pale tan habit. But when they returned they invariably found Clon Biron kicking a loose leg at the hotel, with the morose expression of a man who has lost his job.

"Ah—out of favor today!" Valentia would think to himself maliciously, for he could not like Biron and had little reverence for drawing-room heroes, especially the type whose chief occupation in life is winning victories over other men's wives. It was to escape such fellows that he had "chucked soldiering" and come plunging out to the wilds—that, and the fire for adventure in his veins and a general detestation for things conventional and monotonous. He would rather have camped with de Beer any day than with the ordinary military man whom Biron exemplified.

In fact he had the greatest regard for the Boer, not as a drawing room pet certainly, but as a hunter and a man. Oompie on his part liked and trusted Valentia and considered him "the only man in that truck load." He was always satisfied when he could rope the Englishman into his wife's circle, and while she and her friends danced or played bridge they would sit discussing rhino, rogue elephants, the finest country for lion and the best type of battery and bullet for a shooting trip. The Dutchman had a fancy for copper-cased bullets and swore by them. Original of him, for most Boers, brought up to black powder cartridge with lead bullets "dum-dummed" by themselves, never use any other. But Oompie's caprice was to have his copper bullets specially manufactured, though of course with lead noses so as to "mushroom" on impact—the only really safe device when hunting dangerous quarry.

Often Dalla with ears cocked for these fascinating details would lead straight into her opponent's best suit. But to play bridge intelligently while he talked about the veldt was too much to expect. Africa to her meant the veldt, and the veldt Africa; and sometimes amid this feverish crew she felt that she was not in Africa at all, but just mocked by the illusion of it as a man dying is mocked when, dreaming of a cool clear spring of his childhood, he is offered tepid water in a glass.

At such moments she looked about her with wistful eyes, thinking . . . "and soon I must go to a worse thing—Park Town!" Not that she had ever been in Johannesburg. But round about her everywhere "Jo'burgers," parted from their habitat though not from their habits, disported themselves, kicking, biting, shoving and trampling one another in the great game of Push. Well could she guess what life among them in Park Town would be! Everyone beating the big drum and braying about the expensiveness of their clothes and servants; snobbery rampant and grinning on its haunches; the sickening "money value" tainting everything, the surface of life slimed with lies and vulgar pretension!

Could she stand it? she asked herself a thousand times. With Oompie everlastingly at her side and no longer under bond—and the man she loved afar off—and her heart's blood clogged with the dust and weariness of it all! Could she face it?

And in the end she had decided that only one thing would help her through. The bond must be fulfilled. But first she would drink one clear sweet draft of life—be a girl once more on her beloved veldt, with a free soul and eyes of the morning. The hunting trip up north!—that was the price she demanded of fate for the whole of her future.

But Valentia's presence as pilot was the very essence of the bargain, the beauty and wonder and magic of it all. *And he had already refused!* Not to her, of course, for her only appeal to him was by secret spells and incantations half

pagan, half religious, whispered into her pillow at night. But through Biron she knew, that he had excused himself from having anything to do with the trip, on the grounds first of health—though the brown glow of it was back in his hard cheek!—and secondly, that he had pressing affairs of his own up in the Congo. (Just as though the Congo did not lie north too!)

But no, she knew it was on her account he had drawn back, and she burned at the fine cruelty of it. For he could not pretend not to know what it meant to her. Had she not revealed it, dipping her pride in the dust, that first day when impulsively she begged to be included in the expedition—and been repulsed by his silence and Clodah's derision! That was hard to bear; but she would bear it—bear anything—if only this aching desire of her soul, this last dying wish of her youth might be granted. Let him refuse to look at her, give his smiles to other women and only his silences to her. It was nothing. Enough that he should just be there, breathing the same air, sharing the sweetness, the vastness, the wildness of her native land with her. Perhaps peace would come to her then, perhaps only a worse torment; but whatsoever it was she would endure, asking no more of life ever, ever.

In such mood and with such inward anguish she heard one night across the lounge the words "lion shoot" spoken by Lady Kerrison sitting in a little crowd gathered about Valentia and Barend de Beer. Dalla had been dancing and with her partner had just sat down to cool, but at the fateful words she rose swift-foot and crossed to stand behind her husband's chair. He was advising Lady Kerrison as to kit.

"Leather gaiters, ja—and breeches too—nothing better for keeping out stick grass. A dopper hat on your head, and veld schoens for your feet—but no women will wear those, of course." He chuckled. "As for guns—"

"Oh, my brother will see to my guns!" Clodah's tone held the disdain she kept in stock for Boers.

"But you can choose mine for me, Oompie," said a warm young voice behind him, and he stared round, startled, into his wife's pleading eyes.

"Jours, Dallie?" There was revolt and despair in the question. He saw the beckoning bliss of Park Town receding once more into distance. She touched his short, harsh hair with a caressing childlike gesture.

"Of course you are going to let me go. I have always intended to. Haven't I?" She swept a lovely appeal round the group.

"But of course," they all echoed, except Clodah, whose brother spoke ardently enough for both of them, and Valentia, who said nothing.

"Och, no then, Dallie!" muttered Barend, mopping the damp from his brow. "This is something new, what!"

"No—not new, Oompie," she said, "but old as I am myself—ever since the lions took me, up there by the Zambesi, I have longed to see that country again. And until I have I shall never rest!"—she paused for him to take her meaning—"never be able to settle down anywhere."

Yes—Oompie took her meaning all right. He gave a deep sigh, then slowly his eyes traveled round the group again. A minute ago he had liked them well enough and been enjoying himself as director of wardrobes; now he saw the people who were going to snatch away his wife with different eyes. Felton looked sleek and treacherous as a greyhound; Lady Kerrison's cameo-like beauty made him shiver as if a serpent slid across his hand; Mrs. Castaigne, with her gay haggard face, he could make nothing of, but he knew she wrote books and that was enough; Biron, that "slim" smiling one—och! there was a rooinek to hate! Then Hamilton, another red Englishman, short and ugly but with reliable eyes; and Valentia. With Valentia his computations began and ended.

"Only I want to tell you this, Dallie," he declared firmly. "I won't let you go unless

the Colonel himself takes charge of the trip."

Dalla's heart waited to beat until Valentia should give answer and her eyes flung a little flame at him, but no responsive fires showed in his. They remained cold and gray as granite. He smiled his refusal very courteously.

"Sorry, I'm afraid that's out of the question. I've a lot of work to get through up north—I've already told you." Frowns and protests from everyone met this. However, he continued equably: "But if you really want a good man to pilot you—the best in Africa, I should say—get Mr. de Beer himself to go."

A glum silence fell upon this proposal. Even Oompie could see it was not popular. Not that that bothered him, as he had no intention of going. But to everyone's astonishment Dalla hailed the idea with delight.

"Of course! Oompie is the very man! That's settled, then!" and turning to Valentia with a winning smile, "Thank you so much, Colonel Valentia—you are always overflowing with wisdom and loving-kindness."

She had the pleasure at least of cracking up his granite calm and witnessing a momentary flash of sparks; then, switching her husband from the scene, she left the others to get their teeth into him.

For nothing was settled, as she very well knew, the artful minx. Not only would the others never consent to dispensing with Valentia's leadership, but only that morning de Beer had told her that it was imperative for him to return to the Transvaal to see about a big dam that was in process of building on his farm. He had in fact suggested that she should accompany him, but she merely gurgled musically and reminded him that her time of freedom was not yet up. Besides, Oompie's hunting days were over. He had grown soft from good living. Big dams were more in his line now than lions. These things were in Dalla's mind when she allowed her husband to see her up in the lift and even into the sacred precincts of her sitting room. Then she put the position to him simply but firmly.

"You must make Colonel Valentia take charge, Oompie. Tell him you forbid me to go unless he does. You can see the others do not want you—they would all back out—except Captain Biron. And you wouldn't care for me to go alone with him, would you?"

No—it was plain from the scowl on Oompie's brow and the dark mutterings into his beard that he would not care for that alternative. Very well then, she told him, it was up to him to persuade Valentia.

Things always fell out as Dalla desired. It is often the case with those who have missed the one great thing in life that all lesser things come their way. This is the meaning of the saying, "Unlucky in love, lucky at cards." So Oompie did as he was bid and flung himself upon Valentia's mercy. He was not ashamed to let his mortal fear be seen that if Dalla were thwarted she might go off on some crazy expedition of her own. Neither did he hide his dislike and distrust of Biron, though loyally basing it upon a general disapproval of *slechte kerels* who hung around other men's wives—and there Valentia was entirely with him—and expressing no shade of doubt in his wife's discretion.

There were shades in the old Boer's eyes though, and anxious inflections in his voice that Valentia did not miss. He referred to Dalla as *mijnne mooi kleine meisie—mijnne bloempje*—his little child, his pretty flower—to be guarded from harm! The pathos of it reached Valentia through the armor he had girded about him.

The others had been getting their teeth into him too, as Dalla surmised, and to stand out against them all seemed churlish. Hamilton was an old friend; Felton a pleasant fellow; Mrs. Castaigne he liked as did everyone; Clodah's friendship occupied a place of its own in his life and it was not pleasing to be accused by her of "ratting" on a promise. Everything conspired to push him against his better judgment into the adventure. Instinct told him he was a fool to give in, something

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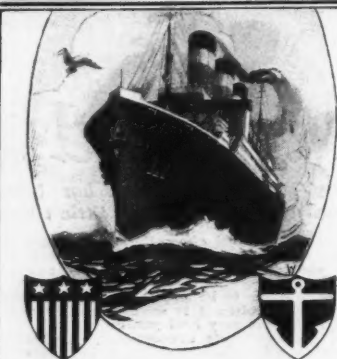
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would go wrong, he was certain; he would live to curse the day he had yielded as he inwardly cursed the day he had set foot in Cape Town, fever or no fever.

For he was sick of seeing Dalla and Biron together, of watching the man's greedy eyes and the woman's provocative allurements; sick of jealousy, of wearing a mask, of turning his eyes perpetually away from that which his soul desired. Better by far go off alone and let this madness for a rose and gold and russet woman burn itself or him to ashes in solitude. Afterwards he could see what residue of life was left and decide what to do with it.

This was his instinct, his certainty, of the clear, clean thing to do. Yet for the first time in his existence he let himself be overruled, overpersuaded. The upshot of it all was that within the week he had departed for Livingstone to set things in motion for the trek. Barend de Beer was peaceably superintending his big dam in the Transvaal and the further members of the shooting party were scurrying round Cape Town buying provisions and kit.

Shooting expeditions are expensive entertainments as undertaken by the smart set, and in Cape Town Oompie's money was poured out like water for provisions and equipment. Nothing was too costly as long as it could be got without a second's delay. Valentia never would have allowed this, but to the others, except Mrs. Castaigne and Hamilton, who were indifferent, Dalla's prodigality seemed entirely apropos and they let her set a pace faster and more furious even than usual. They did not know how hard time pressed on her, how she grudged every precious moment lost. They only saw that she was like a creature charged with electricity and possessed of seventy-seven imps of velocity, gaiety and energy—until the day the train set them down at the point where they had a rendezvous with Valentia. Then a strange calm fell upon her fevers and she walked like one veiled in peace.

Valentia, meeting them at the place where they jumped off the rail into sheer veldt, was astounded at the change in her. She had left worldly poise behind and curiously returned to fresh, sweet childhood; the unexplored, "something hidden come and find it" look, fatal to men, was back upon her. The simple serviceable kit she wore hid all the lovely curves of her except her straight slim legs; and her russet hair hung in two thick braids down her shoulders. Beside her, Clodagh Kerrison appeared middle-aged and Mrs. Castaigne a harriidan.

And in the arduous days that followed, of being jolted to bits in *macheelahs*—traveling hammocks—across rough country, of long marches and exasperatingly poor sport, of weather unexpectedly hot and nights unseasonably sharp, it was Dalla who kept sweet and cool and unruffled all through; was never irritable or impatient or too tired to give a hand at getting the meals. There's nothing quite like veldt life, with all its unforeseen accidents and incidents, for showing up the thin spots in human character and temper. And Dalla stood the test, Valentia had to admit it, as none of the others did except Hamilton, who like himself was an old hand.

Withal she blossomed as the rose. While the other women complained bitterly of mosquitoes, smoky tea, ashy bread, blistered heels and burned noses, she seemed to grow dewier, more contented and more pristine with every dawn. Never was such a flower, such a girl, such a woman to share the veldt with—Valentia admitted that to herself too, under the silence of the stars, by the whispering of rivers, and having admitted it turned his face to the earth and bit on the bullet.

There was worse torment to come. Dalla walked in beauty like the night, but ever on her heels trod Clonmell Biron, and after a week or two it seemed to fall out that they were always together. On a trek of this kind it is easy to form habits of companionship and it only needs persistence on the part of a man



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Mrs. Castaigne kept both him  
Hamilton guessing as to how many of the  
ices of her eyes she meant to perform.  
followed, of course, that Valentinia and  
ish were constantly thrown together.  
as easy for a clever woman as a determined  
to annex the desired partner—and Clodah  
eailed that any time she had of happi-  
ay is a successful issue to Clon's suit, so  
her and sister were playing into each  
h's hands. And it all looked very simple  
natural, as the best arranged plans in-  
ally do.

he devils of doubt and despair began to  
ed her, assisted the process. Just a little  
remark here and there was enough.  
foolish creatures—foolish creatures! What  
they think will come of it?" she asked of  
heart air and sighed deeply, but Valentinia  
the pensive query with a blank stare, and  
the movement of an eyelash betrayed that  
hands felt like acid on an open wound;  
she knew it all the same. Another time,  
the after them as they sauntered towards  
her with fading-roads in hand, she mur-  
dered obviously, "it must be wonderful to be  
happy."

he day she went further still: "I can't  
understand her, somehow. I never thought  
that it to her!"  
that drew blood at last; Valentinia turned  
er with a roughness that surprised her.  
I don't understand you, Lady Kay—and  
all things I loathe gossip."  
he extricated herself with dignity. "So  
Val—and sets that give rise to it. But—  
try and pretend to be blind? Should not  
rather consider what is to be done for two  
he determined to make a mess of things?"  
he looked at her silently for an instant,  
spoke deliberately. "If you mean what  
them to mean, Lady Kay, I can only tell  
one thing—I don't believe it. If I did,  
her being a friend of mine, I should chuck  
expedition tomorrow. What is more, Mrs.  
her being a friend of mine also, I should  
reason to give Clon the best hiding of  
the for causing the gossip."  
Clodah quailed at that, but did mortification  
and a reflective air.

It is sweet of you to stand up for her, Val,  
I admire you for it. But I can't see how  
being poor infuriated Clon would do any-  
ing but increase gossip. Besides, I don't  
k she'd be grateful. She always seems  
er beastly to you as it is and not at all  
proactive of the friendship you mention."  
he got him on the raw there and knew it;  
she felt raw herself and furious. Why  
ld he stick up for the little brute? At any  
the seeds of suspicion were now success-  
sown, even if at the price of a temporary  
between herself and Valentinia, and there  
nothing further to be done but keep calm  
wait upon events.

What happens next to Valentinia  
and the girl all men dream of is  
one of the most enthralling chap-  
ters of life Cynthia Stockley  
has ever brought out of the veldt  
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